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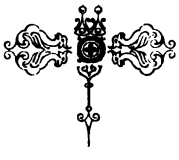

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE,

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, M.P., K.G., G.C.B., &c.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY,

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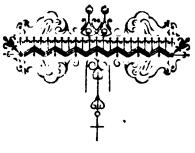
THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHOR,

HENRY GILPIN.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August, 1863.



To Lord Palmerston.

PERENNIAL blossom of a nation's hopes,
Guardian of England's honour and her fame,
Friend of the people, whose untiring love
Shall be the brightest tribute to thy name;
Thine is to shield and succour the distressed,
To stay the tyrant's power, and bid the weary rest.

Ruler of nations! in the despot's land
Thy word alone has power the sword to stay;
At thy behest from England's happy strand
The sun of freedom changes night to day—
A day that breaks the captive's heavy chain,
Cheers his sad heart of woe, and bids him live again.

Time gently deals with thee, the people's choice;
Thy intellect unclouded as in youth,
The nation in thy green old age rejoice,
And claim thee as their minister of truth.
Oh! may it still deal gently, and thy brow
Be free from care's deep shadows as 'tis now.

Old, with a heart as young as when at first
In life's arena thou didst lead the van;
When with the noble gone before to rest,
Thou claimed'st the equal brotherhood of man.
Long may the ripened vigour of thy youth,
Be spared unto thy country in its truth.

And for the honoured partner of thy lot,
The sharer of thy cares and of thy fame,
Long may she live to cheer thy path of light,
Adding new lustre to thy lustrous name.
Home's diamond! as a priceless treasure set,
A gem of light in thy bright coronet.

And at the last, for e'en the best must die,
May ye as gently sink into respose
As the last breath of fading Autumn's sigh,
That with its dying fragrance shuts the rose;
And life's great battle fought, your freedom won,
God's benison and man's shall be "well done."

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Albert.

1862.

GONE to his rest! the good man's life is ended,
In the fair sunshine of his manhood's prime;
His works had gone before him unto judgment,
E'er his meek spirit bid adieu to time.
No more with joy a nation feels his presence,
No more his gentle soul our hearts may bless;
Death hath brought sorrow to our own loved Ruler,
And bowed her low beneath the deep distress.
The sacred home his love had made a summer,
That seemed without a cloud or shade of fear,
With Sorrow's silent wing is shadowed over,
And eyes weep now which hardly knew a tear.

What is it makes the glad and festive season
One of gloom?
Hopes for the bright new year, so full of promise,
Sunk in the Tomb?
Eyes that looked brighter at the loved one's presence,
With tears o'ercast,
Making the song of happy merry Christmas
Dirge of the past?
The palace, as the cottage, knows no succour
From Death's power,
The budding hopes of childhood oft will perish
In an hour.
The shade that passes in its lightness over
Love's young breath,
E'en in the mellowed sweetness of its brightness
Speaks of Death.
So with life's feasts! the fairest and the truest
Are not bright.
The morning sun, with fresh awakened glory,
Sinks in night.

There is a phantom ever hovering over
Life's fleet stream :
Eternity o'ertakes Time's lagging footsteps
Like a dream.

The undisguised and universal sorrow
Blanches the cheek and dries the quivering lip.
A sadness and a silence reigns around ;
Amazement dwells on every countenance,
The very air seems overwhelmed with woe ;
A nation mourns the noblest of her sons.
A nation of strong hearts and vigorous love,
A people firm and fervent in their faith —
True to the native spirit of their race,
In the full energy of trusting souls,
Mourn for the great departed.

Man meets man in the world's thoroughfare
As though a blight had fallen on his home,
Too deep for words the sorrow to express ;
A void, an aching void, a lingering want
Of something bright, and beautiful, and lost.
Cold is that manly heart — that noble brow
No more shall beam with life's intelligence.
"The golden bowl is broken."

His unobtrusive life was calmly spent
Foremost in every art of social peace ;
First in the van of literature and art,
A blest example of domestic joy.
The worshipped idol of a monarch's love,
The honoured father of a race of kings,
Teaching by actions, louder far than words,
The holy beauty of a good man's life !
"The silver chord is loosen'd."

A nation's tears are shed upon his tomb,
A nation's heart mourns for his early loss,
A nation's voice laments his sudden fate,
A void is felt in every English home,
A shadow cast on every English brow,
His memory shrined in every British heart.
The stainless spirit of the sinless child
Mingled with his in gentleness and love ;
Of thy pure Court, Victoria, our Queen,
The purest and the humblest of them all !
"The wheel is broken at the cistern."

Go lay the fadeless laurel on his coffin !
For endless fame

Shall in the archives of our country's future
Surround his name.
The widow's chaplet and the daughter's flower wreath
Round his tomb,
Shall, in their faded perfume, spread a sweetness
Where all is gloom.

Not twelve months since, beside our Queen's dead mother,
The good man wept,
How little dreaming in his own great sorrow,
Of hope bereft,
Another year would find him duly summoned
To God's throne;
Kings are as peasants in His mighty presence—
His alone.
And what is death? 'tis but the gentle pressure
Of God's hand—
Love's gentle summons from the Mighty Father
To His land:
'Tis but the shadow from the bright hereafter
Sent to prove
That He is now, as from the first beginning,
Made of love.

The father, husband, friend, is gone for ever.
Who now shall guide his orphans' steps aright?
This be thy task thou pure and royal mother,
Shining more beautiful 'mid death's dark night.
Thine be the task, thou model amongst women:
The jewelled diadem is not thy fame;
Thou hast a nobler claim on our hearts' homage,
Thy right to triumph is a woman's name.
A tender heart the noblest part of woman,
A gentle, pure, and holy Christian life!
Example of the palace to the cottage,
As the good Mother and the constant Wife.

Our widow, His, in sorrow, humbly praying
Help from Him,
In the bright glory of whose sacred mansion
The stars are dim,
That He may shield her with His wing of mercy
And His truth;
Watch o'er the loved ones left without a father
In their youth.
He the great Father, in his boundless mercy,
Will approve,
And grant unto our loved and sorrowing mourner
All his love;

That, when the pilgrimage of life is over,
She may share
The inheritance that He hath gone before her
To prepare.

Within the circle of that royal home
A happy family, in earnest love,
Mingled their every thought of love and joy,
A holy pattern to the admiring world;
The monarch's fireside burning far more bright
Without the accessories of pomp and rank,
In its simplicity a picture bright
To claim the admiring homage of the world.

Too fair and pure to last in this cold earth,
The buds of promise from the parent stem
Dissevered in a moment! Beautiful
They grew in light together! gaining strength
From the support so mutually bestowed.
Love's dream is past! The lov'd one is at rest.

Our own dear Queen, our widow and our friend,
Who to thy widowed sisters in the North
Sent the first olive branch of sympathy;
Thy aching soul speaking to aching souls,
Cheering them most in their worst time of need.
The dove of peace, from thy love's shipwrecked ark
Seeking a place to rest its weary feet,
And finding it 'midst sorrows like thine own.
The palace void seeking the cottage void;
The misery of suffering seeking scope,
And finding rest in wandering from its home,
To dwell within a kindred sufferer's breast,
With the tired dove to softly nestle there.
Station and wealth meeting the poor and lone,
And greeting them as sisters born and made
In the same sacred mould, by the same hand
That in its majesty of power and might
Fashioned the universe.

Oh, we will guard thee in our heart of hearts,
Noblest of women, mother of our kings,
To whom we look with hope and fervent trust,
From thy bright pattern! He is gone,
Thy partner and thy stay! gone before,
To claim the sacred benison, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant; enter in,
And through the ages of eternity, enjoy
The blessings of thy Lord."

You soon shall meet where there is endless summer :
A few short fleeting years must pass away,
Then, in the glorious land that he hath entered,
The flowers of love shall never know decay.
One sweet renewal of life's holiest feeling
Shall last for ever in the Maker's care,
And time's sweet dream of never-dying sunshine,
Shall in its mellowed fulness blossom there.

To the Prince of Wales.

1862.

ILLUSTRIOUS scion of a noble race,
Heir to a kingdom where the sun ne'er sets,
Son of a mother loved by all the world ;
Our mother, thine, the nation's trusted one,
More dear unto our hearts when sorrow's frown
Hath marked its impress on her queenly brow ;
We hail thee in thy manhood as our own,
Thy honoured father's last bequest of love.

A mother's love hath shielded thee till now :
A mother's love shall cheer thee on thy way ;
A mother's love shall still thy steps direct ;
A mother's love shall hallow every thought ;
A mother's love shall be thy manhood's dream ;
A mother's love shall be thy evening song ;
A father's counsel through that mother speak,
One from God's heaven shall watch his darling hope,
And one on earth those counsels consecrate
The widowed parent of the king-born child !

From infancy a nation watched thy steps,
And as a father's heart thy pathway traced,
We knew thee as our own, and from a boy
Watched thy career in perfect confidence.
That hand no more may lead thee on thy way,
No more direct thy soul to upright deeds,

Lowly and pure he trod the heaven-ward path,
And on his child—the people's future hope—
Poured all the treasures of his varied mind
To lead thee in the path his footsteps trod,
And from the world of light, to which his soul
Hath entered in the fulness of its joy,
He smiles in gladness on this happy hour.

Prince of our hearts! we dedicate to thee
The homage due on this auspicious day,
When manhood first in glory crowns thy brow;
The mother of her people and thy sire
Demand the tribute that our hearts now pay.
To thee we look with confidence and hope,
And feel the virtues of thy parents pure
Will be thy rich inheritance.

Gladness and joy be thine! the bridal wreath
Add a new glory to thy happy fate!
Fairest of Denmark's daughters! thee we hail,
And welcome to our shores as to our hearts,
The future Queen of Freedom's glorious land!
The joint inheritor of throne and home,
Yours is a matchless destiny, to reign
Over a people and a nation free!

Welcome to England! come unto our hearts,
And dwell with gladness in our favour'd land.
Our Queen's deep love shall cherish thee and thine;
Her sorrowing heart shall meet thee and rejoice;
And on this happy day her soul shall smile,
Reflected in the heaven of thy bright eyes,
And weeping for the lost one, half forget
Her life's deep woe and silent cause of grief,
Having in thee another daughter found.

No stranger! for the love we bear our prince
Shall meet thee half-way to our sea-girt isle;
And we will guard thee for thy husband's sake,
And claim thee ours.

When in time's fulness! At a green old age—
(We pray Thee, God of Princes, it may come)—
When ripe in years, and full of fervent trust,
Our Queen's great heart shall look to heaven for rest;
When death again shall ope the palace gate,
And claim the brightest jewel of his crown,
Calling the loved of millions to her home,
To join the lost one who hath gone before,

And chaunt with him the great Redeemer's song ;
Then, tutor'd in the faith thy parents taught
On England's glorious throne ; with Denmark's pride
Adding new lustre to thy glit'ring crown ;
Long may your reign, with peace and love be blest ;
The people happy in their monarch's joy !

Hartley.

1862.

TOIL on,
In darkness and in gloom and sorrow shrouded,
Hope gone !
The prayer for succour 'mid the gloom ascended ;
No light
Speaks to the captive soul, but all is shaded
In Death's night.

The morning wakened in its richest glory
Upon a world that smiled in very joy,
And hearts beat high to meet the silent danger ;
In safety then the mother kissed her boy,
The daily toil to share with those who loved him,
And earn the daily bread his efforts won ;
For in the caverned darkness of earth's bosom
Brother met brother, father worked with son,
No fear ! for " men must work and women weep,"
And life is in the hand of Him who gave ;
He watches those who wake, as those who sleep
In mine, in palace, or on ocean's wave.

What is that cry, ascending to God's throne ?
What is that maddening ecstacy of woe ?
The spectre of death's banquet is above ;
Death, with its thousand horrors, feasts below,
In the deep pit, where heaven's light never shone !

Ye glorious band of workers! who, to save
A brother's life so nobly risked your own!
Ye noble hearts! ye strong athletic arms!
Ye souls undaunted, e'en in death's dark hour;
Ye demi-gods, who rushed to save the lost—
The worship of a nation is your meed!
We feel our heart's blood riot in our veins
And boil with admiration! Heroes all,
Who *claim* a hero worship, proud we are
To call you brothers of the Saxon stock,
Whose deeds the changeless fiat of the world
Have stamped invincible! yours a bloodless prize—
Risking life to save, not to destroy;
And the laurel that in the future shall surround your brows
Shall be as stainless, fresh, as pure and holy
As the glad infant's first prayer to its God.

Work on above! a ray of hope is left,
A struggling sunbeam pierces through the gloom;
The poisonous draught is not too closely near,
Heaven's mercy yet may break earth's dungeon walls,
The mother yet embrace the darling hope
She fondly nurtured.

Another day—another night has passed,
And still the heroes toil! theirs the work
More glorious far than on the battle field:
The work of mercy and the work of love.
'Tis the proud triumph of divine made man,
Who fearless faces death with soul unnerved
To save the brother the same God hath made.

Another day and night! Almighty God,
In loving kindness let us know the worst;
The dread suspense is horrible to bear—
A certainty would almost bring relief.
Pity the orphan's tear, the widow's heart,
Racked with the dread uncertainty which brings
Horror on horror! Look on the ghastly crowd
That stand entranced near that deep yawning pit,
Where all their loved and lost ones are entombed
In living death! Love's charnel house.

They are reached at last! The shivering crowds awake
From the deep stupor that their souls have bathed,
But hope has died among those faithful hearts,
And the dread tidings told by whitened lips
That none are saved, and Death has done his worst,

Palls on the ear, and sinks into the heart,
E'en with the apathy of withered joy.
No tears, no murmurs, rend that patient throng.
The end has come at last! They slowly move
Their sorrowing footsteps to the once loved home,
Where all is desolation.

Toil on,
The bodies of the dead may yet be found.
Souls gone!
'Tis the last effort of your earthly toil.
Above
They meet with mercy from a Maker's hand,
Whose *all* is love.

The scene below is hid from mortal eye:
The sickening scene of horror and despair;
The prayer! the parting, the convulsive throb
Of hopelessness, and agony of death;
Slowly but surely poisoning the breath,
As hour chased hour in darkness, and life ebbed
Into the ocean of eternity.

Almighty Ruler of the Universe,
Pity the hapless crowd! and ye to whom
The riches of the world have been entrusted,
Give to the widow and the fatherless.

Look at that little cottage where the blind
Keeps the sun's flickering rays from peeping in,
Sorrow too sacred e'en for heaven's bright eye.
The polished chairs without their occupants,
The tea yet waiting for the absent ones.
The empty pipe beside the shining grate,
The little child sporting its little hour
Beside the fire-place, where the untasted meal
Speaks of the lost and gone! Is he dead?
The light of that sweet face, the only stay
On which the afflicted mother and the child
Could look for aid and comfort—the bread winner,
The toiling master of that now sad home.
A dark box in the corner tells the tale.
On it the widow with a tearful eye
Gazes with pent-up soul, she moves the lid,
And pressing to the fountain of her bosom
The little pledge that he behind has left,
Looks at the face so pallid, yet serene,
And shows the child its father! Clammy cold
Is the dear face, and on the chilly lips

The widow and the orphan fondly press
The last sweet kiss of love—Life and death
In the sad confines of that once glad home
Taking their last embrace.

And some have lost their all, and silent stand
In utter misery. No child left.
No father, brother, husband, now on earth.
All gone, the fatal shaft hath swallowed all.

The bride just blushing into woman's prime,
Who at the altar only two weeks past
Had pledged her faith, is now in widowhood.
Her dream of full-blown life, her wedded bliss
For ever shattered; alone in the bleak world;
The world which seemed all sunshine as she passed
To give into the hands of him she loved
Her very all of being. Shepherd of Israel,
Who to the shorn lamb the wind tempereth,
Protect and comfort her!

There is a Father left for every child,
Of such my kingdom is, that Father says.
The smiling innocence of new-born life,
E'er sullied by the wintry blast of time,
Is like the angel band around His throne.
Sure of acceptance—He will lead them on,
To meet their earthly father, in a world
Where death can never enter, but where all
Are pure as little children.

A God-like whisper thrills the electric wire,
The widow'd Queen to widow'd sisters speaks;
Her sisters suffer and she suffers too.
She feels the sorrow that their hearts must feel,
Hers is to know and understand their grief,
Fresh from the sepulchre of buried joys.
The Mother Queen, our widow and our friend,
Hath learned in suffering what it is to part
With what the heart holds dearest, and her soul,
In the deep sorrow of her own affliction,
Embraces those who mourn; matchless sight!
Where is the monarch in the wide-spread world,
With such a heart of love and sympathy?

The jewelled Crown is glittering on her brow,
But, oh! unto the lustre of its brightness,
Is added ten-fold lustre by the grace,
The gentle, kind, and holy woman's heart
Of her who wears it.

My First Grey Hair.

1857.

WHITE straggling wanderer from the far-off Future!
What dost thou here?
Art come to tell me that the hour of winter
Is drawing near?
Dost thou with gone enjoyments come to jeer me,
Sent by the Past?
Or art thou but a chance-like visitation,
Too grey to last?

Comest thou to tell me that my joys are waning?
I *feel* this truth;
For Sorrow, with its darkening wing, is shading
The hopes of youth.
Yet mock me not, thou silvery messenger,
With times gone by:
Enough there is, without thy saddening presence,
To raise the sigh.

The present hath its glooms, and would, without thee,
Cause anxious thought;
Then why comest thou, in garb of winter hoary,
With darkness fraught?
My mede of days has hardly reached its summer,
And yet too soon
The spirit of departed bliss hath shown me
Life's early noon.

A stranger amongst strangers dost thou linger,
Thou mocking sprite!
Find, find some other resting for thy presence,
So silvery white.
Go to the future: 'tis not time to view thee,
Thou type of fear.
Go to the aged: they will know thy features.
Oh, stay not here.

The *heart* may still be young though thou hast sprinkled
The head with grey,—
'Tis not the joyous spirit that hath faded
Beneath thy sway.
Thou comest a wanderer, oh how true! to tell me
Of time's winged flight,
Before life's morn hath blossomed in its beauty,
Pointing to night.

Fain would I deem thee but a short sojourner
From distant hours;
But truth dispels the gay and bright delusion
Of fancy's powers,
For now thy brethren of a different colour
Change to thy tone;—
A few more years and thou mayst hail them brothers,
All, all, thine own.

The Seamstress.

1857.

LONELY and sad at her needle plying,
Is the victim of fashion's shrine;
Though her broken heart is with anguish dying,
She must finish her work or pine.
Hunger and work have a hectic flush
On her cheek, as the lily white,
Impressed their stamp for the maiden blush
Which shone in her morning's light.

Fatherless! motherless! friendless! alone
She toils for her daily bread;
And her bloodless fingers, worn to the bone,
Are with stitching almost dead.
She was once a child of love and light,
And laughed with the flowers of spring;
Oh, God! that thy image e'er should change
To such a withered thing!

Wearily at her needle plying,
With a child at her aching breast,
Seeking how vainly, vainly, seeking
From the dried-up spring its rest;
But the fountain of life hath ceased to flow,
The nectar of love is gone,
And the famished mother wildly clings
To her new-born famished son.

She was born to other hopes than this,
In the pride of her parents' home ;
But fortune had frowned on her scenes of bliss,
And darkened the days to come.
Thus her child, her heart's best treasure,
Was born to a life of shame ;
As he learns to whisper mother,
He will shrink at her blighted name.

* * * *

At the measured strains of the music swelling,
A proud and happy throng,
In the spacious halls of a lordly dwelling,
Rejoice in the dance and the song.

Wealth and its power, with rich excess,
In profusion is spread around ;
And fairy forms in their loveliness
Tread on enchanted ground.

Could they see the withered fingers creeping
Over the new-made dress,
And watch the famished mother weeping
In her want and her wretchedness !
Could the vision of that garret lonely,
As a phamton, rise to their sight,
It would give a pause to the giddy step,—
They would dance no more to-night.

Then judge her not, ye pampered great,
Who shine in the work she plies ;
Think, think what had been your altered fate,
With a change of destinies.
And you, careless bright ones, who never knew
A care to shroud your brow,
Oh ! look with the tender eye of love
On your perishing sister now.

Had your jewelled arms in their wonted health
Been compelled to earn your bread,
And poverty's smile instead of wealth
Laid the wreck of your daily bed.
Would you have never known a blush
On the virgin cheek to rise !
Your lot perchance had been worse than hers
With a change of destinies.

* * * *

Wearily at her needle plying,
A ray of hope is there;
Though mother and child alike are dying,
Heaven hath not withdrawn its care.
Another in that garret lonely
Hath pitied her anguish wild;
There are three at that scene of deep distress,—
God and the mother and child.

Mother and Child.

1856.

MID the early dew of evening,
Pearl-drops glistening on the sod;
Heaven's EYES sweetly looking o'er them,
Speaking of their Maker, God;
Ocean in its vastness sleeping,
Cradled like a child at rest,—
At that hour I saw her weeping,
With her babe upon her breast.

Cold and chilly was the evening,
Scanty was her worn attire,
Quickly was her bosom beating,
Madly flashed her eyes of fire;
Bloodless swelled the frozen pulse,
Shadowy was her aching sight,
God's eyes calmly watching o'er them,
Through the canopy of night.

To *those* stars that spake His glory,
Helplessly her looks are cast,
Straining to the aching bosom,
Her lost memory of the past.
Child of sorrow, loved and dearest,
Cling unto her aching breast,
God's eyes still are watching o'er you,
Short *your* passage to His rest.

Keep it nestling to thy bosom,
  Still thy mother's heart is warm,
Though the living milky fountain,
  Pressed with want, hath ceased to charm.
Parched the lips that touch the well-spring,
  Even as that fountain dry,
Every drop the mother's life-blood,—
  Stars still watching from on high.

Now the flickering spark of life,
  Trembles in its narrow cell,
Faint and feeble is the strife,
  Yet she *cannot* say farewell.
But a kiss so long and fervent,
  E'en as though 'twould never cease,
Is imprinted by the mother,
  Ere her infant dies in peace.

Take that kiss to heaven, fair child,
  Take it to thy mother's God,
And unto the listening angels,
  Tell the chequered path she trod.
Be the messenger of mercy—
  Be her harbinger of bliss—
Open wide the sacred portals,
  With a dying mother's kiss.

Winged spirit, starry pinions,
  Wait upon thy guileless soul,—
Soar upon thy happy mission,
  Disenthralled from earth's control.
Now thy blue eyes gaze enraptured,
  On the heavens serene of blue,
Where the everlasting portals
  With their jasper gates shine through.

See, another spirit cometh,
  Clothed in majesty of light,—
Clouds before the presence tremble,
  As before the moon at night,—
'Tis the mother's spirit seeking
  For the fondling of her breast,
See, the pearly gates are open—
  Child and mother are at rest!

Life.

1857.

LIFE is like a summer cloud,
Changing in its varied flight,
Now in darkness as a shroud,
Now all gilded o'er with light.
Wandering through the paths of earth,
Hope its tireless beacon still;
Jocund with the laughing mirth
That its fragrant flowers distil.

Life is like a ship at sea,
Lulled in sweet and peaceful rest;
In a moment all may be
Tempest-tossed upon its breast:
Moving onward still the same,
Heedless of the storm's control,
Whatsoe'er the varied guise,
Ever nearer to the goal.

Life is like the cheering fountain,
And as transient in its gleam;
Rushing wildly from the mountain,
In a pure pellucid stream—
Like the stream with waters sullied,
As through earth it rolls along;
Like a bird whose notes have faded,
Or the memory of a song.

Like the ever-changing river,
Winding through the leafy grove,
Murmuring on its course for ever,
Constant as its Maker's love.
Many prospects grace its motion—
Changing prospects, bright and drear—
As it sings unto the ocean,
Paying tribute with a tear.

As a sunny dream of gladness,
Ere that truth the charm dispel,
In its bitterest hour of sadness
Perishingly beautiful.

When the future hath no sorrow,
Seen through fancy's mystic light;
Like the dream, when morn awakens,
Resting on the wing of night.

Life is like a fragile floweret,
Blooming in its sweetness wild;
Faded ere it learns to blossom,
Like a mother's favourite child.
Cradled on the snowy bosom,
Sheltered from the winter's breath;
Life—exulting in its brightness—
Is the favourite child of Death.

Death will claim his early treasure,
All that we most love and prize,
All we boast of must surrender
To the Parent's destinies.
Beauty must give up its brightness,
Slumbering in a sweet repose,
When no tale is heard of sadness,
Seeking nurture where it rose.

Like the cloud, its prospects vary,
Wandering through the realms of night;
Now all splendour! now o'ershadowed!
Then again with gladness bright.
Now in fancy's gay dominion,
Rushing forth with rapture wild,
And, when tired, on angel pinion
Sweetly slumbering as a child.

Gloriously it springs to being,
As the fountain, pure and strong,
As the dream, too soon to perish,
As the sweet bird's faded song,—
As the ship upon the ocean,
Heedless of the whirlwind's breath;
As the babe upon the bosom,—
So must life repose in death.

The Old and New Years.

1852.

SINK to the past in the snowy shroud,
On thy frozen death-bed dying;
Many, who welcom'd thee in with joy,
In their cold, cold graves are lying.
The lov'd and the lost are gone before
To usher the new-born year,
And hallow its dawn with their spirit songs,
Where life is without a tear.

Many are entering their varied way
As the old, old year is weeping,
And others are drawing near to the fold
Where their kindred dust is sleeping;
Others are battling on their course
Through this world of sin and strife,
As the old year sinks to its last repose,
And the young one rushes to life.

The flowers that are dead can bloom no more,
Though life can never die,
And those we have lost are but gone before
To prepare a place on high,
Where angels sing to golden harps
Their songs at the new year's birth,
And hallow its fresh soft blushing dawn
On God's bright and happy earth.

Oh, many things we would fain call back
From the year that has pass'd and gone,
But vain is the wish—in its ceaseless track
Life's tide is still hurrying on.
There are many glad, bright spots to grace
The course of the closing year,
And memory rests with a saddened smile
On the scenes that were once so dear.

Thou hast seen the glorious things of earth,
The children of the old,
Laid in their little narrow bed
Where all seem'd dark and cold,

E'er time could sully the tender bud,
Or shade its opening bloom,
Pass from the world like a ray of light
To the silence of the tomb.

Beautiful children ! to those you lov'd
You were as angels here,
And memory clings round the mother's heart,
And welcomes the soft'ning tear ;
For she knows, whatever may be the lot
Of those who still strive with wrong,
Her lovely cherubs at Heaven's bright gate
Will sing the Redeemer's song.

An eventful year has the last one been,
For liberty and right
Have broken the captive's weary chain,
And triumph'd over might ;
Italy sings her new found song
To freedom's holy strain,
And the world looks bright on the glad New Year,
And forgets its hours of pain.

And another cry shall yet be heard
E're the new born year is old ;
Already is whisper'd the magic word,
In a murmur sweetly told.
Another nation will yet arise,
And brave the tyrant's power ;
Hungary soon shall welcome back
The advent of *freedom's* hour.

A glad, glad welcome, let us give
To the hope-born untried thing ;
It will smile on the frost of the year that is gone,
And usher the balmy spring.
And the young shall press on their varied way,
And the old renew their reign,
And feel new strength at the sight of youth
Till the year is old again.

There are joys, new joys, for the coming year—
Gladly welcome the child at its birth ;
It comes with a murmur of sunny dreams
To the perishing things of earth.
God, in His mercy, hath sent the world
A hope that may never fade,
And He watches with love and a sleepless eye
O'er the beautiful world He made.

It was made in beauty, and perfect love
Should hallow the scene of bliss;
Yet, were all perfect, we should not claim
A more perfect world than this.
But in His mansions, and many there are,
There is not a shade of care,
And His sacred image—His perfect work—
He calls to rejoin Him there.

Then welcome, gladly, the bright young year,
By the mighty Father given,
It is sent with a Father's priceless love
From the cloudless throne of Heaven.
And we trust in Him who hath called our child
To its sweet and last repose,
He rules the whirlwind and the storm,
And watches the opening rose.

Life.

1857.

OH, what is life?—Go ask the babe
As it sweetly sleeps,
Or ask the mother who o'er it bends
And silently weeps;
Go ask the boy as his path he takes,
In gladness wild,
Or the maid as she offers her love's first prayer—
To sin a child;
Or ask the man as in glory's prime
He moves along,
When prosperity smiles on his every step
With gladsome song;
Or ask old age, whose sands of life
Are almost run,
When the shadows of time have half obscured
His declining sun,—
From each and all thou wilt ever hear,
That life is a shadow—a smile—a tear.

Oh, what is life?—'Tis a changing scene
Of joy and strife,—
The promised bud of a future state,—
E'en such is life.
The cherished hope of the *present* hour
Fades on the morrow,
Though many charms it may yet retain,
It still hath sorrow.
It is not all gladness we here must learn,
For stern decay
Hath impressed with its signet each happy hour,
As it glides away.
When close we seem to a blissful lot,
There is something near
To change the long-sought scene of joy
From a smile to a tear.
Life hath its changes, its light and gloom,
But, though flowery its pathway, it leads to the tomb.

Life is a shadow!—a dream!—a song!
How sadly bright!
For the joy most dear to the fleeting day
Will fade at night.
The golden hours as they wandering pass
Like minutes seem,
As figures that move o'er the mystic glass
Of a troubled dream.
We have hardly found for our heart's best hope
A sacred shrine,
E'er the darkness comes o'er a scene so fair,
And whispers "Mine."
Ruined and fallen, the dream no more
Our hearts may cheer;
Though the song of earth bursts with gladness forth,
It ends with a tear.
No enduring bliss on earth can be known,
Our fabric of light is by gloom o'erthrown.

Oh, what is life?—Go ask the dying,
For they can tell.
When the song and the gladsome dream is past,
In a long farewell;
When the shadow alone is left to shroud
The heart's deep moan,
And the withering blast hath sadly changed
The smile to a groan;
When friends have proved false, and time no more
Hath a joy to bring;

When pleasure with love on its airy way
Hath taken wing ;—
Then ask the dying, for they can tell
As they near the close,
When with one brief glance they can search the past
Its joys and woes ;
When they feel that they draw near the latest strife,
Go ask them, they know what a scene is life.

Life is a dream !—but of sternest truth,
And will ever be
(Disguise it as many may strive to do)
A reality.
For the day must end and the shadows fall
With the joyous song.
When eternity breaks the silver chords
That have bound us long ;
For all must wither ! the tenderest ties
Be sadly broken,
When the knell of time, by the voice of death,
Is deeply spoken.
When the wheel at the cistern turns no more,
And light departs,
And the syren pleasure can only smile
On broken hearts,—
Then we know that life is to mortals given
To fit and prepare for the joys of heaven.

The Old and New Year.

1857.

FAREWELL, old year, thy sand has run,
Thy course of sorrow and sadness done ;
Thou hast seen the *friendships* of life pass by
At the chilling touch of adversity ;
Thou hast seen sworn friends in anguish part,
Thou hast withered affection's trusting heart,
And taught a sad lesson to those who deem
There is lasting truth in life's fitful dream.

Sink to thy rest in the changeless past,
Go with the sunshine that might not last—
Thou hast shadow'd the young heart's rising bloom
With the stamp of death and the hue of the tomb,
Culling the fair bright buds of joy
While yet untainted by time's alloy,
And filling thy garner of treasures full
With the bright, the pure, and beautiful.

Take the false friendships of life away,
They suit thee well in their stern decay;
Take the fair child to its Parent, God,
Ere the path of sorrow its feet have trod.
Take earth's bright flowers to a fairer land
Where they may not fade at thy command—
Where children and flowers in endless youth
Shall bloom 'mid the rays of eternal truth.

And yet much good thou hast seen, old year,
In this hollow world are the true and dear.
There are hearts yet loving left to love,
And friendships true as the God above.
There are many glorious sun-lit hours
To smile on affection's living flowers;
These thou hast left in there joy to bloom,
For the true heart's feeling there is no tomb.

To some thou hast brought but wealth and gladness,
To others but gloom and attendant sadness;
Thy path to some hath been strewn with bliss,
And an unchanged course of happiness.
Thou hast smiled on famine, guile, and wrong,
And sung the last strain of life's bright song.

But enough of the past! let us onward press
And welcome the newborn loveliness—
To the stranger on earth a greeting prove,
And usher him in on the wings of love—
He is come to bless, he is come to cheer,
He is come in gladness:—the bright new year.
May his evening song as sweetly rise,
As his early morning sacrifice!

Union of Heart and Effort.

1857.

BROTHERS, let us pull together,
O'er the waves of life's dark sea!
In the very stormiest weather
Still united may we be.
Union is strength in trial—
Short our varied sojourn here,
Let us all be true and earnest,
Free from every doubt and fear.

Brothers, let us pull together,
Heart and soul as well as hands;
Pilots be to one another
As we pass the dangerous sands.
Love and try to help each other,
Life is short and soon must die;
To the afflicted *prove* a brother,
Help him onward to the sky.

What is wealth unto the dying?
Use it while thou hast the power;
Visit those in sickness lying
'Mid the gloom of sorrow's hour;
Give it while thou hast the mission,
Leave it not till thou art dead;
Then shall Mercy's holy pinions
Float in sunbeams o'er thy head.

'Tis no mercy when the dying
Leave their treasur'd wealth behind,
Gladly would they take it with them,
In its dear possession blind;
But when forced to leave the bauble
That had bound their spirits here,
E'en in life's last, darkest moments,
They *must* leave it with a tear.

Pull together whilst the morning
Smiles upon our fragile bark;
Soon 'twill enter into midnight,
Clouded by the future dark.

Brothers, brothers, help each other,
Give to those who need your care.
Brothers, be to each a brother—
Gold will gain no entrance there.

Then the simple glass of water,
In the name of Him who died,
Given in kindness to the suffering
Brother of the crucified,
Will do more the account to balance
In the heavenly ledger there,
Than the wealth of all creation,
Or the Pharisaic prayer.

Pull together!—live and let live,
Judge not failings till thou know
How thy brother may be tempted
In his wanderings here below.
God alone can see the struggle,
He alone can see within,
Thou perhaps hast ne'er been tempted—
False thy TRIUMPH over sin.

Stanzas.

1858.

I WATCHED the moonlight sleeping upon the crested wave,
When the sunset in its glory had passed to daylight's grave;
The stars, like angels gazing from the azure heavens above,
Seemed like spirits sweetly gliding through the honied paths of love.

And I thought of the departed, who had found an early rest,—
Those I had loved in childhood, ere life had lost its zest;
When all was bright and beautiful, and the stars were flowers to me,
Shining upon their brotherhood, the gems of life's dark sea.

In youth, when sweetly dreaming, I loved the ocean's foam,
It whispered kindly to me the first sweet song of home;
It told me of the loved ones I cherished fondly here,
And now it brings them to me, with a memory and a tear.

Oh, the past with all its pleasures, in time's undying scroll,
Opens its treasured memories upon my pensive soul;
But these dreams of heaven and childhood too soon must find a grave,
Like the ripple of the ocean, and the crest upon the wave!

The Dying Child.

1858.

PRAY for me, mother. The lark on high
With a prayer opens the gates of the sky,
God and His angels listening by.

Must I die, mother! The flowers are bright;
Must I go a child to the realms of light;
Must I early pass to the world of dreams
Where truth is really what it seems?
Or must I press thy bosom still,
And from nature's fountain take my fill?

Must I die, mother, and leave my brother?
Can I in heaven find such another?
Must I leave *thee*, mother? God above
Alone knows the faith of a mother's love,
Oh, must I die, and leave you all,
The flowers that bloom and the leaves that fall?
Yes, I leave you all for a purer sky,
Where the sun ne'er sets and the flowers ne'er die.
Mother, mother! oh meet me there;
Let my spirit pass on a mother's prayer.

Yes, young immortal, to thee is given
An early rest in thy Maker's heaven;
Take the flowers with thee, beautiful child,
Of such are heaven's kingdom.

And an angel kissed the lips of blue,
And the cheek looked bright, though of paler hue,
You might see the pure veins glistening through.
Another angel in God's heaven,
Without a sin to be forgiven;
Another watcher o'er human fears;
Another spirit free from tears,
Watch o'er thy mother, in realms above,
Where nothing dwells but truth and love,
Take rest in the light that has given thee birth,
A flower too fair for the storms of earth,
Another cherub in light now sings,
A sinless child with its God-found wings.

Spring.

1859.

WELCOME! welcome, thou smiling Spring,
With the varied treasures thy footsteps bring,
Thy strain is the voice of the glad and gay,
As thou movest along on thy flowery way.
The earth, that in gloom hath slumbered long,
At thy presence bursts into life and song;
And the lark carols forth its hymn of praise
At the gate of heaven in Spring's young days.

Now the sleeping bud bursts forth in a flower.
To usher the presence of Spring's glad hour,
And the child in its gladness laughs with glee
In its sunny dream to welcome thee.
Ye both are emblems of love and truth,
And ye smile on each other as youth on youth;
You must both grow old, but the lovely child
Will never forget that you thus have smiled.

From the living touch of the Maker's hand
Thy presence smiles on our happy land;
And the flower on the grave of the loved and gone
Speaks of hope to the hearts that must still live on.

It tells of the light of a cloudless sky,
Where the joys ne'er fade and the flowers ne'er die.
Bids the widow's heart its strength renew,
With thy balmy breath and thy heaven of blue.

Thou clothest with verdure the withered trees.
And the leaves softly sigh on the rustling breeze,
Speaking of thee in their whispers sweet:
As the green grass grows beneath our feet.
Now the buttercup springs from the fruitful sod,
And the daisy blooms like the eye of God,
As the *day's eye* opens to life once more
With the same glad garb that the last Spring wore.

Thou hast only slept through the winter hours
To renew thy strength and thy faded powers;
And the glorious sun, at thy presence bright,
Bathes the new-born world with his living light.
The day-spring of earth as it wakens mild
From its winter sleep as a slumbering child.
The anxious mother's hopes to bless
With its treasured dream of happiness.

Smile on us all, thou gladsome Spring,
Give hope to the lone and withering,
Give us plenty and peace in this chequered state,
Oh comfort the sad and desolate!
Let thy advent be one of joy and light,
Disperse the gloom of the winter's night,
That, when the bright hopes of life take wing,
We may find the future an endless Spring.

Children.

1855.

OH trust not the man on whom a child
Hath never in its gladness smiled,
Who was ne'er with its short-lived troubles moved;
And never by its young heart loved;
For a child, with its pure young love, can tell
Where love like its own is found to dwell;

Though proud his mien, and bright his eye,
And fervent his vows of constancy,
In his heart of hearts is a blackened spot,
And thou, fair young maiden, trust him not.

He may tell thee honied tales of bliss,
He may print on thy lips a fervent kiss,
His vows may be sweet and glad to hear,
He may draw from thy eyes the heartfelt tear ;
But trust him not, he is full of guile,
A serpent coils in his placid smile.
If the guileless sport of the innocent child
Hath never his lonely heart beguiled,
Cast, cast away the seductive spell,
Before it is anguish to say farewell.

Darling children ! I love you all,
Blue and black-eyed, short and tall ;
I love to watch your childish gambols,
And join with you in your infant scrambles,
Ye leave in me aye a lesson of youth,
From your life's bright freshness and virgin truth.

Like a sheet of paper undefiled,
Is the guileless heart of an infant child;
You may write what you will on the spotless page,
It will show its mark in a future age.
If clean the hand and pure the scroll,
It will lead to light the new born soul ;
But, if dark the impress in childhood given,
'Twill find no rest but in its native heaven.

Mothers ! watch over your children's youth,
Oh, write on that page the lines of truth ;
Soil not the pure bright gleam of love,
Write with the pen of the gentle dove ;
Cast 'mid the worlding's darkest strife
Upon the waters, the bread of life,
After many days shall the seed be found,
Springing with hope from the sacred ground,
And you'll rejoice with a holy bliss
In the thought of your infant's blessedness.

Memories.

1857.

WHERE are the lovely visions
That shone in earlier days,
Which gave the flowing measure
To my first and simple lays?
Where are the hearts that cherished
My happy childhood's years?
All in their glory perished,
Passed from this vale of tears.

Where is that dear loved mother,
The pure, the good, the kind;
And where that joyous brother,
To care and sorrow blind?
Where is that angel sister
Whose cheek outvied the rose?—
Gone to the land of shadows,
In death's last sweet repose.

Where is that brow of kindness
That told a father's care,—
That true and manly spirit
Which would every sorrow share?
Time thou hast taken from me
My soul's most treasured gain;
My earliest friends departed,
Oh! why should I remain.

There are some things that love me,
There are some things to love,—
The flowers that bloom around me,
And the bright blue sky above;
And there are friends who offer
Their mede of truth and praise,
But their gifts have not the sweetness
Of those in earlier days.

First love and first affection
But once may learn to bloom;
If snapped, their silken tendrils,
They find a living tomb.

But oh, no future feelings
Have half the sacred truth
Of those that blossomed round us
In our glad and smiling youth.

When we prattled with the daisies,
As we watched the violet bloom,
When earth had not a sorrow,
And pleasure knew no tomb;
When no worldly calculations
Could the soul's deep feelings move.
But its sympathies unshackled,
Burst forth in boundless love;
When sin had never tainted
The young and guileless heart,
Before the bright and beautiful
Were summoned to depart.

Oh, the sweet and sunny memories
Of the dreamless, changeless past,
Cluster round us in their brightness
When the present is o'ercast.
Like music o'er the waters,
Mellowed by distance, seems
More melting in its sweetness,—
So 'tis with childhood's dreams.

They soothe the troubled spirit,
And lull it to repose
With the same light gentle pressure
As the evening shuts the rose.
But our fondest hopes must perish,
Our morning sky o'ercast,
And all our souls can cherish
Is the memory of the past.

The Paper Boat.

1856.

IN cradled rest, the new born child,
Dreams its first hours of life;
The tide of time is clear and mild,
Free from the tempest's strife;

Its paper boat sails gaily on
'Mid childhood's golden dream,
With all its little infant joys
Reflected in the stream.

The tide rolls on, a summer breeze
Blows gently from the shore,
The paper boat glides swiftly by
Rich with its happy store,
A store of charms of future joy,
Of friendship, love, and truth,
The harbingers of happy days,
The treasuries of youth.

The tide rolls on, the paper boat
More swiftly passes by,
Uneasily it seems to float
Beneath a lowering sky;
The tempest nears, then all is dark,
And sunshine has no gleam;
A *paper* wreck, the little bark
Now floats along the stream.

Manhood hath stamped upon the brow
Of that fair infant child,
The memories of pleasures past,
Of pleasures undefiled,
And yet the *trust* is still the same,
Though childhood's paper boat,
Upon the troubled stream of time,
A wreck is seen to float.

A safer bark is now the *trust*
Of manhood's thoughtful years,
Shadowed with memories of the past,
And dreams of infant years;
More strongly built to stand the storm
And fortune's fickle gale,
The future yet hath joys in store,
And *hope* yet spreads the sails.

The tide rolls on: the storm is wild,
It braves the roaring blast,
Freighted with treasures of the heart,
A spell seems round it cast;
But vain the struggle! on the stream
Another wreck must float.
The stronger bark is now as frail
As childhood's paper boat.

We build up hopes too soon to fade:
The heart's rich treasures cast,
Upon the chequered stream of life,
Are frittered by the blast;
Earth's *friendships* and our dreams of bliss,
In *age* are seen to float,
Wrecked memories of early dreams
Like childhood's paper boat.

Stanzas.

1858.

DESERTED is the homestead,
And vacant is the chair,
The wreck of joys departed—
The loved ones are not there.
I sit alone in sorrow,
And visions of the past
Flit in their mockery round me,
And o'er my senses cast
The spell of long-gone happiness,
Too beautiful to last.

I dream of past and present
As the future is unrolled,
But I look not to that future
With the trusting faith of old.
The dreams of happy childhood,
Of youth, and manhood's prime,
Are all too early blighted
By the withering hand of time;
All in their glory faded,
Passed to a purer clime.

The loveliest early perish,
But leave a holy spell,
Sweet as the Spring's glad blossom,
To hallow their farewell.
They tell us to look forward
To their resting place above,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary rest in love,
And where Mercy's smile will cherish
In her ark the wand'ring dove.

The olive branch of gladness
That dove, by tempests driven,
Hath brought to bloom for ever
Within its native heaven ;—
And the world with all its pleasure
Is but a sin-stained dream—
A withered branch, to perish
In Eternity's dark stream,
To pass without a memory
Of its short and fitful gleam.

The heart is prone to murmur
When all it loves is dead—
When every dream it cherished
Is with the sunlight fled.
But still God's earth is lovely,
There are souls yet good and strong
To wage the holy warfare
Of right against the wrong—
Hearts that in proud reuniòn
Shall sing the victor's song.

Lines,

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE GLORIOUS PAINTING OF THE "NATIVITY,"

BY PIERRE VAN SCHENDEL.

1861.

IN the dark garret, with a single crust
Alone to share with her he loved the best,
The Artist pined away unknown to fame,
His soaring spirit sinking fast to rest ;
The starving child, convulsively was pressed,
With mortal anguish to a mother's breast.

'Tis hard to die with dreams yet unfulfilled,
To sink unknown into the cold, cold tomb
When Fame's sweet visions gather round the soul,
To be enshrouded in a trackless gloom,
To feel the Genius, and not have the *power*
To help the loved ones for a single hour.

'Tis hard to struggle on! to feel the *power*,
The Genius power that stirs the aspiring soul,
Without a helping hand to usher forth
Embodied thoughts beyond the world's control,
To feel the curse of poverty enclose
The blessed perfume of fame's opening rose.

A light from Heaven illumes the little room,
Guided by God, the brush is seen to move,
Once more to joy the wanderers awake,
Once more arise to happiness and love,
They sing a new found song, the song of fame,
Immortal wreaths surround the artist's name.

How glorious is the picture! light from Heaven,
Amongst the ruined pillars glances bright,
The torch of earth illumines earthly scenes,
But Heaven's torch bathes the Saviour in its light,
Reflected back upon the Adorers there,
Bowing their thankful souls in fervency of prayer.

The earthly child looks at the new-born Christ
With the pure eyes of childhood's earliest truth;
The ripening maiden in her opening bloom
Pledges to Him the promise of her youth.
Age, with its path of changes nearly trod,
In that lone manger, recognises God.

Tune your bright harps, ye angels! God is love!
Sing a glad song of triumph to His name;
The child God in the manger sweetly smiles,
Man through a Saviour now his hopes may claim.
"The child is born! the Son is given now,"
And hope's bright sunbeams circle round his brow.

The world smiles fresh with beauty! love divine
Has sent His image! in the manger lies
The maid-born infant! Bethlehem's living star.
Saviour of earth and monarch of the skies.
Sing loud the song of triumph, He is here,
To soothe the widow's heart, and dry the orphan's tear.

The earthly father and the mother pure,
Watch the glad child with all a parents' joy;
And in the fervour of their thankful hearts,
Their priceless love is lavished o'er their boy.
Wondering, He opes on earth his eyes of light,
Without a shadow yet of the approaching night.

Immortal Artist! thou shall leave a name
Fadeless as time, till time itself shall die;
For this one effort on the roll of fame,
Thy power in deathless characters shall lie.
A poem in a picture! wondrous, fair,
Sublime in beauty! for *its* God is there.

Wild Flowers.

1857.

OH give me the wild flowers, though others are gay,
And blossom in beauty on earth's varied way,
They are not so lovely by far to my eye
As the flowrets that grow in the valley hard by.
Though nurtured by art and the tenderest care,
The flowers of the forest to me are more fair.

I care not, in truth, for the smiling parterre,
With its blooming exotics and plants ever rare;
I love the wild jessamine, blooming 'mid thorns,
In its own native bower, which it gilds and adorns;
And the woodbine that twines round the oak in decay,
As it smiles on its bosom and gladdens its way.

I love the sweet primrose, safe nursed in the shade,
And the violet that blossoms in the hollow wood glade,
As it blushes unseen to the wanderer by,
And only is known to the searcher's keen eye,
Who looks to the perishing child of the sod
For a theme to remind him of virtue and God.

As I gaze on the bud that the night wind hath nurs'd,
Ere with glory of beauty in fullness it burst,
I see it with joy as it shines in a flower,
Though to blossom, decay, and to die in an hour:
It reminds me of life and the pleasures that fade
In the full virgin blush of their summer arrayed.

And the daisy, it tells me of scenes ever past—
It fears not the storm, and it heeds not the blast,
So in childhood, no fear of the *future* is known,
The *present* is true in its gladness alone—
As bright and as pure as the innocent flower
Which laughs at the tempest and smiles at the shower.

And then the sweet wild rose its perfume is nigh,
To sweeten the breezes that over it sigh;
Yet e'en in decay doth its languishing breath
Spread a transient perfume o'er the portals of death;
Like virtue that shines amid life's latest hour,
More bright midst the darkness unswayed by its power.

Oh, Nature, I love thee—with art far away,
In thy wildness of beauty enchantingly gay;
When the rose amid thorns, and the stars of the grass,
Spread a charm o'er the air as I, wandering, pass:
Unpruned by the hand, in their own verdure wild,
The forest, the field, and the woodland hath smiled.

Oh, give me the wild flowers, so lively and sweet,
As they flourish and die in perfume at my feet;
Each daisy and buttercup giving its stem
In childhood, to me, was as dear as a gem.
And now, when with sorrow my brow hath been pressed,
I love the wild flowret to bloom on my breast.

Great Spirit of Nature, from youth's earliest hour
I have seen thee confessed in the leaf of a flower;
And I love the wild flowret alone nursed by thee,
Uncultured by art, in the wilderness free.
Oh, 'tis pleasure! delight! o'er the pathway to stray,
With thy own living emblems to gladden my way.

Oh, ye perishing beauties that smile on our youth—
Ye emblems of innocence, virtue, and truth—
As the shadows of age in their gloom hover nigh,
'Mid your fragance I'd live, 'mid your perfume I'd die,
And if one fond wish in the tomb I could crave,
It would be, that the wild flowers should bloom o'er my grave.

And if, o'er that grave, one true tear should be shed,
By a spirit that loved me and mourned me when dead,
May those flowrets of hope that sad spirit still cheer
And each shadow of sadness dissolve in a tear,
Exhaled by a sunbeam, that tear shine above
As friendship's fair light in the casket of love.

To the Ladies.

1857.

LADIES, with your forms divine,
Spoil them not with crinoline ;
Nature's hand, in varied graces,
Sporting, truth-like o'er your faces ;
On your lips can none rely,
When your bodies tell a lie.

Trust to nature for your charms,
Swan-like necks, and snow-white arms ;
Cheeks, the roses that outvie,
Dimpled chin, and beaming eye,
Let the graceful curves of youth
Show their beauty in their truth ;
Be content with nature's mould,
'Tis the purer part of gold ;
Fashioned by a hand Divine,
Spoil it not with crinoline.

As you dress, you fairy creatures,
Man can only see your features ;
Form is none of any kind,
As in front, it is behind.
Are the hoops too oft we see
Guardians of your purity ?
E'en as a balloon inflated,
How, on earth, can you be mated,
'Tis a mystery of life
How the maid becomes a wife ;
For the heart is verdant green,
To be caught by crinoline.

See the lilies as they grow,
Spotless as the virgin snow,
With a simple leaf to shield
E'en the loveliest of the field ;
Learn of them, and let them be
Types of your simplicity ;
Neat and simple be the dress
To enshrine your loveliness !

Small the pearl, but large the cell,
Of the moping oyster's shell ;
So with crinoline enshrined,
Smaller often is the mind.
When the pretty cottage bonnet,
With a modest ribbon on it,
And the little straggling curl
Laughed in sunlight from a girl,—
Then your bright eyes might be seen,
With a snowy veil between ;
Now a scull-cap, nothing on it,
Spurns the pretty cottage bonnet.

Could you at the death-bed tend
Of your dearest earthly friend,
When a woman's mission proves
Holiest to the one she loves ?
Oh, you could not reach the bed,
To bathe the weary sufferer's head ;
When the bosom heaves with fear
For the fate now drawing near,
And the liquid pearl discloses
Love distilled from virgin roses,—
Then in vain you try to kneel,
Cumbered by your hoops of steel,
And of beauty born to bless,
Nought is woman but the dress.

Twelve yards for a modest dress,
Twenty yards for crinoline;
Why, 'twould make a husband bless
All his little hopes between ;
What the parent stem could spare,
All the little buds would grace,
And add sunshine to the smile
Mantling on each happy face.
Swimming in your snowy gauze,
Outraging all nature's laws,

Hipped and hooped in fashion's cause,
Like a snow-flake on the sea,
Lost in your immensity ;
Puffed and padded o'er with care,
Floating like a duck in air ;
Sailing like a ship afloat,
You the mast, your dress the boat.
Nothing but the coxcomb's soul
Crinoline can e'er control,
And then only for a minute,
For if gained, there's nothing in it.

Set a diamond in a pin—
Not with ornament around—
Let it shine a living gem,
With no borrowed lustre crowned.
So with woman, let her be
Not in crinoline enshrined,
But her simple dress appear,
Fitting emblem of her mind,
You are lovelier by far
In the guise that angels are ;
Trust me, ladies, plain the dress
Best befits your loveliness.
Lead the fashions ! all we crave
Is ye be not fashion's slave ;
But let you dress, howe'er you will,
We must love and tend you still.

The Violet.

1857.

I SAW a flower, a little flower,
Upon a bank decay ;
I watched the fading loveliness
In fragrance pass away ;
The noon-day sun had withered
Its fair and fragile form,
It faded in its dawn of light,
Before it knew a storm.

And a maiden bright, to look upon,
Gazed on its withered stem,—
Sure e'en a glance from such an eye
Would make it bloom again;
But no, it needed moisture,
That maiden's eye was dry,
And it seemed to look imploringly
Up to the burning sky.

No moisture came!—the sultry sun
Had passed its transient flight,
And hid the glory of its beams
Beneath the wing of night,—
The night that brings forgetfulness,
Unto the weary given,
When the soul in dreams may walk abroad,
'Mid the melody of heaven.

The moonlight beamed upon the spot
Where that sweet flowret lay,
And a canopy of burning gems
Spread its mantle o'er decay;
But when the morning sprung with glee
From out the womb of night,
The tears of heaven on earth were wept
And bathed the world in light.

And the little flower looked up and smiled;
The pearly dews had wet
And awakened into new-found life
That lovely violet,
And again the maiden looked upon
The lone one blooming there,
For she and it were beautiful,
And both were passing fair.

So in the world, she fondly said,
When woe alone is ours,
The dews of faith are often shed
Like heaven's sweet dew on flowers.
Then never let us mourn our lot,
For peaceful hours may come,
And angels' tears for man descend
To bless his earthly home.

A lesson too of thankfulness
From this frail flower we learn;
For blushing into life again,
Unto the sun 'twill turn.

If the fragile flowrets thankful smile
As they grace the verdant sod,
The heart of man should bow and feel
The majesty of God.

Christmas Eve.

1862.

JOLLY Christmas, smile upon us,
And the laughing bright blue eyes,
Beaming forth from happy childhood,
Longing for the promised pies;
Smile upon the sunlit picture,
Loveliest sight on happy earth,
Where the dreams of youth and beauty
Born of gladness die in mirth.

Fairy footsteps trip it lightly,
Gladness in each beaming eye,
All is pleasure as they brightly
Thread the dance's revelry;
Schools and lessons now are banished,
Christmas comes but once a year,
God forbid the happy season
Should be sullied by a tear.

See the little baby darling
Laughing in its spirit's mirth,
Smiling in its little knowledge
Of the morning joys of earth;
'Mid the flowers that grace the season,
Sweetest, fairest bud of all,
Speaking mirth in every feature,
Happy at its mother's call.

More matured, the little woman,
Shy and bashful standing by,
Playing like an infant mother
With a heart that knows no sigh,
Dancing, dreaming, laughing, bounding,
In her spirit's fervent flow,
Happy in her opening childhood's
Sweetest dream of love below.

Watch the boy, half wild with gladness,
Thinking nothing of the school,
In his spirit's very madness,
Spurning every thought of rule;
Open as the day's first sunshine,
Not a thought of sin or care,
Full of frolic, yet as guileless
As the guileless angels are.

See, the proud and happy father,
And his father standing by,
Feeling in the joys of childhood
Guardian spirits hovering nigh;
And the mother, who hath loved them,
And will love them till they die,
Watching every gentle movement
In the childhood mystery.

Oh! it makes the heart of manhood
In its freshness feel a child,
Sporting with the young immortals,
Like them in their gladness wild;
Takes Time's burden from the shoulder
And the anguished brow of pain;
In forgetfulness of sorrow
With *their* young life is bright again.

The Deserted Grave.

1858.

IS there no one left to mourn thee,
Sleeper beneath the sod?
Has every heart forgotten
The spirit now with God?
No father or no mother,
No friend or children dear,
To prove the sacred tribute
Of remembrance, in a tear?

Oh ! thy path of life in childhood
Would be all free from care,
And thy smile the same immortal
As our bright immortals wear.
Thou hast past death's silent portal,
And none are left to weep
O'er the glorious summer memories
That shadowed thee to sleep.

There is nought on earth more desolate
Than a lone, deserted grave ;
Love must have perished ever
On life's inclement wave.
Oh ! it tells of hardened nature,
Of passions strange and wild ;
And I love to see a blossom
Burst o'er the buried child.

It matters not the tomb-stone,
A simple little flower—
Born like the bright departed,
To perish in an hour—
When planted by affection
In pure affection's bloom,
Speaks of a glad hereafter,
And sanctifies the tomb.

I would have one friend to love me,
And mourn me when I'm gone,—
One who in very truthfulness
Would have wished me to live on,
I dream the sod would cover,
With a lightness not its own ;
And, though from earth departed,
That I should not feel alone.

There is something in our being
Which must be beloved ; and love
God gave us, with our birthright,
This blessing from above.
'Twas a mandate wisely given,
A mandate from the Throne,
Clothed in an angel's whisper—
" Man may not live alone."

The Dreamers.

1858.

CALL them not dreamers, the world's pioneers;
They struggle in misery, silence, and tears,—
The earth's happy future of hope, only cheers.

Oh, these dreamers prepare for the workers a way,
And change the dark night to the sun-light of day;
Though fearful the contest, yet victory's shield
Shall support and uphold them when tired on the field.

The garret their home, and a bread-crust their dole,
Upheld by the might and the power of the soul,
As the brain works the problem that none can control.

They toil with the power of a might never dead,
Whilst famine and death hover over their head,
With the sunshine of love from their hearts ever fled.

They study life's mystery, and their sad story
Often is told,
When the soul is with God, and the flower-spangled sod
Covers the dreamer now prostrate and cold,
And the living they win his invention in gold.

Rest to the dreamer! the battle is o'er,
The rich and the proud ones shall spurn him no more;
The cold ones who shunned him in misery's hour
Feel the strength they have lost when departed his power;
And a monument rises to speak of the dead,
Who had, living, no shelter to cover his head.

Earth and Heaven.

1858.

TWO little children playing 'neath the sunlit heaven above,
Two sparkling buds of promise, two little gems of love,
Theirs is a happy future, cloudless their scene of bliss,
Sure nought of earth may tarnish a happy dream like this.

Two little children sleeping, clasped in each other's arms,
In the luxury of loveliness, and all its witching charms;
But their cheeks are flushed with crimson, the hue of the summer rose,
Spreads a bright but hectic crimson around their last repose.

There is one who watches o'er them, and sings them into rest,
Dried is the milky fountain within her heaving breast;
With a mother's holy tenderness, free from the world's alloy,
She keeps the night's sad vigils by her stricken girl and boy.

For they were doomed to wither, God in his mercy mild,
Who loveth the tender mother, and who loveth the little child,
Hath called them young to heaven, e'er on earth they loved to roam,
To be found two perfect blossoms in their native angel home.

They were too frail and lovely, too beautiful by far,
They came to us as angels, and must live where angels are;
They have been on earth, and smiling upon its sin-stained strand,
Have passed upon a sunbeam to their first and happy land,

On the wings of love they hover, from this world of sin and pain.
Mother! thy heart-wrung sorrow to thy cherished ones is gain.
Open ye Jasper portals, open ye heavens of blue,
And let the little strangers with their silver wings pass through.

Two angels sport together in the glorious heavens above,
And twine its fadeless roses in a band of endless love..
They are the young immortals, who tuned earth's morning song,
And the ages of eternity their artless notes prolong.

The lilies of our valley, the beautiful of earth,
Transplanted in their glory to the land which gave them birth;
Where the sun ne'er sets on gladness, and where mercy undefiled,
In the majesty of heaven, welcomes the little child.

Stanzas.

1858.

I HAVE watched the lingering smile
That around the features play,
When the flickering spark of life
Hath for ever passed away;
When the cheek hath lost its hue,
And the roseate tint has fled;
When the lips have ceased to move,
And the trembling heart is dead;

When the pageantry of life
And its mockery of joy;
Prove but a bubble burst,
The phantom of a toy.
When the chill cold hand of death
Has bade life's fever cease,
And with a passing breath
Has shadowed all in peace;

I have seen a smile still left
Upon the dreamless face—
A heavenly line of light,
Of beauty, and of grace—
As though an angel's kiss
Had been imprinted there,
Before the spirit fled
Upon the wings of prayer;

As if the soul, when freed
From its faded house of clay,
Had cast one sacred glance
As it passed in light away;
To tell the mourners left
To check the rising sigh,
Ere on its pinions bright
It fluttered to the sky.

As though life and death had met,
And the struggle hard and long,
Could not make the soul forget
Its first sweet morning song;
So together they had sung
The evening's hallowed strain,
And had not even left
The memory of pain.

The Miser.

1857.

Lines written after seeing Mr. Robson, the greatest actor of the day, in the character of *Daddy Hardacre*, at the Olympic Theatre.

HOARD it! hoard it! keep it fast,
Thou must leave it all at last,
Hide it in thy strongest box,
Keep it safe with double locks,
Grind the poor from door to door,
Like the horse-leech crying *more*,
Adding, adding to thy store!
To the poor, when safe it be,
Lend it out on usury;
Bleed them, grind them, keep them down,
Add unto thy wealth's renown:
Though the orphan's bitter tear
And the widow's curse be near,
Heedless! hoard it, keep it fast,
Thou must leave it all at last.

Count with skinny, yellow hand,
Piles of gold at thy command,
Life's deep purple blood is dry,
Yellow as thy yellow eye;
Speaking of a heart of stone,
Every human feeling gone—
All but one! thy only child,
Daughter of a mother mild,
One who loved thee in thy youth,
When thy vows were kept in truth,
Ere the cursed blight of gold
Made thy every feeling cold,
She alone can claim a part
Of the remnant of thy heart.

She hath robbed thee! stay thy curse,
Call not vengeance from above;
There the never slumbering angels
Are the ministers of love.
Curse her not! the dreadful struggle
Chokes thy gurgling, failing breath!

Strike her not! her soul accusing
Shall be near to thee at death.
Take her to thy widowed heart,
Let the rosebud blossom there;
She is of thyself a part,
Be the solace of her care.

Dreamer wake! thy hoarded dross,
Yet shall prove thy spirit's loss.
Wake! before thy sands are run,
Wake, before thy setting sun,
Wake thy unimpassioned eye,
Let it ope to sympathy;
God hath given it thee in trust,
To account for! child of dust;
Wake, or every guinea given,
Will be a bar 'twixt thee and heaven.

Nature triumphs, clasp thy child,
Hold her to thy new-found heart;
She shall be a violet mild,
Perfume to the withered part.
Waken into healthier life,
What was dried and blasted there,
And the father claim forgiveness
Through an erring daughter's prayer.

Immortal actor! true interpreter
Of nature in her ever-varying guise,
Thine is the art our inmost souls to stir,
And waken life's most holy sympathies,—
To preach unto the crowd with wondrous power,
And add true pleasures to the passing hour.

To read the deep recesses of the heart,
And paint in living language what is there;
This is thy mission—true in every part
In which thy matchless talent has a share.
Long may'st thou live to grace the mimic stage,
And leave it only at a green old age.

The Dream and the Echo.

1857.

THE past is an echo! the future a dream,—
The present alone, in its sunshine, is ours.
The echo flows faintly o'er life's passing stream,
And the dream of the future awakens its powers.

Like a wild strain of melody dying in song,
Thus it glides on the breeze of the evening away,
So pleasures departed may live to prolong
And encircle with glory the clouds of to-day.

The echo of pleasure, when mellowed by time,
The echo of sadness, when softened by years,
With the sunlight of hope from a happier clime—
Make a smile for the present, though glistening in tears.

In the time of our gloom, how we gaze on the past,
And seek for the echo—or if 'tis not known,
Then the dream, as hope's rainbow, around us is cast,—
We rejoice in the dawn of the future alone.

In the dark hour of sorrow, when those who in joy
Partook of our bounty and drank of our cup
Have left us to drain all its bitter alloy,
Or help with cold counsel the potion to sup,—

Then, the dream will enliven and cherish the soul,
And the echo shall breathe from a far distant hour—
From childhood's bright moments its still waves shall roll,
And the young bud of joy shall expand in a flower.

Oh fleetly and sweetly will time wear away,
If we look to the sunniest side of our lot;
And when each earthly pleasure is stamped by decay,
The dream and the echo shall ne'er be forgot.

The Water Carrier.

1856.

IN my sunny youth, dear lady,
I have wandered blithe and free,
Picking buttercups and daisies,
Sporting lamb-like o'er the lea;
Thoughtless of the sad to-morrow,
Living with the past alone,
With the glad and smiling present,
In its brightness all my own,
All those happy days are gone.

And a child by heaven was given me,
In its innocence to bless,
But the Giver called it from me
In its angel loveliness;
Ere the earth had time to shadow
Aught so glorious and fair,
My lost rosebud bloomed in sunlight,
Sweetest flower of Heaven's *parterre*—
I shall meet my wanderer there.

God has given me independence,
With His blue sky o'er my head;
Lady I will carry water
Till I slumber with the dead.
Freedom with a crust were better
Than the workhouse niggard dole.
'Mid His freedom, to my Maker
I will render up my soul
Unto His supreme control.

He will take the water carrier,
Poor and lonely though she be,
Take her to His blest protection,
Past life's dark and troubled sea.
Her free soul shall meet in freedom,
Past the present dreamy wild,
Mary! then the happy mother
Shall in Heaven embrace her child,
As a snowdrop undefiled.

Yet 'tis hard by pampered minions
From the homestead to be spurned,
And be grudged the paltry pittance
When it is so hardly earned.
But in Heaven, whence I am hastening,
All will have an equal share,
Many of wealth's great and proud ones
Will not meet poor Mary there,
Where her spirit knows no care.

Leave me, lady, to my sorrow,
I have toiled from door to door,
But the sun that gilds to-morrow
May behold me toil no more.
Oh! the world is harsh in feeling,
Plenty scorns the wanderer's moan,
Now my woes are past their healing,
Leave me, let me die alone—
Mary to her child is gone.

Mazzini.

1858.

THOU of the pensive brow, the troubled heart;
Dreamer of Italy! The man who stood
In the Eternal City, 'mid the throng.
A soldier and a patriot; breathing words
Which told of freedom and her glorious cause.
Thy words of truth and fire are bearing fruit,
The dream of noble hearts hath found a voice
And arms to fight for what a dreamer dreamed.

Thou pioneer of freedom! But for thee
A Garibaldi ne'er had taken arms,
Or found the hearts that throbbed for Italy.
Thou, the dreamer deemed, hast proved to be
A John the Baptist to prepare the way
For Italy's Messiah! Let the crown,
The fadeless crown, whose laurels never die,
Encircle too that high and massive brow,
Wrinkled and care-worn in the holy cause
Of freedom and of right.

The advocates of right and truth's advance
Are always counted dreamers; but their dream
Will have its full fruition. Even in nature,
The little seeds which kindly hands have sown,
Would never promise the sublime results
That show our native oak with spreading boughs
The king that rules the forests of our land.
And thou immortal man! e'en from thy youth,
Hast spread the seed of freedom's holy tree,
And now a giant oak it spreads around
The shadow of its branches.

Dreamer no more. The sacred cause of life,
Hath proved the dream in truth and sanctity,
God is love! He is the God of freedom.

Awake once more to gladness, children, ye
Who are the image of the parent God;
Lift up your little hands and learn to bless,
E'en in the gladness of your childhood's joy,
Your two deliverers.

Bright daughters of the land of cloudless skies,
Undarkened now by tyranny and gloom,
Sing a new song of triumph and of love.
Those eyes that wept upon the blighted flowers
Tears for your long lost country, let them now
Smile with a new found light; a change has come.
The dreamer and the worker who have made
That early dream of sunshine to be true,
Have trod their destined path, and now once more,
The classic land is free.

Sing the new song of triumph! Chains no more
Shall manacle the genius of thy land;
But, in the light of freedom and of strength,
Thy sons and daughters, sun-bright Italy,
Shall learn to love and to rejoice once more,
And praise the God of freedom and of love.

Thy dream was in the darkness of the night,
When gloomy clouds encompassed every star;
Yet thy soul's strength turned darkness into light,
And looked beyond the clouds where angels are,
They ushered in the dream, and bade thee wake.

To a new presence in thy soul unknown,
Then made thee live and struggle for its sake,
And breathe for freedom and for it alone.

Nobly the cause has triumphed in thy hands,
God's pioneer! His Dreamer!

The Unkind Word.

1858.

SAY not an unkind word,
'Twill return to thee at last,
Freighted with deathless tears,
And memories of the past;
'Twill hover o'er thy sleep,
And come to thee in death,
To make the angels weep
At thy departing breath.

Oh, we look into the past,
As we gaze on those we love,
The temple that enshrined
The spirit from above.
When God has claimed His own,
And called it to the skies,
With more than earthly love—
A love which never dies.

When the deathless part of life
Is gone unto the Giver,
Where it shall live and bloom
For ever and for ever,
Oh, how an unkind word
Wrings the spirit to its core,
When the loved one that is gone
May light our path no more.

To the Memory of General Havelock.

1859.

WARRIOR, rest, thy toil is ended, and thy welcome is
"well done;"
'Mid the strife and din of battle, was thy last great
victory won.
Warrior in a *double* army, Christ thy great and glorious guide!
He it was who led thee onward, safe through glory's crimson tide.

Mother! with the young immortal fondly nestled on thy breast,
Shed a tear of holy sorrow for the hero gone to rest;
Maiden! with thy first love's vision gladly beaming o'er life's
gloom,
Mourn thy true and steadfast champion, shed a tear upon his
tomb.

Children! bless his sacred memory—he has been your warrior
too;
Bless him with your artless blessing, bless him with your eyes
of blue;
Let his name, with childlike prattle, be your little nursery hymn.
And his loss yet make your eyelids with a holy tear be dim.

England! mourn for one whose courage led thy sons to victory's
goal,
Kept thy banner all unsullied—spotless as the warrior's soul;
England! do thy sacred duty to the pledges he has left,
Leave them not, like Nelson's daughter, of their country's aid
bereft.

And the lion-hearted soldiers, who have fought and bled with
him,
These forget not, oh my country! now their leader's eye is dim;
Maiden purity and honour, they have bled and died to save,
And the tears of maid and mother, fall upon their glorious grave.

Vengeance for the outraged maiden! vengeance for the unborn
child!
For the violated mother, by the Sepoy's lust defiled;
Oh! the sword of justice sheathe not, till the task is wholly done,
Havelock's soul shall hover round you till the final fight is won.

Rest in peace thou wondrous spirit, perfect rest is thine to know,
Rest for ever in heaven's sunshine, where the living waters flow :
England mourns her great departed—victory crown'd him to the last—
When death met the lion-hearted, all its bitterness was past.

Children, maidens, fathers, mothers bless the memory of thy name,
And the orphans thou hast left them shall their best assistance claim ;
If the country thou hast died for, e'er forget its hallowed trust,
English hearts with English feelings, yet shall teach it to be just.

Oh ! that we once more had met thee, safe on England's happy strand,
With a million hearts to bless thee, in thy dear and native land,
More than regal honours waited, to applaud thy welcome here,
Now those sorrowing hearts can only, bless thy memory with a tear.

But it is a nation's sorrow, and thy remembrance is enshrined
Where no autocrat can shade it, in the universal mind ;
Glory shrouds thy peaceful slumber e'en 'neath India's burning sun,
God and man pronounce thy blessing, and thy welcome of " well done."

Thoughts of a Pic-nic.

1859.

IT was a glorious morning, and the heavens were blue above,
And the sun shone brightly o'er us from the blest abodes of love ;
It shone upon the aged and told them of their youth,
And made life's spring-tide blossom with the certainty of truth.

So we seized the present moment, that nothing could destroy—
The woman was a girl again, and the old man was a boy ;
Thus we wandered without fearing through nature's sunny grove,
And the old man dreamed his youth again, and the woman lived in love.

Then the maiden dreamed her love's first dream, the "sweetest
dream of life,"
And looked into her lover's eyes a glad and happy wife.
Oh, fair young girl, may thy morning's dream be the future's
gladsome truth,
And age but prove the happy song of thy pure and spotless youth.

Dream on! Thy happy future must have a cloud of care;
Life's bright but thornless roses no sweetest perfume bear.
We must fight the thorns that shroud us, and learn the sacred
truth,
That the crowning joy of manhood is an earnest, well-spent
youth.

God's heaven was smiling o'er us, and pleasure marked the
hours
As we wandered on in gladness through a wilderness of
flowers:
They seemed dropped down by angels from their glorious home
above,
The messengers of mercy, and the harbingers of love.

Oh, that life were one grand Pic-nic! without a cloud to near,
Then earth would be a Paradise unsullied by a tear;
There age, and youth and beauty, together hand in hand,
Gladdened the glorious sunlight of God's still happy land.

There was the feast of reason, and there the flow of soul,
And nature's smile and woman's, made up the happy whole.
Oh the thought of that day's gladness shall glisten in the past,
And be memory's fadeless beacon when the present is o'ercast,—
A daylight recollection of loveliness and light,
A radiant pearl of beauty upon the breast of night.

Lines

WRITTEN ON HEARING A POOR BEGGAR SINGING IN THE STREETS THE SONG OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

1857.

WHERE is thy home, poor wanderer; tell me where?
Where is the place thy weary limbs repose?
Thou hast no shelter from the blast of care;
Thou hast no covering from the winter's snows.

Thy soul must sink within thee as the song
Of home, sweet home, dwells on thy trembling tongue.
It may be for a moment, every wrong
Is lost in the bright dream when thou wert young.

A memory of the past comes sweetly o'er,
And for an instant all thy sorrows cease;
And heedless what the future has in store,
Like the lake's placid waters, sink in peace.
Thy child, who sings with thee the hallowed strain,
Hath never known what home is to the heart.
Earth hath no home for those by sorrow pressed,
They with the bright and beautiful *must* part.

Thy children wanderers, and their parent lost,
Victims of circumstance you all may be.
Pressed by its power, how little know the cost
The souls of those brought up in luxury.
Born to a home, and living on the past,
No effort of their own was ever made;
Yet in the world their pleasures seem to last,
With all your struggles cast into the shade.

God! are Thy dealings equal? Is it just,
That those who toil and strive should suffering bear?
Are Thy *poor* images of toil and dust
Alone the misery and woe to bear?
And are the pampered minions of wealth
To reach Thy heaven without a struggle in?
Are not all equal? equal from their birth?
Equal in Thy dread sight, and born in sin?

Thy judgments are in righteousness! and those
Who have not known the trial, may not share;
Will never learn the blest and sweet repose,
Or claim the laurels that the conquerors wear.
'Tis to the conqueror that the prize is given.
Those that were never tempted have no claim
To sit at Thy right hand in their God's heaven—
They are religious only in the name.

To do an act of kindness when no eye
But the unsleeping One can watch the deed,
To tend the couch of helpless misery,
And succour those who suffer in their need,
Seeking for no reward the world can give,
But acting the vicegerents of their God;
Treading on earth the champions of distress,
The chequered pathway that the Saviour trod.

Thy heaven shall be their home ; and even there
  Yon lonely wanderers yet may find a rest ;
Thou helpless mother fighting with despair,
  With the starved infant gnawing at thy breast.
Children, ye are of God ; and He will try
  According to temptation, wisely given;
And many sons of luxury and pride
  Will never meet you at the throne in heaven.

Act thy religion, or profess it not,
  The lowly Jesus taught thee how to walk ;
His presence hallowed every sin-stained spot,
  He cared not for the boaster's idle talk,
The publican, not pharisee, his care,
  The haunts of sin and sorrow he hath trod.
Go thou and likewise do, and thou shalt share
  The hallowed title of the Son of God.

Christmas:

AN APPEAL FOR THE POSTMEN.

1858.

WHEN the guileless babe in the manger lay,
  The God-sent infant of priceless love,
The glorious morn of a happier day,
  The young immortal from realms above—
Oh! this is the day we all should cheer,
Hope's brightest light for the glad new year.

That babe, in its own glad promise given,
  Taught lessons of love as the days unfold,
And told on earth the joys of heaven,
  And of treasures more costly than worthless gold.
At the advent bright of the angel child
The earth looked up in its joy and smiled.

Oh, what were the lessons of love he taught ;
They were lessons of truth, and with mercy fraught ;
Give, give to the poor, and teach them less
Of the thorns of life's sad wilderness ;

Let them feel that the hour of a Saviour's birth
Is one of joy to His chequered earth ;
And that one glad day in the year is given
To the spotless Son of the God in heaven.
Love one another.

Waken the fire on the gladsome hearth—
Sing the glad song of friendship true ;
Look on the smiles that around thee gleam,
Gaze on thy child's sweet eye of blue ;
Love one another is yet the song
That angels tune to the heavenly lyre ;
And life shall the melting strain prolong,
Till it rouse the soul with its living fire.
Love one another !

Is there one missing amid the throng ?
Is there one note less in the household song?
One who has sailed o'er the ocean's foam,
To find in a far-off land a home ?
Think of the absent one, give him a place,
If not at the board, in thy heart of grace.
Up with the mistletoe—love's young shrine,
Kiss the cherry lips of that girl of thine ;
Take the fair child on the parent knee,
With its eye of light and its heart of glee,
The harp of thy household minstrelsy.
And oh, in the midst of thy gladness bright,
Think of the cheerless and wintry night !
Oh, think of the poor and their wants supply,—
They are fellow-pilgrims to Heaven's pure sky,
And wandering with thee to eternity !

What is that hearty double knock
Sounds at the door with rapid shock ?
It seems like a bell in its mellow tone,
But its echo is found in the heart alone.
How oft has it brought the news of those
Who are dear to thy heart as the sun to the rose—
Has told thee the love of the lost and gone,
And bade thee not mourn, but still to love on,
And made the bright eye of the maiden shine
With the new-found strength of a love divine.

Forget not the ill-paid messenger
In this hour of mirth and glee ;
Give him a merry Christmas—
He hath brought many to thee.

Let his humble hearth look glad and bright,
And his heart rejoice on this happy night ;
Then his little child shall learn to bless
The stranger's thoughtful tenderness ;
And he shall the holly and mistletoe twine,
And learn to be happy with thee and thine ;
And a glad new year o'er his senses float
In feelings as warm as his scarlet coat.

When shall we Three meet again?

1855.

SHALL we meet in the same glad, happy way,
With the same bright smiles we have met to-day,
Shall the joyous heart in its gladness rise,
And pleasure laugh through the tell-tale eyes ?
Will our future course be as clear as now,
And no shade darken the sunlit brow ?

Shall we be as free from the blight of care,
And again the delights of friendship share ?
Will the germ of love in our hearts expand,
The *Blossom* to tell of a better land ?
Shall we still love on as in childhood's truth,
With the vigour and strength of our early youth ?

Will the spirit no change in its feelings know,
Unchilled in its varied course below,
Untouched by care, will it be as free
As now in its melting ecstacy ?
Will the cup of life be as pure and bright
As when it first sparkled in morning's light ?

Time in its stayless course will bring
A check to our souls' imagining,
The flowers will wither in youth we pressed,
And care's dark shadows enshroud the breast,
As we float like a leaf o'er the troubled sea,
And are hurried on to eternity.

The loveliest visions of life must fade
Like the sweet spring flowers in their bloom decayed.
There is not a dream of the opening heart
But is destined to die, and in light depart;
And all we cherish must meet one doom,
For decay yet smiles on affection's tomb.

With the blush of manhood we take our stand,
In the pride of hope, for our Fatherland,
Unknown to sorrow, the eye is bright,
And the future lends us its magic light;
Peaceful with joy is the course we trod,
Nature the mirror of Nature's God.

Earth smiles like a child by the mother pressed
To its first sweet fountain, the gushing breast;
We smile on our mother Earth with bliss,
And quaff from her prospects happiness;
The fountain, the lake, and the warbling stream
Are the cloudless stars of our love's first dream.

They wander on in their course of light,
And our souls, like the stars, are with rapture bright;
The present alone with its joy is seen,
Its cloudless skies and its pastures green;
The past is gladness, if shadows near,
Love, like an angel, dries the tear.

But time brings change, and when next we meet,
Our hopes may be laid in their winding sheet,
The daisy may bloom o'er the silent grave,
O'er some cold heart may the willow wave,
A form we love may be taken hence,
And the spirit know its recompense.

How many loved ones have taken flight
Who were visions to gladden the aching sight,
Moving in light to the far off shore,
Where the tempests of time shall be known no more,
Their virtues enshrined as a costly gem,
In memory's hallowed diadem.

We may meet in joy! we may meet in sorrow!
We are here to-day! we are gone to-morrow!
We may meet with our hopes most richly blest,
Caressing fortune, by her caressed!
We may meet with sorrow and anguish riven!
We may meet on earth, we may meet in Heaven!

We may never meet! the word be spoken,
And the silver chord, and the pitcher broken;
The wheel at the cistern cease to move,
And the heart be cold to the touch of love,
And the golden bowl of our childhood's dream,
As a sunbeam fade from life's sad stream.

If we meet no more in this world of care,
Let us hope to meet where the angels are,
Where our love, in perfection, shall ever bloom,
Where joy hath no shadow and bliss no tomb.
We may meet once more in a purer sky,
Where nothing holy can ever die;
When the soul redeemed from its house of clay,
To the throne of the Maker wings its way;
And forgetting the chequered path it trod,
As the child, the parent, meets its God.

An Appeal for the Shoeblack Brigade.

1859.

GIVE, miser, of thy treasure,
It may tend to clear thy way,
And balance in God's ledger
Thy debit of to-day.
Thou canst not take it with thee,
And the glorious gates above
Have only learned to open
With the golden key of love.

What hast thou done to merit
Thy gold in mountains piled?
No claim hast thou to riches
More than this ragged child.
Had thy father died in penury,
And thy lot in woe been cast,
Thou, too, hadst been an outcast,
To meet life's withering blast
In the highways and the hedges,
'Mid the suffering sons of toil,
E'en like the foolish virgin
Without her cruse of oil.

When on the wings of mercy
  Thy soul shall upwards rise,
And seek its last admission
  To rest beyond the skies—
When mortality has faded,
  And passed this world of sin,
Perchance a little shoeblack
  May be there to let thee in.

Oh, what are earthly riches,
  Even in profusion given,
Compared to the glad welcome
  Of that rescued child in heaven?
Give! and you yet may meet them
  Where love alone may rule,
In a band of sinless angels—
  Your earthly ragged school.

Do good to one another—
  Short is life's little span—
Make to thyself a brother
  Of every living man;
For we are all God's children,
  The prince and savage wild,
The monarch and the outcast,
  And the ragged orphan child.

Give to the houseless wanderer,
  And lend unto the Lord,
For heaven is the security,
  And the promise is God's word.
Oh, 'tis the safest outlay
  A man can ever make;
Heaven pays a bounteous interest,
  And its Bank will never break.

The Child and the Flowers.

1857.

WILL you have some, Sir? she said with a smile,
And her dark blue eyes beamed full of glee,
As she offered the perishing beauties of earth,
With child-like virgin modesty.
And she kissed the flowers e'er the prize she gave,
And they seemed to smile in her laughing eye,
Beautiful visions of love on earth,
Speaking the sun-bright hopes of the sky.
They are lovely and pure in their lonely wild,
And spotless as thee, thou glorious child.

Will you have some, Sir?—from her generous heart
Was the fading offering given,
And she was a bud of promise bright,
Fresh from her native heaven.
So lightly her little footsteps trod
On the flowers beneath her feet,
That they seemed to spring from the verdant sod,
That fairy tread to greet;
All-rejoicing in life's young spring,
Without a thought of its withering.

I gave a kiss to the gentle giver,
And kissed the little flowers,
And longed that her heart might be pure as ever,
Through life's most gloomy hours;
That she, like them, when her task was done,
Might in fragrance pass away,
And virtue open the pearly gates
Of everlasting day,
To God's own flower! 'neath a purer sky,
In the fadeless light of eternity.

DEDICATION TO FIRST EDITION OF "MEMORY."

To my Parents.

TO you who in my youth's fair sunny spring,
Strewed the gay path with ever vernal flowers,
This first small tribute of my muse I bring—
The worthless offering of my idle hours.

To you, who when the dream of life was brightest,
Taught me that earthly joys must fade away;
To you, who when the smiles of hope were lightest,
Taught me that fairest flowers must all decay.

To you, who when on life's tempestuous ocean,
I first set sail in boyhood's thoughtless glee;
Who told me then the tempest's wild commotion
Would, in its varied course, my portion be.

To you I dedicate, with thoughts of pleasure,
The unpruned tribute of my fancy wild;
My best reward, my greatest boon of treasure,
Will be to know, approving, you have smiled.

Memory.

1837.

I.

I MUSED, and lo! a vision of the past,
Still fresh to memory's ever wakeful eye,
Its sweetly magic spell around me cast,
And still I thought I could the scene descry,
Blended so wild and yet so happily

With fancy's sweet though oft delusive power :
How calm and clear is hope's untroubled sky,
Its fair horizon with no sorrows lower
To hide the opening bloom of life's unblighted flower.

II.

Sweet is the calm and stilly hour of even,
When the moon spreads her mantle o'er the deep ;
Then oft the soul, with storm and tempest riven,
Will think on happier days—and pause, and weep,
While others' cares are wrapt in silent sleep—
Yet in those tears a soothing grief we find :
Oh ! how the weary soul will gladness reap,
At finding respite in the eternal mind—
Something all pure, all just, all tender, and all kind.

III.

Tears are relief to sorrow as they flow ;
The heart at intervals may love to dwell,
While all its purest, tenderest feelings glow,
On the last kindly look, the last farewell,
And think it sounded like the final knell
Of separation—ne'er to meet on earth.
How does the soul with memory's pleasures swell,
And ponder o'er each seen of festive mirth,
Till sorrow's galling power to happier thoughts gives birth.

IV.

Sweet is the vesper hymn, that o'er the ocean
Melodious swells, then calmly sinks to rest :
Hushed are the winds, the wave's dark wild commotion
Has ceas'd its roar, and in the distant west,
The sun has set ; the babe is on the breast,
And evening spreads its sombre mantle round :
Some hearts with love and fond delight are blessed :
Some gaily move to music's thrilling sound,
With pleasure's silken chains in transient fetters bound.

V.

But sweeter far to gaze upon a scene
On which remembrance lingers with delight,
To view the sky, the clouds, the ocean green,
And watch the silent stars shine on through night ;
The lonely heart will gladden at the sight,
To think that long ere sorrow it had known,
Ere it had felt earth's dark corroding blight,
Ere yet its youthful gaiety had flown,
It basked 'neath beauty's smiles, and felt delight alone.

VI.

Then memory! spread thy magic mantle round,—
Bring scenes to mind of love in earliest youth;
Recall the sprightly dance, the music's sound,
That every trace of sorrow oft would soothe;
And make the world seem nought but love and truth,
When the tired soul from earthly guile was free,
Unknown to tyranny's relentless ruth;
Then may it still in native freedom be,
And hold communion sweet with worlds it yet must see.

VII.

The sailor, as he climbs the slippery shroud,
Dwells with sweet feeling on the last farewell;
And though the stormy breakers roar aloud,
And each rough blast sounds like his final knell—
The vine-clad cottage where his children dwell,
Is ever in remembrance; and the kind,
The tender feelings that from fondness swell,
Make him to threatened danger, careless, blind—
'Tis thus sweet memory leaves her pleasing shade behind.

VIII.

And if the ocean is his home to be,
And his last dwelling is the mighty deep;
Still he hath found a glittering canopy,
To gild the evening of his latest sleep;
For as the clouds disperse, the stars shall weep,
And nightly o'er the flood his wife shall bend;
And still from memory's dreams some pleasures reap,—
Sweet calm remembrance shall her sorrows 'tend;
She'll think of him most dear—her husband and her friend.

IX.

Sweet is the thought of long departed joy;
Sweet is remembrance, when we love to gaze
On scenes where pleasure, free from all alloy,
Seemed smiling brightly o'er our youthful days—
Amid prosperity's unclouded rays,
When years of peace we thought 'twas ours to share,
When virtue's smile, and friendship's winning praise,
Removed from out the heart all thoughts of care:—
Though nought may then remain, but dull and dark despair.

X.

I saw a dying girl, fair as the rose
That blooms unblighted 'neath the cloudless sky;
Her guileless heart with ardent fervour glows
To taste the pleasures of the world on high,

Where God's bright thoughts of youth can never die,
To seek a rest she ne'er can find on earth :
Oft from the giddy dance she fain would fly,
Her fairy form would shun each scene of mirth,
And seek in heavenward thought a peace of lasting worth.

XI.

A pearly tear was falling o'er that cheek,
On which the rose-tint lingered with delight ;
Too chill earth's blast, her fragile form too weak,
For toil and sorrow ; and an early blight
Had made the roseate tint relapse to white ;—
A glittering lustre sparkled in her eye,
Her spirit girded for the realms of light,
Seemed even then in hope prepared to fly
To its eternal home beyond the cloudless sky.

XII.

And by her side her widowed mother stood,
Gazing with anguish on her sinking form,—
Her only earthly stay—the kind—the good—
Possessed of every virtue which can warm
The heart, and every grace that can adorn :—
Ere that the bud had opened to a flower,
Thick clouds of darkness all the heavens deform ;
Consumption's withering breath and stayless power
Had struck her faultless form in beauty's fairest hour.

XIII.

The sun was setting in the distant west,
And its last rays, reflected mildly there,
Shone on that gentle, calm, untroubled breast,
And made the placid brow divinely fair,
It brightened, and she seemed a form of air !
Or, like the vision of a passing thought,
Enshrined in frail mortality, to bear
The storms of time—this lesson she had taught,
That virtue's paths with peace, enduring peace, are fraught.

XIV.

The smile still played around her beauteous lip,
She thought if she could see her home of peace,—
View the fair garden, and the water sip
From the pure crystal stream, her pain would cease ;
Then welcome death to give her soul release :
Her earthly trials now seemed nearly o'er ;
Where want shall never dwell, and no disease
Approach the confines of the blissful shore,
That goal seemed nearly reached—'twas hers to strive no more.

XV.

She gazes on a bed of beauteous roses,
And one fair bud is withered by the blast;
And on a full-blown flower that bud reposes,
Whilst round the dying one its odours cast—
Making the air too sweet—too pure to last.
Beautiful emblem! as she saw it rest,
Ere yet its lovilest hues of light were past,
"So shall I die," she said, "and on thy breast,
My own, my much loved mother, sink to rest."

XVI.

The sun had set—she gazed upon the sky,
Where its last bright departed rays had shone,
To gild her path to immortality,
And spread its radiance there:—that sun was gone—
Its daily course of glory it had run;
No more the flower supports the rosebud's head,—
She faintly breathed, "the prize is almost won:
My mother! look! the opening flower is dead;"
More faint she grew,—she smiled, and sank upon her bed.

XVII.

Faint, still more faint she grew, and yet a glance
Upon the rosebud she would often cast;
And then, as if awaking from a trance,
Recall those hours of bliss for ever past,
Which she too surely felt had been the last;
Still, never from her lips a sigh would rise;
For well she knew, that, death's dark portals past,
Her spirit, fled beyond the distant skies,
Would, with triumphant joy to bliss eternal rise.

XVIII.

Yes, this is death! her eye looked wildly bright,
Her cheek seemed still the lovely smile to wear,—
She seemed to gaze upon the world of light,
A saint's bright raptures e'en on earth to share;
Then gone was all her sorrow and her care,—
The evening breezes sighed her funeral knell,
Once more she breathed the gentle summer air;
Once more with rapture did her bosom swell,
And then her spirit fled in one sweet sad farewell.

XIX.

And is this death? so gentle, and so mild,
That it would seem the happy sleep of love—
Calm as the slumbers of an infant child,
When all its little cares have ceased to move;

And visions 'tend it from the world above.
Is the soul passed unto its final doom?
Are all the airy pleasure's fancy wore,
Lost in the darkening shades of doubt and gloom?
They are:—the brightest paths but lead us to the tomb!

XX.

I saw the corpse, and in her snow-white hand
Was placed the rosebud; and a lily fair
Drooped on her bosom, whilst a lovely band
Of beauteous flowers bloomed in her raven hair;
One straggling curl was falling loosely there;
And round the withered rosebud seemed to twine,—
Both beautiful in death, together share
The same dark fate ere all their glories shine,—
Death in his terror comes and whispers, "they are mine."

XXI.

The virgin lily blooms upon her grave,
And summer roses spread their fragrance round;
The willows sad with drooping branches wave
Around that small but sacred spot of ground:
The grass grows fresh upon the verdant mound,
And evening breezes oft her requiem sigh;
When nought is heard, but pleasure's thrilling sound,
When the pale moon is shining bright on high,
I drop a tear for one thus early taught to die.

XXII.

The widow weeps whene'er she sees a rose,
And memory's spell is round the rosebud cast;
She finds a transient respite to her woes,
In thought of scenes, alas! for ever past;
Scenes of love's summer, far too bright to last;
And says, while gazing on the distant sky,
"Beyond the storms of time and winter's blast,
My daughter rests;—then in those realms on high,
Oh! may we meet at last where love shall never die."

XXIII.

Consumption! dreaded scourge of all our race!
The widow's curse shall on thy course attend,
Though pleasure woos us, time will ne'er erase
The sighs, the tears that on thy progress 'tend,—
The tears of all—of parent! sister! friend!
The widely wasted grief,—the anguish wild;
As some poor mother o'er her child may bend,
Of every earthly hope and stay beguiled,
Sternest of tyrants, spare! oh spare, her much loved child!

XXIV.

Yet He, who in the hollow of His hand,
Measures the waters of the earth at will ;
Who rules the thunder by His dread command,
At whose least word the boisterous waves are still :—
'Tis He alone can give the power to kill :
He now recalls the life which He has given ;
He can the wounded heart with comfort fill,
When all the tender ties of earth are riven ;
He calls it to Himself and makes it rest in Heaven.

XXV.

Oh ! it is hard to see the form we love
So gently sink into its last decay ;
Though it may seem to taste of joys above,
And angels 'tend it on the darkening way ;
And heavenly radiance all its fears allay,—
And yet to know we can no succour lend,
To stay or ease consumption's dreaded sway :—
All man can do is in the dust to bend,
And breathe to heaven the prayer for lover, sire, or friend.

XXVI.

Now launch we forth into a busier scene,
Where the loud cannon's roar is heard afar ;
Where man meets man with dark and hostile mien,
O'er slaughtered foes the hero guides his car ;
And bright spears glisten 'neath the morning star,
The shout is raised,—it echoes through the sky ;
Our foe appears ! 'tis time ! commence the war !
Let now our watchword loud resound on high,—
We ne'er will captives bend !—'tis death or victory !

XXVII.

And with one mighty yell they onward rush,
And horses trample o'er the heaps of slain ;
Like a tempestuous torrent, in one gush,
O'erwhelming all the labours of the swain ;
Spoiling his promised harvest's plenteous grain ;
In vain they strive, for each disdains to yield ;
They know not fear,—they tremble not at pain,
Whilst war's fell demon hovers o'er the field,
And blood of slaughtered foes deep stains each warrior's shield.

XXVIII.

Death triumphed there, and mercy frighted fled ;
And blood-stained garments glistened in the sun,
Which rose in glory o'er the silent dead ;
For many died ere yet its course begun :—

How many more were dead ere it was done?
The fight is fierce, and still the shouts are high;
But, see! the conquest now is nearly won!
On! on! ye troops! our foes—the cowards fly!
Once more the dreadful shout,—'tis death or victory!

XXIX.

Now peace resumes her long vacated throne;
The sun shines brightly o'er the dead and dying,
Whilst some are bleeding,—desolate and lone,—
Parents and children over some are sighing;
Watching the spirit to its last home flying—
The bourne from which it never shall return,—
Then, happy they who on their God relying,
Look with sweet transport on the funeral urn,
And for more glorious joys with heavenly rapture yearn.

XXX.

See the fond wife is gazing wildly round,
Fearful to learn her partner's dreaded doom:
She starts at every groan—at every sound
She views him as an inmate of the tomb,
And o'er her spirit spreads a darkening gloom;
But soon she finds her warrior with the throng,
Exulting loud, and still in youthful bloom:
They raise the glorious shout! the victor's song!
Joy for our country! joy! we have avenged our wrong!

XXXI.

One beauteous youth, the gayest of the gay,
First in the sports—the bravest in the field—
His head reclining on a drum, he lay,
By overpowering numbers forced to yield:
His sinewy arm still grasped the glittering shield,—
And one dark curl o'erhung his pallid cheek:
He fell not whilst his falchion he could wield;
With loss of blood, and wild exertion, weak,
He fell in triumph,—fell, an early rest to seek.

XXXII.

And memory brings to mind his peaceful home,
His aged mother and the old yew tree,
Where oft before it was his lot to roam;
Beneath the sombre shade they loved to be;
And on his father's grave gaze silently;
But war broke forth o'er that once quiet land,
And forced him from his much loved home to flee,
Compelled, he joined that brave ill-fated band,
Whose blood now flowed around, and stained e'en childhood's hand.

XXXIII.

Look at that aged woman bending low,
Each step she takes seems near to be her last;
She heard the shouts of triumph, and the flow
Of martial music round her home was cast,—
Trembling, she seized her crutch and onward past,—
She sought the field of slaughter and of pain;
Yet, ere she wandered forth, the trumpet's blast
Sounded still louder on the martial plain—
She rose, she often rose, then knelt to prayer again.

XXXIV.

It was the mother of that hapless youth:—
And now she reached the spot whereon he lay;
And for a moment all her sorrows soothe,
As memory brings to mind the happy day,
When her loved boy was gayest of the gay:
The only earthly help now left her here,—
She taught his lisping infant tongue to pray;
She taught his heart to pity sorrow's tear,
That he might gain the rest, he now seems drawing near.

XXXV.

She taught him that the altar of the heart
Was the true place to burn the sacrifice;
And that the eternal God would there impart
The only gift to make him truly wise;
He ne'er the broken spirit would despise:—
Her theme of piety he loved so well,
That the fond prayer would from her soul arise,
That he might ever in that cottage dwell,
And that the village bells might sound his funeral knell.

XXXVI.

Yet ere he left his home of love and peace,
Ere war's dread conflict 'twas his lot to share,
His mother prayed that all his doubts might cease,
And Heaven well pleased had heard the widow's prayer;
And far removed the thoughts of fear or care,
That the Omnipotent his arm would wave,
And from his youthful heart the conflict bear,—
She knew His mighty arm alone could save,
And trusting in His power her faltering blessing gave.

XXXVII.

But death! cold death is hovering o'er his form;
His eyes are closing in their latest sleep;
His mother tends him, and his pulse still warm,
Keeps from her eyes the tears she else would weep:—

Bright are the joys his spirit soon shall reap.
He prayed for blessings with his latest breath,
On her who watched him with affections deep
And hallowed overflow ;—his fleeting breath
Grows short and shorter—now, his eyes are closed in death.

XXXVIII.

"And is he gone?" the mother wildly cries ;
"And is his pure and happy spirit fled?—
In the far Heaven alone my comfort lies ;
And then she laid her on the silent dead,
Parting the ringlets on his beauteous head ;
Faint, still more faint—my toil is nearly done,
E'en where his dear, his precious blood is shed ;
Here where his last and greatest prize was won.
Here will I die, and thus will I rejoin my son.

XXXIX.

"I feel it o'er my palsied senses creeping,
Like the calm sunshine o'er the unruffled wave,
And every earthly hope, and joy, and feeling,
Is lost in views of bliss beyond the grave.
Where my great captain's glorious banners wave ;
Joy ! peace ! oh, light ineffable ! she cried,
Soon in the streams of life my lips shall lave,
How often for that land I've vainly sighed,
Forgive me, God," she breathed, "my happy son," and died.

XL.

Yet, memory, in thy vista of the past,
How many a sunny spot may still be seen,
Bright and untroubled, they will ever last,
Till human bliss is found to be a dream,
A transient one that nothing can redeem—
Yet still thy spell a balm will ever be,
As on we pass through life's bewildered stream,
When hope's sweet sunshine trembles o'er life's sea,
Thy beacon still is near, bright star of memory !

XLI.

The shadowy spirit of a transient thought,
Like the dim vision of a long past dream,
Bursting its dark entombment ; and so fraught
With love and light, and radiance, it would seem
Some bright immortal essence, like a stream
Flowing for ever 'midst the mountains wild,
O'er which fair Cynthia's pale and silvery beam,
Hath often shone in splendour, and beguiled
The sad and lonely heart while all creation smiled.

XLII.

This is thy spell, oh, memory! and thy power
Binds the sad heart that will not—cannot break;
Makes still more sweet and solemn the bright hour,
When the stars glisten on the slumbering lake;
And blue-eyed maids their harps' sweet chords awake;
Through the dim vision of departed years,
Calls back the past remembrance, and dost make
A transient bliss of thought, whilst sorrowing tears
Bring to the lonely heart a solace for its fears.

XLIII.

Cast! cast thy spell around me—let me feel
The stillness of thy presence, like a dream,
Soothing my cares to slumber: I will kneel
Low at thy altar—let thy lucid stream
Glance o'er my spirit like the lightning beam
Of dark thought's deep intensity; yet, mild—
Mild as an infant's slumber, it will seem,
The heaven of sorrow, yet so undefiled,
That my fond soul shall bend, and smile as thou hast smiled.

XLIV.

Smile on, sweet memory of past delight,
Spell-bound I bow, a worshipper to thee,
'Till silent death all earthly pleasures blight,
And call me hence to immortality,
To bask 'midst heavenly pleasures, ever free;
Thy fleet delights must pass; and transient seem
Earth's sweetest bliss—its gaiety and glee
Must pass away like some swift torrent's stream,
Or the bright smile of one we gaze on in a dream.

XLV.

Behold a suppliant votary at thy shrine!
Spirit of joys departed! as I trace
Through the invisible or dim shown line
Of sweet remembrance; for the fancied grace
Makes each commotion of my heart give place
To calm and placid feeling, as I gaze
With transport and delight on each known face,
Of long tried steadfast friend, I fondly raise
My votive humble strain a tribute to thy praise.

XLVI.

I've found the world, with all its pleasures, vain;
I've seen deceit in virtue's guise arrayed,—
Hypocrisy hath hid the damning stain
Of friendship blighted—innocence betrayed.

Man in his neighbour's balance hath been weighed ;
To judge of others, not to us is given ;
Life is a scene by good and evil swayed ;
But it must end—each tie shall soon be riven—
How vain man's judgment then—our jndge is God in Heaven.

XLVII.

Give me a friend—a tried—a constant friend,
I ask but one to soothe my troubles here,
Amid prosperity with me to bend,
And at my sorrows shed the tender tear—
With me to hope in joy—in dread to fear,
And o'er my couch of sickness fondly wait ;
The star of hope shall both our sorrows cheer,
And both our pleasures with its joys elate,
To Heaven's best purpose strong—to Heaven's best purpose great.

XLVIII.

No worldly friendships ?—give me none of those
Which flatter wildly, and at last deceive ;—
The weary spirit in its anguish throws
Back to the fiendish bosom, that would leave
A friend in sorrow, all it might receive
Amid prosperity's unclouded rays,
With transport and delight ; but taught to grieve
By the same hand that blessed it in the blaze
Of fashion's gay attire, it thinks of happier days.

XLIX.

Spirit Omniscient ? whose Almighty hand,
With power is in the raging whirlwind shown ;
Trackless ! immense ! unbounded !—may I stand
Awed by thy wonders !—when the mountains groan
With buried earthquakes, and the largest stone
From nature's heaving womb is fiercely torn ;
Hurling its ponderous weight with fearful moan—
Swift, boundless, and resistless ! onward borne,
O'erwhelming all the charms that nature's face adorn.

L.

Thy power is in the lightning when thy Heaven
Trembles around thee ; and the brightening sun
Sinks to repose, when trees are madly riven,—
Torn and uprooted, ere the storm is done,
Or the wide wasting ravage scarce begun ;

Now sky, and earth, and seas, all—all unite,
To show thy terrors ; may I be the one,
To gaze untroubled on the glorious sight,
And look to those blest climes, which storms shall never blight.

LI.

So lead me on, bright spirit of the past,—
Lead me, oh ! lead me, to thy fields of bliss ;
There with thy spell of love around me cast,
To taste once more the cup of happiness :—
The Heaven of thought—'tis this—'tis only this,
The lovely beacon of departed joy.
Ye worldlings that the spell of memory miss,
Where are your pleasures ?—where the base decoy,
That leads you on from scenes, free—free from all alloy.

LII.

Disposer of events !—so may I live,
That, when I sink into the vale of years,
Memory's soft pleasures, then, may only give
Their soothing powers to quell my doubts and fears ;
And not a bitter pang be felt with tears,—
And no offence that thou hast not forgiven,
Weigh on my spirit, as thy love endears,
When every fondest earthly tie is riven,
So may it guide me on to meet Thee, in Thy Heaven.

The Sceptic.

"From my youth upwards,
My spirit walked not with the souls of men;
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes,—
The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys—My griefs—my passions, and my powers
Made me a stranger,—though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.

Philosophy, and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed; and in my mind, there is
A power to make these subject to itself;
But they avail not. Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn."

MANFRED.

'TWAS the still midnight, and I saw him stand
Buried in thought—profound and desolate;
The signet on his brow was misery—
Despair, the mantle of his withered soul:
The heaving surges boiled beneath his feet:
The storm groaned in its cave of darkness:—
There he stood, his youth's gay summer blasted,
His health too early wasted! yet his eye
Shot forth the burning glance of wild desire,
As if to pierce beyond the view of man,
To see the future, and forget the past,
To sate his thirst for knowledge, to behold
The secrets dread of dark futurity,
The utmost bound of hidden mysteries;
Find out the power that regulates the spheres,
Sustains—supports—upholds the Universe;
The first great forming power Omnipotent,
Exhaustless in its might to save or kill,
With time coeval, and through life the same.

He longed to find this all-creative power;
He longed to bask amid the varied rays
Of never failing knowledge—deeply drink
Of its pure waters, ne'er to thirst again.
Ambition pointed to this daring step,
No lower aim could satisfaction bring—
No less pursuit could animate his soul.

'Twas not the fierce desire of appetite—
'Twas not the glance of sensuality;
But one unbounded wish to seek beyond
What wisdom hath prescribed to mortal ken;
To find what ne'er before was ever found;
To pierce the confines of eternal space;
And move the shroud that hides the chilly tomb.

He loved to muse at even's stilly hour,
When toil of man was hushed into repose,
And all the troubles of a varied life,
Were buried in forgetfulness; when joy
Came on the midnight breezes, and the air
Breathed but the tender melody of love;
Then would he wander forth, his spirit bound
In one dark chain of desolating thought
In vain he longed for Lethe's fabled stream—
In vain sought for his spirit's resting place,
Where no remembrance of the hated past,
Might pain him more—oft he longed to taste,
Deep of the waters of oblivion's sea,
For one unending slumber; but in vain:
One changeless curse was caused by memory,
Bringing the scenes of long departed joy
Fresh to remembrance, as a sunny dream,
Where all looked gay festivity and peace,
Contrasted with his present state of mind,
One scene of cloudless happiness it seemed,
When halcyon peace alone had held its sway,
Over the empire of his spirit's rest.

He spent his midnight hours on classic ground;
Learning he loved, and on Parnassus' mount
He stood exalted—proudly he looked down
Upon the toiling multitude below;
One who could never mingle with the world—
His eager eye would fain have pierced beyond
The narrow confines of its bounded view;
His fancy, then, amid the mild serene
Of nature's sleeping loveliness would bask;
Embody shapes of shadows, and behold
The varied likeness, as the form of truth:
Like to an eagle, conscious in its strength,
Upon the summit of some mountain's top,
Bidding to all defiance, there he stood
Unrivalled, unexcelled; yet dreadful thought!
His soul was but the shrine of misery.

The sacred tie of earthly sympathy,
Into his heart an entrance ne'er had found;
Unknown to him were love and friendship's smiles—
Unfelt the might of truth and innocence:
Free from the stain of time and earthly ill,
No unison had he with other's joy—
No tender mingling with a kindred soul—
No sweet untroubled melody of thought:
The power of friendship, which, unmoved, will bear
The scorns and jestings of a heartless world,
And yet be happy, conscious in its strength—
Unknown to him. Affection's offering,
The brightest flower of life's gay diadem,
That gilds the spring of hallowed intercourse,
Was never known to bloom within his breast.
Oh, youth! how soon thy dream of bliss is o'er!
How soon thy pleasures sink into decay,
Like the bright blossom of an early spring,
Nipped in its loveliness; yet, in its fall
How sweet! how wildly beautiful! how bright!
In the last glimmer of its radiance;
So life's young joys for ever past away,
Leave still a tribute fixed in memory,
Which lasts until the ebbing tides of time
Are lost, where life, indeed, seems all a dream;
And earthly happiness is but a name;
The unchanging ocean of eternity.

* * * * * * *

I saw him once again;—
'Twas 'neath the azure of a star-lit sky,
When all was hushed, and silent as the tomb;
When the pale moon was walking forth in might
And majesty of beauty—'twas the hour
When nature's slumber was as still as death,—
The vaulted firmament, without a cloud,
Seemed smiling forth with calm serenity;
The ocean's bosom slumbered, and the lake
Slept with its placid waters: all was still;
Peace had resumed her empire o'er the world.
The spirit seems, at that most solemn hour,
Quite to forget its sorrows, and return
To the bright sunshine of its morning joys;
And bask amid the summer of delight,
When cloudless skies, and never-dying flowers,
Were in the happy dream of early life.

Blighted by time, though they appear to be ;
Yet in the troubled breast will dwell once more,
The smiles of peace : the spirit flies beyond
Its narrow, silent, and prescribed abode,
On eagle pinions, through the realms of light,
Triumphant soars ; nor stops its tireless wing,
Till far beyond the troubled scenes of earth,
It prostrate falls before its Maker's throne.

But, oh ! such cheering thoughts were never his ;
He for a moment gazed, and thus he mused :—
Why am I thus an outcast from the world,
When all around is peace, and beauty bright ?
The stars shine on in vivid loveliness,
Hiding the lustre of the changing moon ;
The midnight consort of the god of day.
How soon must all things fade ?—how soon must pass
This splendid show, the moving cause of which
Is dire necessity ?—ye stars, tell me,
Must your lights be quenched ? must ye die ;
And, like the cloud on yonder mountain-top,
Be seen no more ? Queen of the stilly night,
Tell me, must death be thine ?—must thou, too, die ?
Is there but one long fearful sleep for all ?
Must they all slumber on oblivion's breast ?
Thou first great moving cause, necessity,
I call on thee to answer. Thou dost make
The thousand lights, in yon blue vaulted dome,
Sustain their varied way, and onward move
Through the transparent ether, where the sky
Is one vast sheet of spotless purity ;
Rolling resistless on thy varied way,
Heedless alike of each impediment—
The flaming meteor, or the comet wild,
The storm, the whirlwind, or the thunder loud ;
The falling avalanche—the arrowy flash
Of vivid lightning from the lowering sky ;
Still burning on, upon thy stayless course,
With speed surpassing e'en the flight of thought ;
Yet in thy track, sustaining nature's law,
Guiding each movement in the life of man—
Curbing the fury of the boisterous wave ;
Causing the morning dawn of joyous light,
The sun his radiance o'er the scene to spread,
And walk his daily course of splendour bright—
Dispensing warmth and beauty o'er the earth
Lovely as youth's gay morning ; and, when night

Hath drawn her gloomy mantle all around,
And dewy eve hath shed her balmy tears—
Bathing the face of earth with drops of pearl,
As from the eye of mercy, when all toil
Is still as though 'twas nature's last repose :
Thou that dost give a transient rest to all,
Tell me, must all things fade—must all decay ?

Could I the mantle from the tomb withdraw,
Or see beyond, if there a future be,
Disgust alone were all I there should meet.
To see the form once fair and beautiful,
With the dust mouldering ! banquet for worms !
The loathsome mawworm on the softest cheek,
Revelling on frail mortality ;
The empty socket of the once bright eye,
Starless and void—the moving orbs of light,
Gone from their wonted resting place, and mixed
With dust, as though it might a kindred claim
With all things marked by mutability.
Must the dark world on which I stand alone
An isolated being—must it fade ?
Or shall it still remain to hear the curse
Of thousands, and ten thousands such as I ?
Have I not trod the field of classic lore—
Climbed up the steep where "fame's proud temple stands"—
Held converse with the warring elements—
Sought out the cause and the effect of all ?
Nor have I stayed my ever venturous way,
Till to the last dread, dreamless sleep I came,
And could no rest discover for my soul.
Have I not sought for knowledge day and night ;
Observed the times and seasons as they roll,
Marking each varied change, and storing by
Unending food for thought's satiety ?
Have I not sought in pleasure's busy throng,
Where nought is seen but beauty's winning smiles ;
Joined in the song, and praised the soft blue eye
Of earth's fair fragile daughters ? Have I not
Sought out the movements of the mighty mind ;
Examined each resource, to try to find
Where this poor, withered, blighted soul could rest ?
Read volume upon volume—rose at morn—
Viewed the bespangled orbs in yon blue sky,
Sink one by one into their resting place ?
Have I not longed to mingle with the clouds,
To find a rest with the departed stars ;

Or to be borne upon the midnight blast,
Howling and roaring to its darkened home,
When the last rays of the departing sun
Had tinged the fleecy clouds with burnished gold,
'Mid the pure fragrance of a summer's eve?
Have I not sought, and vainly sought, to find
A rest for my poor desolate spirit?
What brooks complaint? go on, stern destiny;
Fate! do thy worst—no more will I repine:
Shower tenfold curses on my burning soul,
E'en make me like the withered, blasted pine,
And I will bear it all. Resistless death!
Thy sting is taken from thee; thou shalt come
Welcome as youth's first gay and sunny spring;
E'en with my latest gasp of fleeting breath,
Stern destiny! thy power I will defy;
And the last effort of my soul shall be
To curse the power that first created all.
I'll try the bowl, the bright and sparkling bowl,
For care and woe, the only antidote;
I'll drown my thoughts in scenes of festive mirth;
My nights one round of revelry shall be;
And dissipation be the sole pursuit
To quell the thoughts that harrow up my soul.

* * * * * * *

Alas! how much unlike the Christian's hope,
Who knows that death is not a dreamless sleep;
Who looks with joy beyond the silent tomb;
Who knows the spirit will exist for ever,
Free from its narrow tenement of clay—
Bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss,
By the pure waters of an endless life.
He counts himself but a sojourner here,
Seeking a home beyond the distant sky;
Beyond the perishable things of time,
Past the far distant dwelling of the stars,
In the blest regions of infinity,
Where the celestial messenger of love
Is the bright harbinger of changeless peace.
He deems the spirit will for ever rest,
And taste the joys of immortality:—
This hope sustains him on his varied way;
Cheers and supports him in his darkest hour;
And is alone the leading star of life,
When all the varied stores of earth are spent;
When every effort of the soul hath failed;

When desolation triumphs on its way,
And dark despair sits on its dreary throne,
Swaying its iron sceptre over all:—
'Tis then religion shows her power supreme,
Sheds forth her rays of love and tenderness,
And guides the spirit to the port of peace.
He does not trace the moving cause of all,
Unto the finger of necessity;
He sees the impress of his Maker's hand
In all the varied beauties of the earth:
The blooming flower upon the verdant sod,
Speaks with the still small voice unto his soul;
The purling stream murmurs his Maker's praise;
The foaming torrent echoes forth the song;
The unbounded hills prolong the joyful sound—
The noonday sun rejoicing on his way,
Diffusing splendour o'er the face of earth,
Looks brighter to his view, and speaks of God.
The moon in midnight loveliness, alone,
Sole empress of the shadows of the night,
Of love untiring, shows the endless praise.
He looks on nature in her midnight guise,
With feelings lulled, and spirit tranquilized;
He knows his Maker is the moving cause;
That He sustains upon their varied way,
The bright infinity of sparkling orbs,
In the blue vaulted azure of the sky,
Burning in fadeless light and loveliness;
The midnight blast, a voice to him hath found;
The roaring tempest groaning on its course,
The vivid lightning on its rapid course,
Making the heavens one sheet of liquid fire—
The troubled thunder pealing from on high,
In awful grandeur bursting o'er the world;
The explosion vast, and conflagration wild
Of Heaven's artillery—the elements
Clashing together as in fearful strife;
Seas boiling forth with whitened surges spread,
Howling in triumph to the murky sky,
Drowning the clouds beneath their foaming spray;
Sky, earth, yea all things speak to him of God.

With calm composure, thus he looks beyond
The bourne of death, and oft he longs to be
Freed from the shackles that would bind him down
To earth, a finite grovelling worm of dust—
Triumphant on the wing of heavenly love,

To soar where angels bow with silent awe,
In presence of the Almighty King of Kings—
Of the pure crystal river longs to taste,
On whose bright margin fadeless flowerets bloom,
And of whose waters he may freely drink,
And ever satisfy his thirsting soul.
Eternity! unbounded, vast, immense,
Dateless, unchanging, fathomless, abyss!
One drop compared with ocean's thousand waves,
Were greater far than time compared to thee:—
Soundless, and dark eternity—he views thee,
Not with the eye that quails the heart that fears;
But strong in faith—in heavenly purpose strong:
He sees the Heaven of Heavens, and longs to dwell,
Where thousand and ten thousand ages pass,
Where peace and love in endless circle move,
To reap fruition of unending joy;
And bow before his Maker's throne in praise.

I saw him once again,
'Twas in the midst of midnight revelry:
Inebriation on his brow was fixed;
In long, deep draughts of wine his thoughts he drowns:
He is a Gamester—lost! for ever lost!
See his glazed eye with desperation fraught—
Watch the dilated ball in anguish roll;
High wrought with passion's deep intensity,
Blasting the inmost feeling of the soul,
Withering the source of thought, and making earth
One scene of wild confusion, and its goal
A sceptic's vision—gloomy and obscure:
And yet within his wretched bosom dwells
A fire, as quenchless as the flames of hell,
Eternal in duration! Curses wild
Are heard to issue from his bloodless lips—
Frenzy and madness seem to urge him on;—
Thoughts, passions, feelings, concentrated all
Upon one fatal throw:—with terror fixed,
His very soul seems ready to escape.
Most wretched state that man below can find,
Hell upon earth within the breast commenced;
For who the foaming torrent's tide can stem?
Who stand secure when all is blasted round?
E'en like a torrent is the gamester's course—
Hope's phantom shadow seems to lead him on,
'Till all his passions worked into excess,
Maddened with wine—his losses past compute—

Upon one fatal throw his all he stakes—
The chance is lost!—in destitution lone
He passes on a profligate career,
And, hopeless, dies in misery extreme,
The wretched victim of his passions wild.
His hand convulsive shakes with trembling fear,
His feverish pulse is strong with passion's heat,
The dim film gathers o'er his aching sight,
The objects near him seem around to swim—
His time is come, the fatal dice he throws—
'Tis o'er! despair unfolds the dreadful truth,
His all on earth is now for ever lost!—
With the wide world before his aching view,
And not a friend to cheer the thorny road,
To him one scene of changeless woe it seems,
And all his hopes are fixed upon the tomb.
The tomb, the silent but expressive tomb,
He deems within its portals he shall find
Oblivion's mantle, and he longs to rest—
He longs to quell the war within his breast—
Tumultuous war of passions uncontrolled—
And lay him down, unwept, unknown, unseen,
Without one eye the sorrowing tear to shed—
Where hopes and fears, which now distract his soul,
Shall cease their varied torture:—to repose
In the long slumber of an endless night.

A moving form of madness, see, he stands!
And thus burst forth the musings of his soul:—
"Launch forth thy thunders, oh, thou darkened sky!
Strike me, ye lightnings, in your blasting ire;
Ye clouds, unfold the terrors of your might;—
Strike this poor spirit, but to end its pain!
Rest—rest is all I seek—oblivion,
Whether unending, or of date confin'd,
Oh! spread thy shadows o'er me—let me feel
The balmy mantle of thy soothing powers.
Forgot be all remembrance of the past:
Death! silent but inexorable death!
Where can I find a refuge but in thee?
Welcome thy terrors to this stricken soul—
I hail thee as a long-expected friend,
Come to relieve me of the toils of life;
But, harrowing thought,—the future is a dream,
And if there be a future, I am lost—
I sink! I feel I cannot bear it long.
Hell!—if there be a hell—can it surpass

The present torture of this aching breast?
I cannot change, e'en if it were my will.
What would avail me in the awful hour,
Upon the brink of an enfathomed gulph,
From which none ever may return, to tell
The hidden secrets of its darkened tomb?
I feel my reason fail! bear witness, Heaven,
Fain would I grasp the shadowy form of hope;
Or e'en deem true the wild fanatic's dream,
Than thus to die! oh! would I could believe!"

I saw him once again;
'Twas on the bed of agony and death.
The brow of pride would soon be laid in dust;
The piercing eye would lose its wild desire;
The misled heart its judgment soon would find;
The sceptic's darkened dream would soon unfold;
The mists of error soon away would pass,
Him, I saw, who dared the sting of death,
And cursed the cause that give him power to live;
Who dared the king of terrors, and defied
Heaven, earth, and hell united! Him I saw
Quail at the thought of death, as it drew near,
In stern unchanged reality. I saw the eye
Lose the gay lustre that it once had worn;
As cold sepulchral marble, change the cheek;
The pulse beat weaker, and the fleeting breath
Grow short, and shorter still. I saw him die.
And ne'er shall I forget the horror wild
Of his last words, as racked with pain he lay,
Writhing in anguish on his strawy bed.
Methinks I hear him now—he calls aloud
On the great ruling power that life sustains;
Curses his hour of birth, and with a groan—
Dreadful and chilling as the pestilence,
He dreams, "there is a God!"—and dreaming dies.

The Time of Prayer.

1837.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh;
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.

WHEN is the holiest time for prayer?
When the moon is gently beaming?
When the midnight's dark and lurid glare,
Is crossed by the meteor's gleaming?
Is it then, 'neath the sway of night's dark rod,
That prayer will arise to the throne of God?

II.

Or is it beneath the noontide rays
Of a sultry summer's sun;
Or 'mid the light of its glorious blaze,
When its daily course has run?
Is it then that prayer will arise above,
To the God of Heaven, and the God of love?

III.

Or is it in spring tide's verdant bloom,
When bright is the bud of the opening flower;
And the sweetest breath of its gay perfume
Is an incense raised to the Maker's power?
Is it then the tribute of praise is given,
To the God of love, and the King of Heaven?

IV.

Or is it when autumn strews the ground
With the withered flower and leaf;
And the face of nature is seen around,
In the gloomy guise of grief?
Is it then the breath of prayer will rise,
A meet and accepted sacrifice?

V.

Or is it when winter's chilly blast,
And the whirlwind's withering power,
As if in scorn of the summer past,
With their hidden tempests lower?
Is it then amid nature's hour of death,
That prayer is heard from the faltering breath?

VI.

Or is it when darkening shades of gloom,
On each fair cheek have spread,
When friends are met at the silent tomb,
To weep for the withered dead?
This, sure, is an hour of fervent prayer,
For the changeless love of the Maker's care!

VII.

It matters not at what time or hour,
The prayer of truth is given,
'Neath the summer's dawn, or the winter's power,
It will wing to the throne of Heaven;
It will rise 'mid the worldling's darkest strife,
To the throne of peace, and the source of life.

VIII.

'Tis the heart must pray—'tis the spirit's dower,
And not of the fleeting breath;
And a sigh for sin at the latest hour,
'Neath the cold damp chill of death,
Will be heard on high, past the storms of time,
In the quenchless light of a cloudless clime.

An Indian's Address to the Water Spirit.

1837.

"And as the star shone in the heavens they worshipped the spirit of the waters."

INDIAN TRAVELLER.

I.

SWEET spirit calm of the untroubled waters,
With what unfeigned delight I view thee here;
Bright as the fairest flower of Persia's daughters,
Fleet as the fawn and timid as the deer.

II.

And now I see thy sylph-like form ascending,
Amid the brightness of the silvery spray;
And as in rapture I am o'er thee bending,
Thy form of radiance shrouds the god of day.

III.

And now again I see thee on the billow,
And once again I view thee on the blast,—
Careering on the lightning; with thy pillow,
The eternal thunder-cloud, behind thee cast.

IV.

I see thee rising from the depths of ocean,
Sporting in triumph on the billowy foam;
Whilst each tumultuous wave, each wild commotion,
Wafts thee still nearer to thy own bright home.

V.

And now thou'rt fled! yet still the pleasing vision
Hovers around me with a radiant gleam;
But, oh! the splendour of each new transition
Fades like the fleeting phantom of a dream.

VI.

Great spirit! whom I worship and adore,
Thou art my guide and my director here:
I long to join thee on a happier shore,
With the bright spirit of the waters clear,
To sing thy praise.

Human Life.

1837.

I HAVE seen when spring in her bright array
Hath enlivened the leaves of each drooping flower,
When the form that was faded again is gay,
And all earth has rejoiced in the sunny hour.

II.

I have seen when the spirit so light hath been,
That sorrow and grief seemed for ever fled;
When the sun hath shone on the emerald green
Of the clear sea-wave in its ocean bed.

III.

I have seen even then when all was bright,
And the lily hath shone in its virgin pride;
I have watched, when the gathering shades of night
Have blighted the leaf, and the flower hath died.

IV.

So is it with life! when all seems fair—
The tyrant death in his hour will come,
Ere the heart hath bowed 'neath the hand of care,
To call the rejoicing spirit home.

The Lament of the Polish Exile.

1837.

I.

AWAY! thou bright sunshine of gladness and pleasure,
Away, for thy glory delights me no more;
Away! for my dearest, my own native treasure,
The home of my childhood, in grief I deplore.

II.

Yet memory oft in my bosom discloses
The visions of joy that for ever are fled;
On fancy's false pleasures my spirit reposes,
Though the flowers of hope's sunshine are withered and dead.

III.

Yet oft, though removed from the friends who would love me,
The ties of affection and love are more dear;
And whilst nature's bright beauties are beaming around me,
The horizon of hope is unclouded and clear.

IV.

For a moment, the clouds of affliction and sorrow
Again gather round and encompass with gloom;
And no comfort or hope can my spirit now borrow;
No rest for its anguish but low in the tomb.

V.

Land of my fathers !—no more I behold thee,
Friends of my childhood !—I see you no more ;
Land of the brave and the true !—I adore thee,
Though lonely and absent thy loss I deplore.

VI.

Yes, though an exile in sadness I wander,
The heart's warmest incense shall often arise ;
And whilst on delights that are past I may ponder,
A prayer for thy safety shall wing to the skies.

VII.

Land of the brave ! whose reflection is glory,
Freedom, and truth, and eternal renown
Shall pass to embellish the page of thy story !
And victory's laurel thy efforts shall crown.

VIII.

Exiled from thee whilst in youth's sunny morning,
Soul-thrilling thought, to behold thee no more ;
Day-star of freedom ! thy terrible warning
Now I repeat on a far distant shore.

IX.

Tyrants ! fell tyrants ! in war and oppression,
More fierce than the lion or tiger in gore ;
For each blood-stained sin, for each thought of transgression,
Heaven's vengeance eternal has thunder in store.

X.

Yes ! liberty's star on the far distant ocean,
Spirit of freedom ! thy pathway shall steer ;
And with my heart's latest sign of commotion,
Land of my childhood ! I leave thee a tear.

The Bridal.

1837.

I.

AWAY ! away ! I have heard the sound
Of music and song in its fairy round ;
Away ! away ! for the magic spell
Hath broken the bounds where it loved to dwell ;
Earth seems one scene of untroubled bliss,
And life one season of happiness.

II.

Away ! away ! for on youth's gay brow
Bright beams of pleasure are dancing now ;
The sound of music and song is heard,
They are gayer far than the blithest bird
Which sports 'midst the shade of the citron tree
In the spicy vales of Araby.

III.

Away ! away ! for 'tis pleasure's song—
Away ! and haste to the merry throng,
To join the dance—and thou there shall find
That youth's bright hope no hand can bind !
Oh ! this is an hour that the spirit may bless,
Though the shrine of that spirit be loneliness.

IV.

See ye not the sun in the laughing sky,
How it brightens the clouds as they wander by,
And do not the birds sing a livelier strain
As though they rejoiced in its smiling reign ?
Yes, they all seem gay and they all rejoice
As though to delight at the virgin's voice ;—

V.

At the voice of her who each smile can see,
And whose pleasures are heightened by sympathy.
She hath pledged her vow at a spotless shrine
Where angels 'tend with a love divine ;
The vow is heard, and the pledge is given,
And her fervent prayer shall ascend to heaven.

VI.

But look at her bright yet pensive eye,
Watch her heaving breast and troubled sigh,
She hath left the home where she loved to dwell,
To the scenes of youth she hath bade farewell,
She hath given herself and her all to one,
Who hath gained her heart and her hand hath won.

The vow is heard, and the pledge is given,
And the prayer of love shall ascend to heaven.

Stanzas.

1837.

I.

YES, I had seen her whilst in life's gay morning,
With smile of gladness beaming on her brow,
Each varied lineament of love adorning,
But where, oh where, are all those graces now?

II.

Yes, I had seen her when each lovely feature,
E'en with the beauteous rose-tint seemed to vie;
I sighed to think that such a fairy creature,
Though born in innocence was doomed to die.

III.

To die! ah yes! the hectic glow of splendour
That wildly flushed her fair and damask cheek,
The plague-spot of consumption that will render
All man's invention frail, and poor, and weak—

IV.

Had fixed its fangs upon her; still with beauty
Fresh as the rose-bud in its gayest bloom,
Whilst yet she trod the paths of peace and duty
Death's summons came and called her to the tomb.

V.

She laid her head upon the downy pillow,
And not one sigh betrayed a doubt or fear,
But, calm as sunshine o'er the unruffled billow,
The hour of nature's conflict drew more near.

VI.

One placid smile, but fleeter than the lightning,
Then all was sweet serenity and peace;
One ray of heavenly love each feature brightening,
Her happy spirit had obtained release.

VII.

It rose triumphant in its car of glory,
To a far brighter and a happier sphere,
To chaunt with saints its ever blissful story,
Freed from each earthly thought of doubt and fear.

Death.

1837.

I.

OH youth! gay youth! when hope's fair star is beaming
O'er the dark surface of life's troubled sea;
When light and joy from each new scene is gleaming,
And pleasure's smiles are cast around on thee,
Then think of Death.

II.

Oh youth! fair youth! to thee, to thee are given
Visions of fancy, rich in radiance bright;
But oh, reflect, how soon the hand of Heaven
May cloud these scenes in dark and shadeless night:
Then think of Death.

III.

Oh man! gay man! when fortune smiles above thee,
And pleasure lures thee with her winning smiles;
When none are near but those who tend and love thee,
And nought of heaviness thy heart beguiles,
Then think of Death.

IV.

Oh age! old age! e'en now thy footsteps tremble;
Life's fairest visions are for ever fled:
A withered leaf might now thy fate resemble,
For mark! the flower of pleasure's shrine is dead:
Then think of Death.

V.

Oh death! stern death! resistless is thy power;
Thou that canst set the weary spirit free:
Oh when we shrink from sorrow's darkest hour,
Then how the soul will seek repose in thee:
Oh Death! stern Death.

VI.

Oh thou recaller from the paths of sorrow,
To shroud the Christian in Heaven's glory bright:
Avenger to the guilty! for thy morrow
Shall prove to them one dark eternal night:
We'll think of thee.

The Night.

1837.

I.

HOW I love the night! the beautiful night!
When the moon is clear and the stars are bright,
Moving in beauty before the eye,
Proclaiming the hand of a Deity;
I have viewed with delight, in that stilly hour,
The moonbeams smile on the blighted flower;
I have thought, as it yielded its latest breath,
'Twas an emblem sweet of the Christian's death,
When in virtue's path he hath humbly trod,
And his spirit rests at the throne of God.

II.

How I love the night! the awful night!
When the lightning flashes its radiance bright;
When the storm's dark spirit is hovering o'er
The foaming sea, and the frowning shore;
When the bark of the mariner finds no rest
On its wonted cradle, the ocean's breast;
When the whirlwinds howl and its gathering rage
With earth's bright pictures a warfare wage;
Then my spirit e'en then on the blast will roam,
And I feel the world is not all my home.

III.

How I love the night! the beautiful night!
When the moon is clear and the stars are bright;
Sparkling and gay in the heavenly dome,
My spirit longs for its peaceful home;
Outshining far the brightest gem
Of an eastern monarch's diadem;
Or beyond the rays of the brightest star,
Where the storms of earth no more shall war.
I long for the clime where my toil shall cease,
And each fond thought shall be love and peace.

IV.

I think how frail is my dark abode,
When compared with the glorious works of God;
When compared with the sky or the boundless sea,
Or the fathomless gulf of eternity.

Oh! the sweetest joys on the earth to me
Are the treasured delights of sympathy;
Yet even these, in their brightest hour,
Wither and die as the fairest flower;
For earth's gay pictures are then all the stay,
And at death's dread whisper they pass away.

V.

How I love the night! the beautiful night!
My spirit joys in a new delight,
As I think the wanderer's troubled breast
Hath found in slumber a placid rest;
When I see the meteor's fiery glare
As it transiently flits through the yielding air,
Like some bright wandering planet sent
From the boundless, trackless firmament;
My spirit longs for the eagle's wing,
To rejoice in its heavenly wandering.

VI.

Yes, the visions of joy which are flitting by,
Seem born in a bright and celestial sky;
Visions of fancy for ever past,
Withered away at the wintry blast,
Hopes of the future for ever fled,
Flowers at the altar withered and dead;
The hand of affliction in youth's gay spring,
Hath taught the seasons no change to bring,
For oh! in the sunshine of life's fleet stream,
I find too late it is all a dream.

Stanzas.

1837.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest."

I.

CEASE to grieve, thou troubled spirit,
Cease to heave, thou throbbing breast;
Though no joy thou may'st inherit,
Heaven shall be thy lasting rest.

II.

Though the clouds of sorrow gather
Round the form so lately blest;
Sigh thou not for earth, but rather
Wish to flee and be at rest.

III.

Long'st thou for the eagle's pinions,
Through the realms of light to soar;
Whilst the worldling's humble minions,
Bow to worship and adore?

IV.

Long'st thou for that royal station,
Where the sceptre thou may'st sway;
Whilst each creed of every nation,
E'en thy least commands obey?

V.

Rise, my soul, the fondest treasure,
Earth could e'er on man bestow;
Though it seem a scene of pleasure,
Ends in sorrow, grief, and woe.

VI.

How I long to pierce yon heaven,
Where the stars in beauty roll;
There alone true bliss is given,
There shall rest the weary soul.

VII.

There alone shall scenes of glory,
In eternal circle move;
A Redeemer's praise the story,
Boundless! endless! trackless love?

VIII.

Oh for wings to soar in pleasure,
Oh for *love* to calm my breast;
I would leave each earthly treasure,
Flee away and be at rest.

Lines on the Death of a Young Lady.

1837.

I.

I LOVE in the season when all is gay,
To view the flow'ret bloom ;
See the sun's last smile on the rosebud play,
Then sink to its rest, and the parting ray
Spread a halo round the tomb.

II.

I love in the season when all is drear,
To gaze on the silent dead;
For friends departed to shed the tear,
And awaken the spell in my memory dear,
Of joys for ever fled.

III.

I have seen with grief, a beauteous flower,
Ere its fairest leaves were cast,
At the whirlwind's dreadful and stayless power,
Though it may but have blossomed a passing hour,
Fall a victim to the blast.

IV.

I saw thee in beauty and pleasure gay—
Thy heart was free from gloom ;
But death, whom no mortal hand can stay,
Appeared in its stern and dark array,
And called thee to the tomb.

V.

Yet we will not mourn thee, thou lovely one,
As though no hope could stay ;
For we know that thy earthly toil is done,
And beyond the rays of the glorious sun,
Thy pleasures ne'er decay.

VI.

Oh, the violet might an emblem be,
Of thy unassuming worth,
As it blooms 'neath the shade of a spreading tree,
Nor envies the rose in its beauty free ;
But reclines upon the earth.

VII.

That earth is now thy resting place,
Then may the violet bloom,
With a lovelier tint and a purer grace,
Spread a charm that time may ne'er erase,
Around thy silent tomb.

VIII.

Oh! oft as I gazed on thy lovely eye,
So beautifully wild;
I have thought that the angels in yonder sky,
Might look with delight, from their thrones on high,
And claim thee for their child.

IX.

In the midst of beauty, and love's sweet power,
Death called thy spirit hence,
Ere the clouds of sorrow could o'er thee lower;
Ere yet we had witnessed thy brightest hour,
Thou hadst gained thy recompense.

X.

Though fleet and short was thy sojourn here,
The thought of thy joyous glee
Shall call from the eye the sorrowing tear;
And the spell of thy love shall be still more dear,
Now thy happy soul is free.

XI.

Then we'll hope to see thee when time is o'er,
Where love shall never fade;
Where friends shall meet to part no more,
On the sunny banks of the blissful shore,
In the robes of life arrayed.

XII.

The prize, the glorious prize is won!
The dreary path is trod;
The goal is reached,—thy race is run;
Earth's toils are now for ever done—
Thy spirit rests with God.

War and Peace.

1837.

I.

THE trumpet hath sounded, away to the war—
Haste! haste with the steed, and the swift rolling car;
The trumpet hath sounded, on! on to the fight!
Let the war-whoop be heard 'mid the silence of night.

II.

Haste, marshal the warriors in battle array!
Speed, speed to the fight, nor repose till the day—
We will fight 'neath the light of the bright morning star,
Prepare for the battle! on! on to the war!

III.

See ye not the bright beacon? o'er hill and o'er dale,
Soon nought shall be heard but the fatherless wail;
The widow and orphan shall sigh at the sight—
On! on to the war 'midst the silence of night!

IV.

The cries of affliction shall curse from afar
The death-breathing ravage of battle and war;
But the might of the tyrant shall fade in a breath,
And the victor triumphant be death—silent death.

V.

How I long for the time when the tumult shall cease;
When shall spread the bright banner of freedom and peace;
When our spirits are gentle, and mild as the dove,
And the band that unites us alone shall be love.

VI.

When the sword, that its thousands on thousands hath slain,
Shall be used to add store to the husbandman's gain;
And the spear, which the hand of the mighty hath shook,
Shall be changed to the blade of the dark pruning hook.

VII.

Unfurl thy bright banner—shine on us once more;
And anthems shall hail thee from sea and from shore—
Thy light shall encompass each tremulous breast;
And we'll long for the clime where the weary shall rest.

The Dying One.

1837.

"Why start at death? where is he? death arriv'd,
Is past; not come, or gone; he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve.
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths by fearing one."

YOUNG.

SHE slept, but such a sleep! so still her form
Some sculptured marble she might truly seem;
Yet, no! ah, no! too fair for man's device:
An image that could only fashioned be,
By the Eternal One! the living God!
How fair! how beautiful her lovely face!
Graven in Heaven's own image; her bosom still
And calm as passion's slumber, heaved a sigh.
Alas! so young, so early doomed to die;
A tear, like the fair pearly dew-drop
On the rose in summer's verdant morning,
Stood glistening in her eye, which shone
Like to some bright and ever wandering star,
Sparkling amid the calm and lovely beam
Of Heaven's pure azure of ne'er-fading light.
Peace! peace! disturb her not; her happy soul
Ranges amid the flowery scene of bliss;
Basks in the sunshine of unchanging peace,
Before the throne, the pure, and crystal throne,
Of never-ending, changeless, fadeless love!
With pleasure and delight, how infinite
She tastes the joys of immortality,
Whilst angels from the spotless realms of light,
Oft on a living ray descend to watch
The sainted spirit's last repose on earth.
She thinks she sees the everlasting choir

Of the redeemed ones, whose spotless robes
Are white, and shining with a Saviour's blood—
And all is happiness around her soul ;
She wakes unto the consciousness of life ;
The happy dream still dwells within her breast,
How soon to burst on her enraptured view,
In bright, and glorious reality.
The sun was setting, and her lovely eye
Gazed wildly at its last departing ray ;
Yet calm she looked, as if an angel's voice
Had called her home unto his starry world.
The vital spark was near to be extinct,
And her pure spirit soon would join in praise,
Before the blissful altar of her God.
With the last effort of expiring life,
She prayed unto her Maker—what a prayer !
It seemed as if the messengers of peace,
The happy dwellers of infinitude !
Had spread their wings of love around her head ;
Guiding her on to scenes of endless joy ;
Cheering the darkened passage to the tomb,
With the blest rays of love ineffable—
She prayed for all ; friends, brothers, kindred, all.
" Meet me in Heaven," she said, " for I must die."
Then on the bed of death exhausted fell ;
The last farewell passed from her snowy lips :
Angels of light responded, and her sigh
Ascended to the precincts of the throne.
One moment's silence, and her happy soul
Had pierced the last dread secret here below,
Passed through the dark and shadowy vale of death,
Clothed in the spotless robes of endless life ;
Her spirit of the crystal water drinks,
And tastes of an eternity of bliss,
In the fair regions of unending spring.
She chaunts the praise of the Almighty One—
Not as was once her lot in form of clay,
But as a pure—a passionless spirit.

The Rose.

1837.

I.

BEAUTIFUL rose, of the fairest hue,
Kissed with the tears of the evening dew,
Bending low at each passing shower—
Surpassing, in sweetness, each fairer flower;
Gift of affection in youth's gay spring—
Type of its fondest imagining,
Where, oh, where,—on what lovely breast
Shall the beauteous rosebud find its rest?

II.

It shall find its rest where the lily white
Is eclipsed by skin of the purest white;
Where the glossy plumage that ravens wear,
Is outvied by the hue of the darkest hair;
Where affection flows from the purest spring,
And love's sweet murmurs around it fling
A charm that will brighten the fairest gem
Of the garden's blooming diadem.

III.

It shall find its rest on the bosom wild,
Of nature's fairest, and loveliest child,
Where the beaming eye sheds the light of truth,
As though 'twere the spring of endless youth,
Where religion's graces spread around
A holy calm, that is only found
When the spirit drinks at the fount of bliss,
At the shrine of fadeless happiness.

IV.

It shall find its brightest and purest rest
On the spotless white of a virgin's breast,
When her prayers of love and truth are given
To the God of earth, and the God of Heaven;
Where virtues shine in their richest bloom,
That will shed a halo around her tomb;
They will bloom, when the tints of the rosebud die,
In the genial clime of a cloudless sky.

V.

Yes! the rose, in its beauty, will soon decay,
And no trace remain of its transient sway;
But, oh! how sweet is its balmy breath,
Ere it withers away in the hand of death;
And it leaves a perishing sweet behind,
That passes away on the wintry wind;
But the heart's bright virtues shall ever bloom,
When the virgin's rest is the peaceful tomb.

VI.

Sweet rose! thou hast taught me that hours of mirth,
Though here so sweet, are of little worth,
Compared with the joy to the Christian given,
At his home of rest in the peaceful Heaven;
Thou hast taught me, the fairest of all must die,
'Neath the stormy blast of the wintry sky;
That the young, and the fair, and the gay must come,
And repose with the worm in the silent tomb.

VII

Sweet rose! thou has taught me in accents mild,
What the spirit may learn when of hope beguiled;
Thou hast taught me that beauty must fade away,
That short as sweet is its transient sway;
Thou hast taught me to look for a happier world,
Where truth's bright banner is all unfurled;
Where fadeless flow'rets adorn the shore,
And the weary spirit shall toil no more.

Stanzas.

1837.

I.

OH! hast thou not seen, when youth's spring is the brightest;
When its loveliest blossoms are fragrance and bloom;
When the sin-fettered spirit is gayest and lightest:—
Hast thou seen the dark signet of death and the tomb?

II.

Hast thou seen on the brow, that hath never known sorrow,
A gloom which seems transient and fleeting away,
As if planted in scorn by the hand of the morrow,
To shade the bright sunshine of pleasure to-day?

III.

'Tis the first beam of thought; 'tis the spirit disclosing,
That the fairest and brightest are frailest, though dear;
And wherever the heart is in rapture reposing,
Must be left with one tribute, a smile, and a tear.

The Flower upon the Grave.

1857.

A LITTLE flower was smiling
Upon the early rest
Of her who once was beautiful,
The brightest, and the best.
Did it tell of hope, that frail one,
Glistening with night's bright tear,
As it bloomed in all its loveliness
The sorrowing heart to cheer?

Yes, it pointed to the morrow
Of heaven's unsullied skies,
Where is lost each trace of sorrow
In the hope that never dies.
Then shall the dear departed,
The beautiful and best,
Live in the new creation
Of everlasting rest.

We shall meet them! we shall meet them!
Love was never born to die;
It shall blossom, it shall blossom,
In the paradise on high.
They shall meet us, they shall meet us,
And guide us from the strand
To the joys that know no setting,
In the Maker's promised land.

The Bridal of Death.

1837.

PART I.

"Who comes from the bridal chamber?
It is Azrael, the angel of death."

SOUTHEY.

The plot principally taken from the fate of Ravenswood, by Sir Walter Scott.

I.

THE brilliant lamps in the lighted hall,
For the scene of the bridal festival,
Were shining forth with a lustre bright,
'Mid the dark'ning gloom of a stormy night,
And spread their rays as in sparkling glee,
On the gilded 'scutcheons of heraldry.

II.

See! they lead the dance, whilst fairy feet
To the measured spell of the music beat,
And joyous smiles from the lovely throng,
Are the beacons bright of the merry song;—
And the beams of light from each melting eye,
Seem to speak of the spirit's ecstasy.

III.

And the eyes of love are together meeting—
And kindred souls are together greeting—
And the heart responds to the heart's gay thrill,
As pleasure chases the thought of ill;
And gladness now is the brightest gem
Of the spirit's mirthful diadem.

IV.

But the moon is up! and the cloudless sky
Seems to smile on that scene of festivity;
The sun hath tipp'd, with its lustre bright,
The distant hills in its living light,
Bathing the clouds of the morning grey,
In effulgent gold from its powerful ray.

V.

The morn is up! 'tis the contract day;
Creation is tinged with the sun's bright ray;
The birds are their morning matin's singing
O'er the bed of flowers, on the green sod springing;
And the thought of woe, from the lonely breast,
Hath sunk to a calm and a silent rest.

VI.

But look at that bright and lovely girl,
Her dark eyes hid by her raven curl,
Wandering around on the glittering crowd,
And heedless all of the mirth so loud,
Of those who have met their vows to state
To her whose soul is desolate.

VII.

See! with shrinking fear in her tearful eye,
She gazes around on the standers by;
Then fall the tears on her snowy breast,
Where the dove peace may no longer rest;
You could almost view in her aspect there
The signet dark of the last—despair.

VIII.

Her tried soul heaves, and the troubled sigh
Bursts dark thought's deep intensity,
As the arrowy lightning when is riven
The thunder cloud, in the distant Heaven;
So her bosom heaved with withering care,
At the blasted shrine of the fiend—despair.

IX.

'Tis blighted love; and her fairy hand
Is swayed by a parent's stern command;
A parent fiend!—for the love of gold,
The hand and heart of her child hath sold,
To one who cannot the jewel prize,
Or bear the glance of those soft blue eyes.

X.

She loved another; and he alone
Had the sole, full sway of her spirit's throne,
'Neath the pale moonlight was the love-vow plighted;
How soon, alas! to be basely blighted,
Though the hearts of both might truly be
The altars of truth and constancy.

XI.

But he was far on a foreign shore,
Though his soul still beat with the warmth of yore;
He loved her still—his guiding star,
To lead him home from the toils of war;
And he thought alone of the sunny hour,
And matchless charms of his lovely flower.

XII.

And the jewels shone on her forehead bright,
As the sparkling stars at the close of night;
But her cheek was still of a livid hue,
As the cold damp drops on her forehead grew
More chilly still; and her stifled breath
Was drawn in gasps, like the sighs of death.

XIII.

See! the pen is held in her trembling fingers;
She lifts her eye, and a moment lingers,
Ere she signs her doom; then, once again
She attempts to write; but her bosom's pain
Is beyond control, and still she stands
With the passive pen in her trembling hands.

XIV.

She signs! oh, Heaven, canst thou bear to see
Such a flagrant proof of apostacy?
But madness urges her trembling hand;
And the force of a parent's dread command,
Whose heart is hardened with anger wild,
'Gainst the sorrowing tears of an only child.

XV.

But a horse's tramp is heard from afar,
Which spreads dismay as the sound of war,
When it comes to the peaceful peasant's dwelling,
Rending the thoughts in his bosom swelling—
Near, still more near, and the bride's pale cheek
Seems the dark dread cause of the sound to speak.

XVI.

He is come! he is come!—and his foaming steed
To the gate is fast; with the lightning's speed,
"He is come!" he is come!" she faintly cried,
He comes to woo, and to wed his bride:—
One shriek—"He is here!" the door burst wide!
And the bridegroom stood by his plighted bride.

XVII.

He seemed like one on a message sent
From the caves of eternal banishment;
His face shone forth with grief and pride,
As he mutely gazed on his altered bride;
His cloak displaced on his shoulder hung,
And pistols bright from his belt were strung.

XVIII.

His features were fixed with a darkening gloom,
Like a form of death from the silent tomb;
Ghastly he looked! and his matted hair,
As it loosely flowed in profusion there,
Seemed to speak of the spirit's inward state;
Though proud, yet madly desolate.

XIX.

He stood unmoved, and fondly eyed
The downcast look of his death-like bride;
And can it be, that the fond pledge given,
'Neath the moonbeam pale and the starry heaven,
Is thus so soon to be rent asunder,
As if by the blast of the roaring thunder.

XX.

See! a glittering sword from its silvery sheath,
Is raised on high for the stranger's death;
With a scornful eye on the brother cast;
His pistol true from his belt he past.
Now! stand or die! and his spectre form
Appeared like the fiend of the midnight storm.

XXI.

Then all were still, and he loudly cried,
I will hear the truth from my plighted bride,
From those lovely lips will I hear my doom,
Ere I find a rest where all is gloom;
One only word shall my lips now breathe,
And then this heart shall be still as death.

XXII.

He raised his hat; I am still the same—
Though this pledge of love is my only claim;
For thee my life would be gladly given,
And the fondest thoughts of my heart be riven;
For thee could I lay me down and die,
In a dream of the spirit's ecstacy.

XXIII.

I am still the same, and for thee I gave
Each vengeful thought to its silent cave;
A murdered parent's blood shall rise
A curse on the son's last sacrifice;
For thee my oath hath been madly riven,
Though sworn by the light and the truth of heaven.

XXIV.

I swore by my father's chilly bier,
The path of vengeance alone to steer;
I swore by the stars in the azure sky,
And the ruling power of my destiny;
To earth and Heaven a pledge I gave,
To seek revenge for a father's grave.

XXV.

I swore by the gore on his mantle red;
By the hue of the ghastly and livid dead;
By the blood o'erspread on his silvery hair;
By his latest groan, and his death-like stare,
To avenge his fate with my latest breath,
And the murderer seek to the gates of death.

XXVI.

Thy parent slew him; yet, I forebore
The thought of vengeance longer to store;
For thee, I wasted the sweetest cup,
That in life's dark scene I could ever sup;
The thought of vengeance, and all I've given
To the four wild winds of the frowning Heaven.

XXVII.

And know'st thou this? 'tis the plighted troth,
That by thee was sealed, and hath cursed us both;
He said, and gazed on the lovely flower,
That blighted looked, by the tempest's power;
She wildly rolled her vacant eye,
Inclined her head, but could not reply.

XXVIII.

And the bloodless lips of the death-like bride,
Could only falter these words aside;
"It was my mother," she faintly said,
And the lurid hue of the withered dead,
Seemed the transient sway of the rose to chase,
From its pure and spotless resting place.

XXIX.

"Give me your pledge!" the mother tried
The deep despair of her child to hide;
She tore the pledge from her daughter's breast,
And gave it back to the stranger guest,
Who flung it wildly in the flame,
The blasting curse of his withered name.

XXX.

And could she wear it her heart so near?
He said, in grief; and the sparkling tear,
For the first time shone in his full, dark eye,
Which he dashed away;—what boots reply?
She hath signed the deed! and my wretched state
Is dark, and doubly desolate!

XXXI.

He gazed on the flame, as it rose above.
The first last pledge of his blighted love;
Then madly tore from his wretched breast,
The other part; no more shall rest
In the dreary depths of this bosom dwell,
My first last love! farewell! farewell!

XXXII.

And again he mounted his foaming steed,
And urged it on with a demon's speed
To his home! what home?—no rest is left
For the withered soul, when of hope bereft;
For the gloom of death was the only pall,
That shrouded his soul in his lonely hall.

XXXIII.

He thought of his father's last command,
That his death was caused by a murderer's hand;
And then he dreamt of his lovely bride,
And the power of a parent's curse defied.
We will meet in death! and the time is nigh,
When that fairy form must repent and die.

XXXIV.

He paced the hall of his father dead,
And the last faint hope of his spirit fled;
Looked back on the past, and longed to see
Beyond the shroud of futurity;
He longed to rest, and quell each sigh
In the long dread night of eternity.

The Bridal of Death.

PART II.

"When the Lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride;
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for ever moe."

OLD BALLAD.

I

'TIS the bridal day!—and a time of glee,
And the heart's unbounded revelry;
'Tis the time when love, on the blooming bride,
Sprinkles the dew of its lustre wide,
And makes each feature to express
A new born tide of loveliness!

II.

But see the bride! she hath found no rest
In the calm still night for her throbbing breast;
No sleep hath closed her tearful eye;
She hath thought alone of her destiny,
And now she prays on the verdant sod,
At the throne of Heaven, and the throne of God.

III.

Her reason seems to be wandering now,
For she tears the locks on her pallid brow,
And looks so wild, you might almost trace
Each pang of soul in her beauteous face;
And yet, so fair, she might almost seem
The fairy form of a sculptor's dream.

IV.

See them prostrate fall, at the altar kneeling,
With a form of prayer, with a form of feeling;
But the few short words, by the fair bride spoken,
Are oft by the sighs of her spirit broken;
She looked so sad, you might truly think
She stood on the verge of death's dread brink.

V.

But the prayers are o'er, and the church is left,
By the mourning bride of all hope bereft ;
Yet more settled still is her lovely eye,
And the stilly beam of tranquillity
Seems to fix its ray for a moment there,
Where nought is known but dark despair.

VI.

How gladly would she lay her down,
Heedless of life, and the worldling's frown,
And die in peace !—but the feast is near ;
She wipes from her eye the forbidden tear,
And joins the throng of mirth and glee,
In the ancient hall of heraldry.

VII.

And the song is heard, and the music's thrill
Hath spread its charms for the spirit's fill ;
The bride hath gone from the festive throng,
From the joyous dance, and the merry song ;
She hath gone to her bridal couch to weep,
But not to rest in the arms of sleep.

VIII.

To weep ! her fair and throbbing breast
Will soon be stilled in endless rest ;
Her eye will lose its lustre bright,
And the shade of death, as the shade of night,
Will chill each charm in its lustre full,
And wither all that is beautiful.

IX.

In vain she seeks, on her snowy breast,
To find the pledge of her spirit's rest ;
For the fear is to her a dream of dread,
And the bridal couch as a snare seems spread ;
And she tries to wake from delusion's chain,
In vain she tries, for the truth is plain.

X.

It is no dream ! and her piercing eye
Seems to speak of her inward agony ;
She stands erect ; and her stately form
Is like despair, in the midnight storm :
Once more to Heaven she casts her eye ;
Then faintly whispers " We both will die."

XI.

See ! a dagger's hilt from the soft couch gleaming,
She views, as tears in her eyes are streaming ;
She has hid it there ; and she raises now,
The matted locks from her chilly brow ;
One vacant stare, the prize she bore,
And set a watch at the bridal door.

XII.

His time is come ! he hastens near
To the bridal couch ! without a fear,
He tries the door, which opens wide !
But what a sight ! his lovely bride,
With a shining dagger held on high,
And the shriek he hears—" yes ! we both will die !"

XIII.

She gazes on him ! one moment more !
And the dagger reeks in the bridegroom's gore !
In his heart's best blood ! oh, horrid sight !
For the smiling eve of a bridal night.
'Tis done ! she smiled ! and wildly pressed
The bloody hilt to her shrinking breast.

XIV.

'Tis done ! he gazes on the eye
Of the vengeful murderess standing by,
Which now is fixed in a vacant stare,
On the crimson tide fast flowing there ;
He faintly cried " I deserve it all,
And my bridal wreath is my funeral pall !"

XV.

'Tis almost o'er ! and his faltering breath
Will soon be hushed by the hand of death.
He prays ; and casts his failing eyes,
In imploring looks, to the distant skies.
I faint ! forgive ! my hapless bride !
I go ! 'tis past ! he said, and died.

XVI.

With a horrid laugh, she fiercely pressed
The dagger's point to her aching breast ;
'Tis o'er ! she madly tries to seek
The pledge of love ! 'tis gone ! her cheek
Grows still more pale, now ceased her breath ;
The fair young bride is the bride of death.

XVII.

In vain her parents weep ; for now
Death hath his own ; and her marble brow
Shall be no more crossed with the glance of care ;
For ever fled is her deep despair ;
E'er the blossom fell in its last decay,
Like a blighted rosebud it passed away.

XVIII.

But where is he who so oft hath pressed
That lovely girl to his ardent breast ?
Where is he who the pledge had plighted,
By the fatal art of a mother blighted !
In vain he sought in his lonely hall
For the long wished prize of oblivion's pall.

XIX.

In the dim night-visions he saw her form,
The ruling power of his passion's storm ;
But when he heard how his plighted bride,
By her own fair lovely hand had died,
Then his spirit was seized with frenzy wild,
And despair alone his heart beguiled.

XX.

To horse, to horse ! the steed is brought ;
He mounts in haste, and with frenzy fraught,
He rushes on to behold his bride,
Past the rolling depths of a sullen tide ;
He stops ! then looks at the distant sky,
And rushes on to his destiny.

XXI.

See ! he rushes on through the foaming tide,
Whilst his spurs are deep in the courser's side ;
He rushes on ! and with fiery pride,
He calls aloud for his plighted bride ;
Then nought is heard but the ocean's roar ;
Rider and horse will be seen no more !

Lines

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

1837.

"Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young, and life a thing divine.
All tastes—all pleasures—all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine:—
Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss—
And if there's heaven on earth; that heaven is surely this."

SWAIN.

I.

OH! swear not by the changing moon,
Inconstant in its light;
Oh! swear not by the thousand stars,
That sparkle thro' the night.
Oh! swear not by the blooming spring,
Which decks the earth with flowers;
For autumn spreads its chilling wing,
O'er life's most sunny bowers.

II.

Swear not by heaven, tho' it remains
When time itself decays;
Nor by the ocean's boisterous wave,
Eternal in its ways:
Trust not to any earthly stay,
For, ere thy vow is spoken,
The clouds of thunder may unfurl,
And the shrine itself be broken.

III.

Give me thy word, thy simple word,
And seal it with a kiss;
Though vows to heaven are oft preferred,
I ask not more than this:
The pure chaste kiss of fervent love
Shall seal the contract given;
Far stronger than the sun or moon,
Or the glittering stars of heaven.

IV.

And when our vows shall be forgot,
  Those stars shall cease to shine ;
For memory hallows each fair spot,
  With thoughts of thee and thine :
The world's dark scenes seem far more bright,
  When thy spirit hovers round them ;
And affection's sighs seem far more dear,
  Than before I ever found them.

V.

Then when the star of evening shines
  Upon the peaceful billow ;
Think thou of Him who made the world,
  Of Him who guards thy pillow :
And I will fondly think of thee,
  My fervent prayer shall falter ;
That both may thus ascend above
  To God's unsullied altar.

VI.

Oh ! 'tis the sweetest incense far,
  For love and prayer to meet ;
And whilst we gaze on yon bright star,
  With joy and transport sweet,
To waft our thoughts for others' weal,
  Unto our Maker's throne—
A fragrant incense from the heart—
  And worship Him alone.

VII.

But, blessed hope ! there is a shore,
  A pure and cloudless sky,
Where friends shall meet to part no more,
  And love shall never die ;
Then though on earth no more we meet,
  Death ne'er the tie shall sever ;
Entrancing thought ! inspiring hope
  Our love shall last for ever !

The Broken Heart.

1837.

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it brake."

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

WHAT is it makes that pensive eye
The pearly tear disclose,
As she gazes calm and silently
Upon a withered rose?
A withered rose was on her breast,
And on her bosom hung
A portrait of the one she loved,
The fair, the gay, the young.

II.

Her cheek is pale; what is the cause
That care should mantle o'er
The cheek so young and beautiful,
Cloudless and fair before?
It seemed as though an early blight
Had nipped that lovely flower;
Ere spring could all its charms unfold,
It drooped at winter's power.

III.

Yes! she had been the gayest form,
Of many a smiling throng;
Oft had she led the sprightly dance,
And breathed the thrilling song;
But now her lute was laid aside,
The song of love forgot;
And all her hopes of joy and peace
Were now remembered not.

IV.

Once she would twine her auburn hair
In many a graceful curl,
And nought on earth could fairer be
Than that gay sprightly girl:
She was the fairest of the fair,
She moved in beauty's pride;
But ere her charms could all be seen,
The bud of promise died.

V.

Her garden flowers neglected lie,
Though once she loved to twine
The tendrils of each drooping plant,
And grace its last decline.
Now grief hath spread its mantle o'er,
The flowers of hope are dead—
The form—the shrine—the incense—all
Like blighted joys, have fled.

VI.

She loved :—the world's religion swayed—
Her parents would not give
The boon that she so simply craved,
With him a bride to live :
And she, submissive to their will,
Burst from the ties he wove,
And seemed to sink into decay,
Victim of filial love.

VII.

Religion ! thou wast never made
To rend life's dearest tie ;
To crush the thoughts of early love,
And the glow of sympathy :
It is thy task to sweeten life,
To give thy mede of bliss ;
And grant one drop of changeless joy,
To grace its happiness.

VIII.

The same immortal shrine they loved,
But in a different way ;
To the same God, the living God !
They knelt them down to pray ;
The forms were not the same, but He
Who sees the hearts of all,
Will hear the fervent prayer of those,
Who at his footstool fall.

IX.

Blighted are all the hopes of youth,
Her dream of bliss is o'er ;
She shuns the scenes where she was wont
To gaily move before :
She longs to lay her down and die,
That all her cares may cease ;
And find where storms may never blow
The heavenly port of peace.

X.

She deems that in that peaceful clime,
Where joys for ever flow,
Where bliss for ever reigns supreme,
And fled is every woe—
When every pang of earth is fled,
And passed is every care,
Before the Eternal's spotless throne—
That she will meet him there.

XI.

There in the realms of endless light,
Whilst countless ages roll,
Though sorrow be her earthly lot,
And blighted be her soul,
Oh! may they both rejoice in hope
To greet the promise given;
And when the blasts of time are o'er,
Renew their love in heaven.

The Storm.

1837.

THE clouds of the Heaven are gathering now,
And darkness dwells on the torrent's brow;
Whilst the howling whirlwind is passing by,
With a stream of fire from the blazing sky:
Disgorged are the bolts of the thunder red,
As though 'twere a blast to awake the dead;
And the spirit of vengeance seems hovering nigh,
On the warning blast of the frowning sky.
The firmament seems to be rent asunder,
By the lightning's flash, and the rolling thunder;
And the clouds fly wildly, as if in quest
Of a stormless sky for their murky rest;
And the starry world from the eye is fled,
As if all were o'er—as if all were dead;
And the radiant beams of the source of light,
Had passed to the shades of unending night,

And the forest pines, and the mighty oak,
Were rent in twain by the lightning's stroke ;
And the moaning forest bowed with fear,
As in reverence awed by the tempest near ;
The roaring torrent in oceans poured,
And the fairest spots of the earth deflowered,
Like the spirit of hatred, it howl'd along,
And joined with the blast in the midnight song.
And the desert sand dispersed on high,
For a moment shaded the threatening sky ;
Then again were spread by the tempest's shower,
And the blasting strength of the thunder's power ;
And the foam white billows reared on high,
Seemed to wash the shore of the lowering sky ;
And the ocean's bosom appeared to be
The dread abyss of infinity !
And the tumult of the boisterous wave,
Found many a bosom a watery grave,
That had once beat high with a hidden fire,
And would oft to the noblest arts aspire ;
And some of the gay and fair would find,
An ocean rest ; where the mighty wind
'Neath the pale moonlight would a requiem sigh,
And the waves join the midnight symphony.
Again ! again ! see ! the heavens are fire,
And the earthquake groans with its blasting ire ;
See the trees from their deepest roots are torn,
And with fury wild on the blast are borne ;
The wreck of matter seems onward hurled,
Like the last decay of the passing world ;
And the spirit of death seems hovering nigh,
Bidding all things pass, bidding all things die.
But the clouds disperse, and the tempest wild
Hath sunk to its rest as a slumbering child ;
The ocean's bosom appears to be
Once more a scene of tranquillity ;
The mantle of peace again is spread,
O'er the emerald green of its lucid bed ;
Whilst the moon awakes and shines on high,
The smiling queen of the azure sky.

The Gala.

1837.

I.

OH! 'twas a gay and a glittering throng,
And every heart with joy beat high;
And oft was heard the mirthful song,
And the gay wild laugh of revelry.

II.

And beauteous eyes shone fair and bright,
For every heart seemed free from care;
And fairy steps moved soft and light,
'Neath the sparkling lamps that were burning there.

III.

And music's thrilling sound was heard,
And eyes were bright as from sorrow free;
Not a gloomy thought or a sullen word,
Seemed to darken that vision of ecstacy.

IV.

The mantle of evening was spread around,
But its sombre shades from that scene were fled;
And nought was heard but the mirthful sound
Of music and song 'neath the radiance red.

V.

And a thousand glittering lamps were there,
And a thousand hearts beat gay and light;
And pleasure seemed with all to share
Its soothing power on that lovely night.

VI.

And yet if the hearts of all were shown,
To the piercing glance of the gazer's eye,
Would every earthly care be flown?
Would all be joy and ecstacy?

VII.

Ah! no, from the gayest bosom there,
Might be heard at seasons the troubled sigh;
And the cold damp touch of withering care,
Might darken the midnight revelry.

VIII.

For they felt, as lightly they moved along,
With the sound of mirth, and the thought of glee,
That the music's thrill, and the gayest song,
Must be heard alone in minstrelsy.

IX.

They felt that the sound of mirth and joy,
As the pale moonbeam must decline away;
And the fairest scenes will the heart decoy,
To remove the thought of its last decay.

X.

Then judge ye not by the outward sign,
For it cannot tell of the spirit's rest;
For as midnight stars in the Heaven decline,
Will pleasure cease in the sinner's breast.

XI.

Then if the hearts of all were shown
To the piercing glance of the gazer's eye;
The cares of earth would not be flown,
It would not all be revelry.

Death of a Christian.

1837.

I.

THE grave is thy rest, yet the shroud that hath bound thee,
Is one of all loveliness, glory, and light;
And the sweet and blest visions that now may surround thee,
Are the same and for ever eternally bright.

II.

The grave is thy rest, yet the cold clammy pillow
Brings nought of oppression or sorrow to thee;
For He who in tempests hath walked on the billow,
Hath triumphed o'er death, and thy spirit is free.

III.

The grave is thy rest, but the glory of Heaven
Hath called thee, young pilgrim, to taste of its joy;
The crown of rejoicing and triumph is given—
Thy pleasures are lasting and free from alloy.

IV.

Oh! sweet was thy smile as the dawn of the morning,
Fair flow'ret—too frail for the pitiless blast;
Whilst earth and its trifles thy spirit was scorning—
Thy summer was over—thy winter was past.

V.

But, oh! in the hour when thy spirit relying
On Him who thy frailties and sins hath forgiven;
How calmly and sweet did thy features in dying,
Shine forth with the brightness and glory of Heaven.

VI.

Disciple of Jesus! young pilgrim! thy morrow
Shall be an unchangeable scene of delight;
For, oh! in the hour of affliction and sorrow,
The yoke of thy Saviour was easy and light.

VII.

The Lamb is thy shield, and thy God is thy glory,
To Him the blest tribute of love let us raise;
Triumphant o'er death He hath conquered before thee—
To Him be the tribute, thanksgiving and praise.

Eternity.

1837.

OH! is not the calm and slumbering sea
An emblem of eternity?
Without a bound, and beyond control,
Its crested billows shall onward roll;
When man hath passed to his latest sleep,
No change shall be found in the foaming deep;
But onward still, shall its waters move,
Impelled by the power of Almighty love.

No change ! the time is drawing nigh,
When the lovely earth, and the beauteous sky
Alike must fade from the weary sight ;
And for ever pass to the shades of night ;
When the contrite soul from its fetters free,
Shall bask in the light of eternity ;
And the ocean's bosom shall ne'er be seen,
With its heaving waters of crystal green.
Oh ! earth may smile, but its joys decay ;
Its fleeting friendships will pass away ;
The fairest flower will the soonest die—
Its native soil is the peaceful sky.
They flee from the chilling blast of time
To a lovelier shore and a purer clime ;
Then we will not mourn as they pass away,
For they shall rejoice in a cloudless day.
How many a shrine we loved so late,
Of its hope, and joy, is desolate ;
How many a smile that the spirit cheers,
Is changed for the blight of a thousand tears ;
How many of those we loved on earth,
Are missed in the circles of festive mirth ;
How many a flower that here we cull,
Withers whilst still it is beautiful.
But, oh ! the lingering thought of thee—
Trackless—immense—eternity !
Will make us long for a happier shore,
Where roses bloom to fade no more.
We shall long for a rest to the weary given ;
A rest of joy in the distant heaven ;
When earth's dark scenes no gloom can trace
O'er the spirit's silent resting-place :
What peace we find in the thought of thee,
Unbounded, vast futurity !
Thousands of ages may roll away ;
Man may return to his parent clay ;
The earth may consume the mountain's fall,
And time be arrayed in her funeral pall ;
The ocean's waves from her bounds be sent,
And dried be the liquid element :
That hour of creation's night shall be
The shadowy morn of eternity.

The Christian's Peace.

1837.

I.

HOW many a dream of youthful joy,
Hath passed with time away?
How many a scene of love and peace
Hath found its last decay?
How many a smile, whose gladsome light,
So beautiful had been,
Hath sunk into eternal night,
And is no longer seen.

II.

How many a heart hath ceased to thrill,
That once with joy would move;
Hath ceased to wake the tuneful song,
Of melody and love?
And found a rest where daisies bloom,
Above the verdant mound—
The solemn stillness of the tomb
Our loved ones mantle round.

III.

Yet through the future, dimly seen,
We trace more sunny hours;
Hope points unto a cloudless sky,
And never dying flowers:
The Christian's peace endureth still,
Though time may cease to be;
It will remain when time is past,
In immortality.

Stanzas.

1837.

I.

OH! sweet as the rose blooming gay o'er the fountain,
Or clear as the well-spring of pleasure's bright stream;
And strong as the hold of the snow-shadowed mountain,
Is the spirit's deep ardour in youth's sunny dream.

II.

As the vine gaily blossoms, when summer is nearest,
So youth's budding hope, when spring-tide is o'er,
Still clings to the heart that in childhood was dearest,
Though altered and changed is the form that it wore.

III.

As the vine's richest blossoms give promise of treasure,
So youth's budding virtues a solace will bring
To those who have passed from the sunshine of pleasure,
And have tasted the waters of time's chilly spring.

IV.

But the rough blasts of winter, the cluster will sever,
That hangs to the vine-trellised wildly and gay;
It parts from the stem that hath borne it for ever,
And like youth's dream of fancy is doomed for decay.

V.

But virtue, thy incense at noontide discloses
A beam to enlighten our perilous way;
When the vine-tree is withered, and summer's gay roses,
Are doomed in their beauty to final decay.

VI.

Eternal thy fragrance—untainted by sorrow—
For ever unchanged shall thy sweet pleasures bloom;
From thee the sad spirit some comfort may borrow,
And joyfully look past the bourne of the tomb.

The Massacre of the Bards.

1839.

"1284. King Edward the First, sensible that nothing kept alive the ideas of military valour and ancient glory, so much as the traditional poetry of the people, which, assisted by the power of music and the jollity of festivals, made deep impressions on the minds of his youth; gathered all the Welsh Bards, and from a barbarous policy, ordered them to be put to death."

HUME'S "England," p. 165.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail,
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears."

GRAY.

WHO hath not felt the holy tie,
Which binds him to his native land;
So pure that he would gladly die
Amid its patriot warrior band?
The man who feels her cause is just,
Is in the force of virtue strong;
He knows the firmness of his trust,
And will not stoop to bear her wrong.
He longs to see her first and brightest,
The star of earth, the ocean's gem:
He feels those clouds of sorrow lightest
That tarnish not her diadem:
For though on him they doubly fall,
Faith in the glory of her cause,
With hope sustains and bears them all,
And triumphing in freedom's laws,
He will not live to be a slave,
But gives his birthright to the grave.

Land of the minstrel! land of song!
Scene of the patriots' bloody wrong!
Land of the bleak and barren mountain,
The glassy lake and silvery fountain!

Thy soil hath nurtured many a name,
Illustrious on the roll of fame ;
Those who have bow'd the suppliant knee
But at the shrine of liberty ;
Whose hearts have felt the quenchless fire
  Which burns their country's weal to see ;
Whose deepest thought and best desire
  Were panting wild for victory.
Freedom or death ! they could not brook
The tyrant's chain, the traitor's look ;
They could not stoop to pander pride ;
Nor could they court the fashion's tide ;
But bold in heart, in thought as free
As their own mountain scenery,
They bowed at freedom's sacred shrine,
  And worshipped at her glorious altar ;
No slavish fears could e'er combine
  To make the voice of nature falter.
No ; she shall live till time shall fail,
  The firmament become a scroll ;
In her own purity prevail,
  To guard and shield the patriot's soul.
She shall sustain him in the strife,
  She shall support him in the field ;
With mercy soothe his varied life,

  And make the proud oppressor yield :
Or if in bondage 'tis his fate
  To waste life's weary waning flame,
His heart will not be desolate ;
  But triumphing in freedom's name,
The visions of his early years,
His childhood's hope, his boyhood's fears,
The warfare of his manhood's prime,
Will burst the iron tomb of time ;
Awaken memories of the past,
The scenes of bliss too bright to last ;
And make the joys for ever fled
Rise like an incense from the dead.
A star amid the clouds of sorrow,
A beacon of the bright to-morrow,
To spread fresh glory o'er the tomb,
And make hope's withered pathway bloom
With flowers that cheer the captive's chain
And bring the long-lost back again.

Long had thy verdant valleys known
  The peace and plenty of repose ;

The lap of beauty was thy own,
And rivalled even England's rose.
Then Cambria's daughters fair and gay
Were bounding o'er thy pastures bright;
Like Peri's on their heavenward way,
Or wandering ministers of light:
For they were beautiful as gay,
Their hearts unknown to sin and guile;
No blight had strewn their sunny way,
Affection breath'd in every smile;
And showed the spirit's rich excess
Of overflowing tenderness.

Thy minstrels were a happy throng,
Seeming to live and die in song;
Live in the light of fancy's ray,
And die when it had passed away.
The young had tuned their lyres to love,
With inspiration from above;
The old had sung the deeds gone by,
Of Cambria's ancient chivalry;
Of good Llewellyn's sovereign sway,
When pleasure crown'd their lonely way;
When justice shared the throne with truth,
And valour arm'd each patriot youth,
Who vow'd to live in freedom's cause,
Or nobly perish for her laws.

How often have they sadly wept;
As, love inspired, they sang of him,
Who safe enshrined in memory slept,
With lustre time could never dim.
His patient love, his sense of wrong,
Would thrill the hoary minstrel's breast,
And in the soul-inspiring song
Would breathe the thoughts that might not rest:
They told the story of his love,
That thrilling and impassion'd hour,
So firmly register'd above,
That death alone could change its power.
Of woman too they sang,
Of one of England's daughters;
In purity as bright
As star-light on the waters.
His young and lovely bride,
Like Aurora, beaming forth,
In the sun of beauty's pride,
The angel of the north.

Day after day they seem'd to move,
And live but in each other's love ;
Each sun that rose would bring but joy,
The shades of night could ne'er destroy ;
Till death the fatal word had spoken,
And the silver cord of life was broken.

'Twas then he lived but for his home,
The dwelling of his sire ;
Dreaming no more of joys to come,
He kindled freedom's fire,
And vow'd upon the bended knee,
To live or die for liberty.
Long had the smiles of plenty been
Attendant on his valleys green ;
Long, long had peace its chaplet wove
With never-fading flowers of love ;
For heaven had blessed his warrior race,
And found a quiet resting place,
To those who for their land alone,
Would mount a scaffold as a throne ;
Till the ambitious Edward came,
Who cared not for the minstrel's song,
And heeding not the patriot's wrong,
He barter'd soul for fame.
But he had warriors brave and true,
Who to the fasts of Snowdon drew
Their armed in strong array ;
For thousands clashed the blood-stained sword,
To fight for England's cruel lord
Upon that dreadful day.
Secure upon the mountain's height,
The sons of Cambria stood ;
Its snow-clad summit ere the night
Was weeping with their blood !
For thousands upon thousands fell,
Guarding the cause they loved so well.

Llewellyn saw from Aber's height,
His faithful warriors fall ;
And raised the dragon pennant bright,
Reflected in the noon-day light,
From his lone citadel.
But when as one by one they fell,
His feeling heart would proudly swell
With thoughts too dreadful to express,
Nursed in the lap of wretchedness.
No longer could his soul sustain

Its silent agony of pain ;
But calling on his patron saint,
He seiz'd his trusty sword ;
And to his followers brave, though faint,
Rushed Cambria's mighty lord.
Again the dragon pennant streaming,
Was in the glittering sun-beam gleaming ;
Bloody and torn ! yet raised on high,
The upraised banner seemed to fly !
And then the charge was given,
Freedom or death ! for one is nigh !
Patriots of Cambria learn to die ;
The grave ! the grave ! or victory !
The Briton's ancient battle cry,
Rang through the distant heaven.
They fought like heroes ; on, still on,
They trampled o'er the slain ;
Their hopes of freedom nearly gone,
No more to rise again ;
Thus still those patriots stood the shock,
Firm as an adamantine rock ;
Old Merlin's deep prophetic voice,
Which oft had bade their souls rejoice,
Was heard amid the war's alarms,
Above the clash and din of arms,
" See England yields ! ye sons of fame !
Fight on for Cambria's failing name ;
One struggle more, for life or death
Hangs on the issue of a breath."
Again the war-cry sounds on high,
The grave ! the grave ! or victory !
And like their own wild mountain stream,
They onward rush ! as though a dream
Of happier days was nigh.
God of the Cimri, hear their prayer !
Support the toils of war to bear,
Or teach them how to die.
The oppressors yield ! the bards awake
Their half-forgotten lyre,
To sound the praise of him, whose name
Did every thought inspire ;
He who had fought that day,
With more than mortal might,
Whose strong right arm was felt to sway,
To rule the bloody fight.
And thousands knelt to breathe the song,
His power to praise and tell their wrong !

An aged minstrel bowed in prayer,
No smile of gladness seem'd to wear :
Grey was his head, and white as snow
The silvery beard which flowed below !
Pale was his cheek ; his furrowed brow
No joy nor sunshine e'er might know.
The signet of his soul was there ;
The harrowing thought and blight of care
Had chased the tears of love along,
As mute he listened to the song :
Fain would he join the cheering strain,
But sorrow racked his feverish brain ;
He did not rise to praise the great,
He felt his native country's fate :
His deeply lustrous beaming eye
Looked into dark futurity ;
Prophetic as the bards of old,
He saw his land betrayed for gold !
He saw his prince lie low and slain,
That prince for whom to die was gain :
A tyrant's footstep mark the sod—
The birthright from his fathers' God ;
He knew oppression had but slept,
And as be gazed—the minstrel wept.

He wept, and spake his tale of grief
To give his burdened soul relief ;
" Short is our triumph, short the hour,
Which sees us free from England's power.
How gladly would I join in praise,
And to my prince the tribute raise,—
The tribute of a grateful heart,
In which my comrades bear a part,
But now my soul is deeply bowed,
And shadowed by the future's cloud,—
A cloud so dark, no light can near
To quell the thought of gloom and fear,
That presses with a weight so dense,
Its very shadow seems intense !
Eternal God ! oh ! ward the blow
Which buries all our hopes below :
Shield him amidst the sanguine fight,
Protect him with Thy arm of might.
Oh ! in the field, protect him still,
And guide him safe from every ill,
To wield once more upon the throne
The sceptre that is his alone.

Then, unto Thee, shall thousands raise
The anthem of a nation's praise,
And all the followers of the lyre
Shall tune it with affection's fire;
In one sweet prayer Thy power to bless,
One fervent song of thankfulness;
But, oh! I fear it may not be,—
I feel my country's destiny."

Not long such scenes might Cambria know,
The blood of freedom yet must flow:
The dove of peace can find no rest,
But with the olive, leaves her nest,
To seek for some more kindly shore,
Where tyranny is felt no more;
But, she may spread the weary wing
To many a distant land,
And find no faithful Noah there
To stretch the friendly hand.
Then, may the arkless dove return
And ne'er again to roam,
Spread peace among the hearts that burn
Amid her mountain home.
Then! then! though distant be the time,
The lyre shall wake once more,
And minstrels sing their native songs
Upon their native shore.

* * * *

The prince escap'd! but better far
That he had perish'd in the war;
He fell not, fighting for his land,
His sword he could not wave!
Far from his faithful, patriot band,
A traitor dug his grave;
One holy man alone was nigh
To cheer his soul and close his eye!

He fell, as falls the forest tree
Before the woodman's arm of might;
Though dying yet his soul was free,
In fancy still he seemed to fight;
He press'd the blade so deeply dyed
With life's last warm and crimson tide,
Unto his almost bursting heart.

But hark that sound! ah, why that start?
It was the knell that told the cause—
  The righteous cause of freedom past,
All broken were her sacred laws,
  Her skies for ever overcast!
He called the spirits of his sires
  To bless his faithful band,
And prayed that freedom's quenchless fires
  Might guard his much loved land—
That heaven would grant the unerring right
Which tyranny no more might blight;
The cause of justice triumph o'er,
And mercy guard her mountain shore.
Then all was peace! a placid smile
Stole for a moment o'er his brow;
He sunk upon the field of death,
The tide of life still ebbing low—
His quivering lips were moved in prayer,
A look of triumph chased despair,
In one deep sigh his spirit fled;
The patriot, warrior, prince, was dead;
His soul which lived but to be free,
Was breathed away in liberty.

Again the war-cry loudly sounded,
  The mountains murmuring back the call,
And glens that well-known shout rebounded;
  The silvery foaming waterfall
Took up the strain, and hushed its song
To echo Cambria's deadly wrong!
Again her warriors past,
But not to vanquish England's might,
For many felt that fatal night
Would surely be their last!
Yet, still, as sword in hand they stood
The valleys weltering with their blood—
They knew not fear, they felt not pain,
Till tidings that their prince was slain
Unnerved the arm that held the shield
And made the aching sinews yield!
They saw the sun of freedom set
Amid the clouds of sorrow,
And vainly sought some ray of hope
To gild the cheerless morrow;
They fell beneath the mighty stroke
And bowed the neck to England's yoke.

A single trumpet's voice was pealing
Over that scene of blood and strife,
When those who fought for home and freedom
Had only yielded hope with life!
It was the gathering of the bards—
Old Merlin blew the well-known peal,
And many a minstrel's heart rejoiced
The strains of early days to feel;
It struck the sweet but plaintive chord
Of memory's deeply hallowed shell,—
They triumphed in the righteous laws
Of that pure shrine they loved so well;
And as they trod upon the field,
Where thousands of their comrades died,
They tuned the lyre that would not yield,
To curse the tyrant's blood-bought pride;
And as they sadly moved along,
The dying listened to their song.

The minstrels fled to Snowdon's height
For refuge on that fatal night,
But not till hope had died away,
And slaughter ruled the bloody fray.
Their lyres were on their shoulders flung,
The tuneful chords were all unstrung.
No more to sound in Cambria's praise,
'Neath freedom's ever glorious rays;
For if those fadeless strains must live,
Amid the tyrant's thrall they rise,
A dawning of some brighter day,
An earnest of more peaceful skies.
To sweet Llanberris freedom fled,
To hide her sons of lyre and song;
There, when protracted hope was dead,
They tuned their harps to mourn her wrong.
And still at summer's radiant call,
Those bards would hold their festival.

While Gryffith sung of glory wasted,
And passed the wine-cup all untasted,
Old Merlin told of days to come,
When liberty again should break,
Though clouds of darkness calmly shine,
And from the night of freedom wake—
'Twas then the virgins join'd the song,
Hope beaming in the sparkling eye.
How gladly for their country's gain
Would each pure heart have learned to die;

How gladly would have dashed the cup
With life's best pleasures flowing o'er,
Untasted leave the joys of love
To add to Cambria's failing store.
To them the tyrant's costly bowl
Was deadly to the patriot's soul ;
'Twas bitterness upon the lip
Of those who dared its fire to sip ;
But when the cup was seen to swim
With grape juice flowing o'er the brim,
An offering to the endless flame,
That, like the sun, can never die,
But each succeeding day the same,
Shines glorious to eternity ;
'Twas then they quaffed the purple stream
That warmed the blood and cheered the soul,
And virgins sipped the inspiring draught,
Or kissed the margin of the bowl.

Old Gryffith had a tuneful harp,
The minstrel had a lovely daughter,
And she would wake the slumbering lyre,
E'en as her aged father taught her.
She had a form so bright and fair,
That gladness seemed her soul to share;
Her eyes were of the darkest jet
Where love and beauty sweetly met,
To show the mirror of the mind
Without the aid of art refined ;
And, like the fawn, she gaily bounded
From hill to hill, and dale to dale ;
The rocks her plaintive strain resounded,
Whilst singing to the nightingale ;
And as she led that aged man,
Like morning leading night to rest,
No eye the secret could unfold
Of what was striving in her breast.
In childhood she had fondly quaffed
The cup of freedom, pure and bright.
And in the soul-inspiring draught,
She felt her country's changeless right.
She mingled her garland of love and song
With the strains which told of her country's wrong ;
She tuned her lyre to the oft-told story
Of Cambria's might, and of Cambria's glory.
She gladdened the heart that in sorrow was sleeping,
Anointed the eye that in sadness was weeping.

From the crystal fountain, whose streams never cloy,
From the well-spring of life, from the fountain of joy,
She drank of that fountain, its water was sweet;
The flow'rets of summer were strewn at her feet;
A fairy spirit she seemed to be,
Or a form of the poet's minstrelsy;
Like a vision of beauty she wander'd along,
Her heart was the birth-place of music and song;
She lived for her country, she loved but her sire,
Till the halls of her fathers felt tyranny's ire;
Till its red-streaming banner, all clotted with blood,
Waved over the home where her forefathers stood,
Then the beautiful wept.

But ere her sweet young April morn
Had ripened into woman's May,
She felt the aching lonely void
Which nought but love can ever stay;
That restless yearning of the mind,
Vague, uncontrolled, and undefined,
That longing lingering after rest,
Which ne'er may find the weary breast;
That desert want of what we know not,
That weeping over what we show not:
That early winter, ere the soul
Hath learned its passions to control,
She felt the truth which many prove,
That earthly friendship is not love.

Oh! what is life devoid of love?
A barren waste without a flower;
A fruitless garden, parched and dry,
Uncherished by the genial shower;
A desert land, without a stream
To quench the thirst of those who stray,
'Mid fancy's wild bewildering dream,
Along its dark and troubled way.
The day is night, and night is day;
No sun may cheer the wanderer there,
But from the echo of decay
The spirit feels its deep despair;
The unthinking world is seen to frown
Upon the heart's sepulchral throne,
Surrounded by the smiles of joy,
It feels that it is all alone;
Then does the pulse that once beat high
More slowly move to pleasure's strain;
The soul, too early taught to die,

Affects to smile, but smiles in pain.
Oh 'tis a deeply fearful thing
To watch the young heart withering;
To see the eye that once was bright
Close 'mid the shades of sorrow's night;
To see the form, in beauty's bloom,
Sink to its cold, but living tomb;
A life of death, in which is felt
The darkness which no sun may melt.
Despair sits brooding o'er the scene,
Like Satan, first at Eden's fall,
Watches each torment with delight;
In fiendish triumph views them all.
The heart shrinks backward from the spell,
And bids the world a long farewell,
When finding nought below to bless,
It shudders at its wretchedness.

Not long she pined; for there was one,
Old Merlin's loved and honoured son;
Young, brave, and gay, he stood the fight
For Cambria's ancient freedom's right;
And he had learned to tune the string
That ne'er might sound the oppressor's call,
And at the soft awakening
He knew Leonora felt them all.
What wonder, when they oft would sing
The strains of other days together;
When both were young, and hope's bright wing
Had not yet lost a single feather,
Save in the sense of Cambria's wrong
And bondage of her sons of song;
What wonder, that the god of love,
To sympathy so near akin,
Burst from the cloudless world above,
And taught their spirits, free from sin,
To triumph in the golden fetter
Which made them love each other better.

Young Owen loved, and knew not why
That nought could still the half-breathed sigh;
He felt no pleasure in the dance,
Unless her fairy form was there:
Alone, no incense could he offer,
When bowed before the shrine in prayer—
But when together they had knelt,
In unison the voice would falter;

The same reflected incense rose
To heaven's all pure and spotless altar.

Oh love ! thou art the sunny morn
Which gilds the stream of life anew ;
With thee the roses bear no thorn,
With thee the skies are ever blue.
The tempest howls around the soul
That feels not thy meridian ray ;
But, oh ! no charm can e'er control
The joys that crowd thy beaming way ;
Thou comest upon the zephyr sighing,
Thy spirit haunts the midnight hour,—
We feel thy sacred influence flying
On every breeze, in every shower.
The sun of youth's morning, the star of its even—
The summer to earth and the spring-tide of heaven.

His love, was like a burning river
Which overflowed its banks for ever ;
Resistless as the tide of song
It swept in majesty along :
Yet, clear as that transparent lake
Of which the stars might seem to drink,
When first in heaven they brightly wake
And gild the pebbles on the brink.
But her's was like the dawning day
Bathing in light, as in a ray
Of endless sunshine ; 'twas so pure
It would eternity endure !
Her melting eye could scarce express
The heart's deep mine of tenderness,
Though when on him those eyes were bent
They made e'en silence eloquent :
That silent eloquence which speaks
More than the heart may dare reveal,
With crimson mantles o'er the cheeks,
And tells what we would fain conceal.
She loved him ; is it not enough
To say a woman loved ?
Each thought in unison thus met,
Each pulse together moved ;
Their every pleasure was the same,
Kindled by love's undying flame,
Fanned by affection, cheered by truth,
Amid the fervid glow of youth :—
How often do our early years
Begin with smiles, but end in tears.

A ruined fane stood near the spot
Where old Dolbadern rears its head :
Decay had mouldered o'er its walls,
The ivy bloomed above the dead,
Like beauty aiding hoary age
When near its last dark pilgrimage.
What different scenes Dolbadern knew
In days for ever past away,
When from its towers the trumpet blew
And chieftains thronged in bright array.
One lonely flower upon the turret
Weeps with the ivy for its doom ;
The wall-flower there is seen to flourish
And hallow freedom's early tomb—
Spreading its perfume in lament
Around the time-worn battlement,
As though no change of earth might dull
The scene that once was beautiful ;
'Twas there the minstrels used to meet
And pour their spirits forth in song :
'Twas there the eyes of love would greet
The bards that told their country's wrong.

The stars were sleeping on the lake,
  Like love when cradled in repose,
Leonora bids her harp awake
  And to the ruined temple goes ;
Oft when the evening decked the sky
  And smiled upon the placid stream,
She wandered forth to breathe on high
  The secrets of her love's first dream :
She wandered forth to tell the stars
  Her tale of gladness or of woe,
For nature seems to bear a part
  With all her children here below ;
And she was nature's favourite child,
  Reared in her lap, nursed on her breast,
And cradled in her beauty, smiled
  The thought of care to early rest.
The mountains seemed to have a voice,
  The torrent whispered to her soul,
The lake would bid her heart rejoice,
  As peacefully its waters roll.

The storm, the vivid lightning's flash,
The ocean's roar, the thunder's clash,
The sun, the stars, the moon, the sky,
Spake to her soul of liberty ;

The world beneath, the world above,
Breathed but of freedom and of love ;
She feared no harm ! the blue midnight
Was beaming on her as she passed ;
The mantle of her soul was light,
The zone of love was round her cast ;
Inspired before the lowly shrine,
She poured her prayer of love divine.

She ceased her prayer, and gently stole
To where her aged father slept ;
And as she viewed his wrinkled brow,
The loving daughter turned and wept ;
A tear was trickling down the cheek
With age and sorrow furrowed o'er ;
For e'en in slumber he would dream
Of all the wrongs his country bore ;
She watched him as an angel watches
The saint's last moments here below,
Before the glazed but beaming eye
Awakes, the spirit's land to know ;
She watched him as a mother watches
Above her first-born's placid rest ;
With filial love her heart was flowing,
Her father's sorrows wrung her breast.
In sleep, he grasped his sabre's hilt,
The sword he for his country wielded,
And murmuring victory he awoke.
A daughter's arms the father's shielded,
His head reclined upon her breast,
Whilst her's was laid upon his shoulder ;
As the woodbine twines around the oak,
So did the arms of love enfold her.

Sleep ! gentle sleep ! thou soother of our care,
The good and bad of thy sweet influence share,
E'en as the rains of heaven on both descend,
So they together at thy footstool bend ;
But far more cheering is thy form to those
Whom virtue beckons to thy soft repose,
If but to rest the tir'd and throbbing head
Upon the mattress or the strawy bed,
Than vice with splendour curtain'd : guilty gain
How often wooes thy shadow but in vain,
To bid the energies of life restore,
And make the spirit to rejoice once more.
Childhood hath courted thy refreshing rest,
The babe hath lov'd thee on the mother's breast ;

Youth dreams upon thy soft and balmy pillow,
When joy is mantling o'er life's stormy billow,
Manhood hath bowed before thee, gentle sleep!
And lost its sorrows in thy slumber deep;
Age hath rejoiced and clothed its hoary head
With thee as with a mantle: woe hath fled;
Love's refuge is thy bosom: there it lies,
Fed by the zephyrs from thy cloudless skies;
Nature itself will at thy footstool fall,
Thy magic reign subdues and conquers all.

And he, that old and weary man,
Had felt its sweet refreshing power,
'Twas like the gently falling dew
Which brings to life the faded flower;
Fresh vigour seemed his nerves to thrill;
His soul was roused to life once more;
He gazed upon the glittering shield
That oft his brave forefathers wore.
His daughter still was standing near,
And ill suppressed the rising tear,
As, bending o'er her lonely parent,
She longed to hear her mother's doom,
Who, ere the infant bud expanded,
Was gathered to the peaceful tomb.
Oft had she tried to learn the story;
But ere the tale of woe began,
He trembled at the sad rehearsal,
And sorrow shook the aged man.
But now again she tries to learn
The secret of her mother's fate,
And all her thoughts with ardour burn,
To hear her sire the tale relate.

"Oft have I tried," the aged minstrel said,
"To move the curtain that enshrines the dead;
Oft have I tried to tell the tearful story,
And shew the path which led her on to glory;
But mildew seemed to gather round my soul;
A flood of tears, that I could not control,
Prevented utterance to the griefs which pressed
About the living tomb within my breast.
Could eye of man but see that dreadful void,—
The sepulchre of hope too soon destroyed,
The blasted pleasures that are withering there,
In summer blighted by the hand of care;
No wonder then would fill the enquiring eye,
To hear the lonely minstrel wish to die;

From all the strife of earth for ever cease,
And with thy mother long to rest in peace.
Once life to me had many thousand charms ;
The wing of pleasure, variegated dyes ;
And all the heart which first affection warms,
Seemed dawning o'er me from the azure skies ;
Bliss was around me : love had led me on ;
Before me was the future : no alloy
Had crossed the pathway which my steps had gone,
No drop of sorrow tinged the draught of joy ;
The cup of pleasure pressed upon my lip,
And fairy fancy tempted me to sip.
Oh! that the stream which seemed surcharged with bliss,
Should prove so soon the gall of bitterness !

" 'Twas in the noonday of my life I knew
That seraph form which first affection drew ;
Though years have rolled above my hoary head,
Since she was numbered with the silent dead,
Yet bright in memory her face still lives,
The horizon brightens with the peace it gives.
Sometimes methinks her spirit hovers near,
To hold communion which on earth was dear ;
Sometimes methinks upon the howling storm
I see her fair and ever lovely form ;
The hope-star of the tempest oft she stood,
And smiled, like mercy, o'er the boiling flood
That raged within the breast of him she left,
To tread the earth alone, of her bereft.
Oh ! she was young and beautiful ! the earth
Had never nurtured a more lovely child ;
The stars of morning shone upon her birth,
The heaven of heavens upon her pathway smiled.
The dews of affection would dwell on her lip,
Like a flower, of whose honey the bees never sip,
Untasted, untouched, save by her who had pressed
That angel-like form to a mother's fond breast ;
She was pure as a spirit that early has given
The heart's best devotion in incense to heaven ;
She was chaste as the snow-flake drifted on high,
Ere earth had polluted the child of the sky :
In honour she lived, and in beauty she moved ;
By purity nourished, by innocence loved.

" She had a mother ; one like me
Fast verging on that dreadful brink
Which overhangs the pathless sea,
In which alike we all must sink ;

Though she was aged and infirm,
And totter'ng on the brink of time,
Yet e'en in nature's last decay
The age of virtue was sublime;
For she was like a stately tree
Bowed, but not broken, by the blast
Which shook the spirits of the free,
And life's gay morning overcast;
Thy mother was the only stay
That earth had left to cheer her way;
And oft her gentle heart would prove
The yearnings of a mother's love.

"O canst thou number the stars above?
Then mayest thou mete out a mother's love;
Canst thou measure the sands on the ocean's shore;
Or count the billows that round it roar;
Canst thou watch alone o'er the bed of death,
Ere the loved ones relinquish their fleeting breath,
When the buds of promise fall one by one,
And the blight of earth hath its message done,
In the slow but not less sure decay
Which cankers the pleasures of life away;
Canst thou watch those beings to whom we give
The deepest and purest of love below,
Who in memory's garland yet shall live,
'Mid the heart's unsullied overflow;
Canst thou watch them dying, and yet stand by
To cheer the spirit and close the eye;
Night after night thy vigils keep,
O'er the bed of the sufferer's broken sleep?
If this the soul without murmuring prove,
Then mayest thou judge of a mother's love;
It begins with the babe when life is new,
When it smiles on the bosom from whence it drew
The first living fountain its lips e'er taste,
On the morn of its journey through life's weary waste;
It fondly yearns for its future years,
And sheds o'er the prospect heartfelt tears;
It breathes in silence the fervent prayer,
The infant sorrows below to share;
Its first aspirations to glory above
Are inspired by a mother's unchangeable love.
In childhood, when infancy loses its reign,
And the step bounds with joy o'er the flower-spangled
plain;
When the spirit is bright as the morning sky,
And hope is the star of its destiny,

When no cloud sullies its heaven above,
Its changeless guard is a mother's love ;
When childhood is lost in the blossoms of youth ;
And the world seems a scene of enjoyment and truth ;
When time can the blight of its cares never bring,
And pleasure is born on the breath of the spring ;—
More lovely the scene of enchantment is wove,
By the fathomless depths of a mother's love.

" In one of those unhappy feuds
Which oft my native land hath known,
That aged woman lost her life,
And left thy mother all alone.
A traitor from the English camp
Found out the covert where she dwelt ;
Her daughter viewed the bloody scene,
And for her parent fondly knelt :
Thus pleading for that mother's life :
She pleaded, but her prayers were vain ;
For in that sanguinary strife
The honoured of her soul was slain ;
And further had the tyrant gone,
Had I not heard the widow's cry,
My trusty sword was girded on ;
I came but to behold her die.
I saw the murderer standing near,
And grasped his war-stained battle spear,
Just as his coward arm was raised
To force the guileless one to fly ;
And may the God of heaven be praised,
I was the shield of purity ;
One plunge, and then the fatal dart
Was buried in that traitor's heart.

She swooned upon the sodden'd clay ;
I raised her almost lifeless form,
And gently bore her on her way,
Where peace might rule the raging storm ;
I sprinkled water o'er the brow,
And felt the pulse with transport move ;
She lived, but at my feet to bow ;
She awoke to live ; she lived to love.

Ere yet a year had rolled along,
That child of nature and of song
Was mine, and only mine : alone
The idol of affection's throne.
Our vine-clad cot was full of joy,
Untainted by the earth's alloy ;

The sun arose upon our bliss,
And set upon our happiness;
But oh, such scenes were far too dear,
Too precious, long to linger here.
When thou wast born, another tie
Bound us to earth: the thought of thee
Had gladdened Ellen's pensive eye,
Thy infant pranks were joy to me.
And I have tried thy mother's loss,
Without a murmur to sustain,
And tending o'er thy youthful years,
Subdue the thoughts that bring but pain:
Despite of this my tears will fall,
She was my life, my love, my all.
Can I forget? ah, no; the hour
That saw her fall is ne'er forgot;
In slumber yet I often dream
Of that sweet daisy-covered spot,
Where rest the last remains of her
Who was my life's best minister.

"I had a friend, ah, woe that such a name
Should e'er be branded with the stamp of shame.
Lyrach was young, and I had thought him brave;
Alas that flowers should deck corruption's grave;
To him the secrets of my heart were known,
To him my bosom thoughts alike were shown;
But he was heartless: traitor to the cause
He vowed to live and die for: human laws,
Or laws divine, alike controlled him not;
He was the plague around my peaceful cot.
I shared a portion of my daily bread
With him who worked my ruin; he who led
The chaste companion of my earthly care
To premature destruction.

"One eve I joined the little band
That perished for their native land,
'Twas mellow twilight when we met,
At midnight all our hopes were set.
We met and firmly vowed to die
For life, for home, for liberty,
Rather than live to be subdued;
We vowed to perish in our blood.
The sun was shining on the blade
Which seemed with victory arrayed,
For heaven still smiled upon the few
Who swore to die or to subdue.

Lyrach was left to guard the spot
Where innocence and virtue dwelt;
His soul its debt of love forgot,
No pity for the absent felt.
I left him in my home to guard
What unto me was more than life.
Oh! what was gratitude's reward?
He sold his country in the strife.
God of the free! avenging heaven,
Can such dark crimes be e'er forgiven?
The friend I nourished in my breast
Has stung me to the very soul;
Drove from my heart the thought of rest,
My dearest joys for ever stole.
My wife, my angel wife, was there,
Left to his false professing care;
He swore to die ere she should fall
A victim to the tyrant's power:
I, doating fool, believed it all.
Cursed be that dark and dreary hour,
When friendship lived to blast the joy
Which death alone could else destroy.

"We parted! little did I ween
How long that parting would have been.
One burning kiss, the last and sweetest
That e'er my feverish lips might cull,
Was pressed upon the crimson cheek
Of her, the young and beautiful.
I kissed my child, my daughter young,
The tears from out their fountain sprung;
I saw my Ellen's charms renew
Within thy melting eye of blue;
Thou *wast* the mirror where her mind
With half its graces were defined;
Thou *art* the mirror where her soul
Reflects its bright and perfect whole.

"Hard was the fight! the morn was up;
The dews were falling from the cup
That fair Aurora held on high,
Like gems from out the new-born sky,
And fell in sweet refreshing showers
Upon a world of living flowers.
Hard was the fight! the little band
Fell one by one to guard our land.

A blow from one of Cambria's foes
Had laid me prostrate on the field ;
And, ere I from that trance arose,
The sun was shining on my shield ;
Morning had decked the eastern sky
With tints of purple and of gold ;
And, like a silvery canopy,
Transparent mists around it rolled ;
It spake of peace ! I looked around,
But could no earthly friend descry ;
The patriot band had all been slain,
And I had lived to see them die.
The thought of home ! my child, my wife,
Had reconciled my heart to life.
Exertion in our holy cause,
And loss of blood, had made me weak ;
I rose and tottered to my cot,
Delirium flushed my fevered cheek.
No hand was there to ope the latch,
No friend was left my course to watch.
I knocked ! no answer ? could it be
My loved one had forgotten me ?
Ah no ! I hushed the traitor thought
That rose in anguish from my breast,
And wildly, with impatience fraught,
Rushed to the scene that banished rest ;
With one bold thrust I burst the door,
And what a sight there met my view !
Her yet warm blood was on the floor,
The life-blood of the fair and true ;
The weight of mountains seemed to press
Upon my whirling, wandering brain ;
The heart's extreme of wretchedness
Was in that hour of dreadful pain.
My senses reeled ; I fell upon
Her beautiful, but lifeless form ;
I kissed the lips whose smiles were gone,
I pressed the breast no longer warm.
Death ! it was madness racked my brain ;
I called on her, but called in vain.

"Was it a dream ? ah no, the fatal truth
Burst on my soul like lightning ; love and youth
Lay bleeding ! breathless ! by my lonely side ;
The wife ! the mother ! in her home had died ;
One moment's agony ! I looked abroad,
A blight was spread upon the works of God.

My brain was swimming, thought was almost past,
The maniac's shriek re-echoed to the blast;
Reason resigned her throne! a film was spread
Over my glassy eye-balls, like the dead;
Strange howls were heard upon the morning air,
And demons mocked me with their death-like stare;
Lurid and ghastly forms were flitting by,
As though a hell were opened in the sky;
My soul seemed burning with its quenchless flame;
Flowers smiled in mockery! nothing was the same;
Methought the universe was filled with blood,
And I alone the curse of nature stood.
I gazed upon the lake! its waters bright
Were sparkling in the morning's beaming light,
And there methought I saw that bleeding form
  Scowling upon me: cheerless and lone she stood,
No breath of life the still cold pulse could warm;
  Her hair was clotted o'er with frozen blood;
Heaven! what a sight, to see the loved one frown,
  One who had never by a word or look,
A moment's anger or revenge e'er shown,
  One who the world for me had all forsook;
And then 'twas changed to darkness: all was dark,
And I was floating in a crazy bark
Over the waters: whilst a stormy sea
Burst in its headlong fury over me;
And she was there; the blood yet gently streaming
  From her pure bosom and her piercing eye
With an unearthly lustre yet was gleaming;
  I pressed her to my heart and bade her die
Where she was cherished! then the vision fled,
I 'woke to consciousness and clasped the dead.

'Tis far more terrible than death
  When reason first resigns her throne,
For in the passing of a breath
  Darkness surrounds the soul alone;
A darkness that is felt to be
  The curtain of that changeless night,
Which blasts with its intensity
  Enjoyments bursting into light!
Then man, the image of his God,
  Below the brute creation lies;
His dreams of bliss are swallowed all
  In the bitter draught of miseries.
To see that wreck of human pride,
That headlong rush from reason's tide,

When bowed before the hand of fate,
In its own terror desolate,
The spirit that was bold and bright
Shudder's at fancy's varied light,
Talks to the dead! and wanders on,
Till thought and feeling both are gone.
Oh, it is dreadful to reflect
Upon this waste of intellect,
To see the glimmerings of decay
In frenzy steal the life away,
Wasting the powers too early blighted
With flames the charnel-house hath lighted;
Then desolation marks the path
Where madness spreads its furious wrath.
The weak are strong, the strong are weak,
The flush of fever fires the cheek;
Pleasure is changed to terror's reign,
The spirit bows in endless pain.
Or view it in a milder mood,
'Mid the silent depths of solitude,—
To watch the yet impassioned eye
Listlessly gaze on vacancy,
When beauty bows beneath its might,
And all its hopes are shrined in night;
Love turns to hate! the glorious mind
That e'en in madness is refined,
Wanders around,—unknowing where;
The starless eye! the meanless stare!
Show what a ruin may be left
To those of reason's rays bereft.
Better to yield the fleeting breath,
Than know this curse of living death!

"Months rolled away, and hoary time,
Whose wand assuages every grief,
Had made me look, with hope renewed,
To heaven's own fountain for relief.
But oh, 'twas long e'er reason's light
Burst through the cloud of frenzy's gloom,
My daughter only brought to life
The hopes deep buried in the tomb;
It was a song of early years
That oft thy mother used to sing,
Which first refreshed my soul with tears,
And made the shades of madness wing;
It was a song of joy to me,
The morning song of liberty;
It sounded like a spirit's voice,

And bade my soul again rejoice ;
'Twas like melodious music nursed,
Till by its own sweet fullness burst,
It spake but of the bold and free,
And bade my spirit live for thee.

" I lived for vengeance ! from the slave
Nought could divide me but the grave ;
If once we met that one should die,
I swore it by yon glorious sky ;
I swore it by the heavens above,
The spotless realms of endless love ;
I swore it at the sacred altar,
Where oft my Ellen's prayer would falter ;
I swore it by the morning light ;
I swore it by the shadowy night ;
By earth ; by sea ; by torments spent ;
By the star-bespangled firmament ;
And, bowing upon the vernal sod,
I swore it by the living God.

" But He, whose attributes are peace,
Absolved me from that fearful oath ;
And gave me vengeance and release.

" Some straggling fugitives who fled,
The traitor to his country met ;
Vengeance had risen from the dead,
The spear was at his bosom set.
Short was his triumph—he was slain ;
He fell, no more to rise again.
There he lay, his eyes were gleaming,
And his dying soul blaspheming,
Cursing all the patriot's round,
Gnashing with his teeth the ground ;
Furious, though with torture weak,
Death's false hectic on his cheek ;
Trembling from limb to limb,
All the coward spake in him ;
Mercy claiming, e'en from those
He had sold unto their foes.
On his brow was written down
The impress of his country's frown ;
Fire was in his bosom raging,
Death was there its warfare waging ;
Desolation marked his track,
Demons smiled upon the rack
From which his writhing spirit sent
The yells of nature nearly spent.

Then fainter still! his shrieks were groans,
Half stifled sighs and piteous moans;
Despair had held the poisoned cup,
He drank the fiery potion up;
In one deep curse his spirit fled,
Lyrach was gathered to the dead;
And when I heard how he had died,
Vengeance itself was satisfied."

He ceased his tale, and kissed his child,
While she in sadness faintly smiled.
In broken tones these accents fell,
And spread around their soothing spell:—
"I know I cannot all atone
The loss that left my sire alone:
I know I cannot ever be
All that my mother was to thee;
But if a daughter's early years
Can soothe thy way or stay thy tears;
If watching o'er thy lonely hours
Add fuel to thy wasting powers,
Or bring one moment of repose
To make thy weary eyelids close,
Oh! I will tend thee day and night,
From dewy eve to morning's light:
All that I have will fondly yield,
Thy waning hours of time to shield;
E'en life itself will gladly give
To know that thou in peace shouldst live.
I'll crush the opening bud of love,
Expanding in its summer bloom,
And bury all my dreams of joy
In dark oblivion's rayless tomb,
If one enjoyment I could gather
To cheer my loved and honoured father."

The old man wept, and in those tears
Felt what he had not known for years.
He had unbosomed all his grief,
And found in sympathy relief:
For rays of light we yet may borrow,
To cheer the loneliest hours of sorrow,
When one true heart will beat alone
To share its feelings with our own;
It takes from sadness half its sting,
The dawning beams of hope to bring;
It lightens all the cares of earth,
And gives to life a purer worth.

Age wept, and youth mingled its fast-falling tears
On the bosom of him, who declining in years,
Still felt for the young, and remembered the time
When dreams of the future to him were sublime;
He breathed forth his blessing on her who had given
The heart's warmest prayer, for his welfare, to heaven.

"My blessing rest upon the vow,
And heaven's own sunshine gild,
The hopes that flourish even now,
Which love and fancy build;
Though old, I yet remember well
The time when I was young,
Then gladness caroled on the breeze,
And earth its music sung.
I give thee unto him; for he
Is worthy of the dower;
And thou shalt bloom in Hymen's vale,
Its first and fairest flower."

But there was one who mutely heard
Each breath that from the minstrel came;
Existence lingered on a word;
Joy trembled on a fleeting name;
He drank the sound with thrilling ears,
That oped the gate to love or tears.
Young Owen heard assurance then
First seal his hopes of life;
The father gave his plighted troth,
That she should be his wife.
Whilst beauty blushed in all her charms,
He clasped her in a lover's arms.

Oh! if to mortals here is given
A foretaste of the joys of heaven,
One draught most richly fraught with bliss,
One clear bright gem of happiness,
Amid the ills of time to shield
The souls that to its transports yield;
A star to guide us on our way
To heaven's own pure and perfect day;
An emblem of eternal years,
Free from the blight of earthly tears;
A morn all glorious in its light,
That only clouds in death's dark night;—
'Tis when two hearts together move,
Bound by the silken bands of love.

The Massacre of the Bards.

PART II.

"Cold is Cadwalla's tongue
That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains ye mourn in vain:"

GRAY.

"Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies a lass unparallel'd."

SHAKESPEARE.

'Twas morn! the sombre shades of night
Had winged from heaven their gloomy flight;
The lark had carol'd forth his song,
And earth had listened to his lay:
The matins that to heaven belong,
Had passed in melody away;
The clouds dispersed; with burnished gold
The sun had tinged the newborn sky,
The banner of the morn unrolled
And formed a glorious canopy.
Silence had mantled o'er the scene,
And clothed it in its calm serene,
So peaceful you might almost deem:
'Twas some enchanted fairy dream:
Eden might seem to live again,
Untainted by the sins of men;
The prayer of faith once more arise,
And earth again be paradise.

Oh, 'twas a stillness that would dwell
In its own peace unspeakable;
No sound came o'er the rippling wave,
'Twas hushed and silent as the grave;
Not a breath was felt in motion,
Nature in its beauty slept;
Peace had stilled the angry ocean,
Night its dewy tears had wept;
'Twas the hour when early vows
From the guileless heart are given,
When the spirit casts its care
At the bounteous gates of heaven.

Leonora wandered by the lake,
Like undulating emerald spread,
The liquid mirror rolled in light,
And sparkled in its crystal bed ;
A sky above—a sky below
In equal lustre seemed to glow ;
So clear was bright reflection given,
Fancy might deem the lake a heaven.
And silently those waves rolled on,
Shone for a moment, and were gone :
Like the first dream of early life,
When every hour with joy is rife.
She thought of all that hope had drawn,
Of all the joys her young heart knew,
And life seemed one enchanted lawn,
With fadeless flowers and skies of blue ;
No cloud had dimmed her rising sun,
And yet she felt that all must die—
Before the sands of life were run,
That all her dreams of bliss must fly.
For joys most fondly cherished here,
Are shadowed by the dawn of fear ;
The bliss that we most dearly prize,
Is changed for tears and heart-wrung sighs ;
The airy dreams of buoyant youth
Are changed for cold and sterner truth ;
Hope springs, but blight hath strewn its way
With withered garlands of decay ;
Along the wilderness of life
We dream of joy and wake to strife :
In childhood how we long for youth,
In youth for manhood's stable prime ;
Thus looking forward for repose,
We float along the stream of time,
Till feebly at the gate of age
We end our weary pilgrimage.

Owen had risen with the dawn,
To meet her on the verdant lawn,
That gently slopes unto the brink,
The waters of the lake to drink ;
Yet there was something on his brow
That told his hopes and feelings low ;
But when he saw his plighted bride,
And stood enamoured by her side,
The shadows fled and all was bright,
Like morning springing out of night :

But love's quick eye had seen that shade,
With pain had viewed it ; for her heart
Could not behold another's care,
Unless she too might bear a part ;
Around his neck her snow-white arm
  Clung with the woodbine's honied grace,
He felt her throbbing bosom warm,
  And gazed upon her cherub face.
Oh, 'twas a lovely sight to view
  That sylph-like form thus bending o'er
The patriot youth, from whom she drew
  Her spirit's purest earthly store;
To see her eyes' dark fringes glisten
  With feeling's tenderest brightest tear,
As though her very soul would listen
  The music of his voice to hear.
For oh ! affection's guileless breath
  Is melody to those who know
The source from whence it springs above,
  From whence its balmy accents flow.
She felt the best delights of love !
  Alas ! how soon that love was blighted :
The flame that kindled from above,
  Fled to the home from whence 'twas lighted.
But she was happy in the dream,
  Nor thought how soon that dream might end,
For from her very earliest youth
  Her soul had longed to find a friend ;
And she had found one : fancy drew
  A mind that, like his form, was fair ;
The impress of the good and true
  Was in its beauty pictured there.
And 'tis a wise decree of heaven
  The future's page we may not scan ;
How would the peace of earth be riven,
  And darkness shroud the hopes of man,
If we could view to-come as past,
  And trace upon time's varied scroll
The meteor joys that early fade,
  The conflicts of the troubled soul.
But as it is, the present hour
  With all its pleasure is our own ;
The dreary future hath no power
  To shade the sunlight of its throne.
Her large dark eyes, with joy awake,
Glistened upon him as he spake :—

" When first I rose to greet the morn,
My father too had left his bed,
The dew was glittering on the thorn.
When to the ruined fane he sped ;
And kneeling there I heard the vow.
A vision passed his mental sight,
He saw his clansmen all laid low.
Blood bathed the banner of their right ;
A cloud of darkness covered o'er
The sky, once smiling and serene ;
And tyrants trod the sea-girt shore
That once their own loved land had been :
But, hark, that trumpet calls us hence,
And I must in my place be found."
Leonora in his arms he pressed,
And bore her where that well-known sound
Clarioned the minstrels, one and all,
To their last holy festival.
'Twas a glorious sight to see them there
With the harps of their fathers still the same,
Offering the incense of praise and prayer
To liberty's bright and unsullied name.
The altar was lighted, the flame rose high,
It rose, like faith, to the azure sky :
Or a purified spirit, newly flown,
Wandering in glory and light alone.
They watched it kindle, they watched it rise,
And nature smiled on the sacrifice.
The ivied tower and the castle wall
Echoed the minstrel's righteous call,
As, bending low, on the lovely earth,
They sung of the spirit that gave them birth ;
And, kneeling, called on the God of the free,
To hallow the refuge of liberty.

But where was the minstrel who led the throng,
And breathed the spirit of life in song ;
Who first had marshall'd the sons of the lyre,
Whose souls were burning with freedom's fire ?
Who had held the banner that floated high
On the breezes that murmured of victory ;
Who still had upheld it when hope was fled,—
And it fluttered aloft o'er the patriot dead
Who stood to the post that his choice had made ;—
Where had his tottering footsteps strayed ?

He was still at his home ; the vision had passed :
But its shade of darkness behind had cast ;

He felt like one in a dream of the night,
When the woes of the future crowd on the sight,
And press with the vigour of truth upon
The soul that mourns for enjoyments gone.

But hark, that voice! its cheering tone
To every minstrel's heart is known;
'Twas Merlin's voice! the patriot bard,
With frenzied look and accent wild,
Rushed to the gay and verdant sward;
In agony of spirit smiled;
Smiled on the brave who there had met,
To see their sun in darkness set.
Before the altar, bending low,
His tears fast falling on the ground,
He raised the curtain of his woe,
And thus addressed his followers round:—
"Sons of the free! your hour is nigh,
The remnant of the brave must die;
For England's bloodhounds scent the way
That leads them to the fatal fray;
Fatal to those who know too well
The throbs that patriot bosoms swell.
Though dead your prince, it cannot be
That from the conflict you will flee;
No; you will follow in the track
That prince had bravely trod before;
Endure the tortures of the rack;
For home and freedom die in gore.
Fight to the last! your cause is just;
Heaven is your refuge and your trust:
May no false coward mar our band;
All die like brethren, hand in hand,
For freedom and our native land.

"I see them; they come on the wing of the night,
With the falchion unsheathed, and the battle-axe
bright;
They come, like the locust, our home to destroy,
And poison the last lingering dew-drop of joy.
They come! oh, my arm, be thou strong, as of yore,
And the blade of my sword shall be steeped in their gore.
That visage of terror! I know it! 'tis he!
The tyrant of England! the foe of the free!
He comes, and his spirit is burning with rage;
He comes with the lyre and the minstrel to wage
A war that the veriest coward would scorn,
With a handful of patriots, brave, though forlorn.

But while this old arm can be decked with a shield,
To the bonds of oppression we never will yield ;
We will die as we've lived, ever true to the cause
Of the patriot's rights, and the patriot's laws.
Unto thee, God of freedom, unshackled, I give
The few fleeting moments I yet have to live :
O guard my lost country ! may tyranny's yoke,
By the arm of thy power and thy terror, be broke ;
Existence itself, in the cause of the free,
Is the last holy offering I give unto thee."

The minstrel scarce had ceased his song,
When the trumpet's pealing voice was nigh.
Death to the tyrant who bears us wrong ;
God for Llewellyn ! the patriot's cry.
And the heart was warm, and the pulse beat high,
Though they felt that the grave was their victory.

An armed band, in shining mail,
O'er Cambria's remnant to prevail,
Led on by England's cruel knight,
Haste to the last and dreadful fight :
The minstrels saw the warrior host,
And felt their cause for ever lost.
Their fingers yet were on the string
That ne'er to tyrants' strains might ring ;
Old Merlin raised his faltering voice,
But not to bid their souls rejoice ;
A moment's pause ! the word was spoken
And all the silver chords were broken.

Then every minstrel drew his blade,
And every true-born Cambrian maid
Her dirk from out its scabbard drew
And many a foeman fought and slew ;
For many fell by woman's hand,
Among the pride of England's band ;
Whose arm upheld her country's right,
In freedom's last expiring fight ;
Who, 'mid the clang and din of war,
Tore laurels from the victor's car,
To grace the few sad hearts that yield
With death alone their country's shield.

Owen had not yet joined the fray ;
O blame him not that short delay ;
Leonora by her loved one's side
A moment stayed the crimson tide,
Which rushed through every vein to share

The conflicts that his comrades bear.
Before he joined the minstrel throng,
The remnant of the sons of song;
Who, in the land they felt their own,
Lived for its sacred rights alone;
And on the field were doomed to perish,
E'en with the righteous cause they cherish,
As when the altar flames expire,
The contrite worshippers retire;—
Before he joined them, in the ear
Of her to him than life more dear
He poured the soothing strain he loved,
Beneath whose spell alone he moved.

"Fly, fly, Leonora! loved one, fly!
Nor tempt thy star of destiny;
For, oh, on such a scene as this,
Those eyes were never meant to gaze.
Fly! by my every hope of bliss,
I swear the dragon yet to raise;
Raise to the heaven from whence it came,
The emblem of that glorious flame,
Which, quenchless as the eternal stars,
Smiles on the patriot's varied wars;
And thou, amid the thickest fight,
Shalt be my guardian angel bright;
To know thee safe will nerve my arm;
And in my country's cause yet warm,
To tyrant's chains I ne'er will yield,
Till stretched a corpse upon the field."

"Never! the same dread powers that bring
The darts of death upon their wing,
Shall unto me the message bear,
The doom my only love must share:
What! leave thee in the hour of danger
Am I to scenes of strife a stranger?
That like a coward, I must fly,
E'en when the combat hovers nigh;
And leave an aged father here,
To whom I owe my breath and being,—
He who hath toiled my path to cheer?
Bear witness, heaven! all just, all seeing;
A daughter's feelings prompt me yet
To cherish what I ne'er forget:
From love's pure fount I take my fill,
And feel I am a daughter still.
Fly! by the spirits of the dead

I will not move till hope is fled :
What ! one of Cambria's daughters fly,
And leave her aged sire to die ?
No ; by yon bright empyreal dome,
Where patriot spirits gaily roam,
Unfettered by the chains that bind
To earthly forms the immortal mind ;
Who now are watching o'er the brave,
Alas ! so soon to find a grave.
I will not fly ! this arm shall wield
The patriot's sword, the patriot's shield.
When age the laurell'd prize hath won,
And all my father's toils are done,
Then shall his mantle yet enshroud
A woman's form ; with heart so proud,
Ten thousand deaths 'twould rather die,
Than from a scene like this to fly.
And could I leave thee here when spears
  Are glittering 'neath the shining sun ?
What anguish should I feel in tears,
  To hear that, when the fight was done,
My lover, father, both were dead !
Where should I rest my weary head ;
On what true breast might I recline ;
What eye would mingle tears with mine ;
What heart with sympathy would feel
For all the pangs it could not heal ?
What should I live for then ?—to brook
A tyrant's proud relentless look ?
Fawn on him, like a menial slave,
The scourge of freedom and the brave ;
Wait on his footsteps ; watch his smile,
The lingering moments to beguile ?
No ! may my tender bosom feel
The sharpness of this poignard's steel ;
May all my dearest hopes be riven
By the thunderbolts of heaven ;
May the asp's envenomed dart
Suck the life-blood from my heart ;
The mountain eagle make its prey
Upon my frail and mouldering clay ;
If e'er I leave the cause we cherish
Till its minstrels rule or perish :
No ! by yon shining host above,
I'll live or die with him I love,—
But see ! my father !" To the field
  Young Owen rushed with heart on fire ;

His arm upheld the glittering shield ;
He rushed to save Leonora's sire.
That tyrant shaft was aimed too well,
The minstrel of the mountain fell :
The daughter saw her father fall,
And pressed the last and trembling kiss
Upon the pale and marble brow
That showed her sum of bitterness ;
Then, kneeling on the bloody ground,
She seized his sword ; and with her love
Imbued with vengeance, seemed to move :
They fought together ; many a stroke
That from their blades ot slaughter came,
Had well nigh burst the galling yoke,
And made their tyrants bow in shame :
But others filled the vacant post
Of those who fell in England's host ;
As one expired another rose,
For numberless were Cambria's foes.
Power and oppression wielded o'er
Their iron sceptre, red with gore ;
To quench the almost faded blaze
Of freedom's last expiring rays.
Justice had fled ! though many fell,
Her proudest warriors ne'er might tell
The hand that struck the fatal blow,
And laid them in their glory low.
But now a well-directed dart
Had winged its way to Merlin's heart ;
Just as his sword was raised to smite
A foe of honour in the fight.
Young Owen and his plighted bride
Stood by the patriarch minstrel's side,
And tried to ward the deadly blow
Which laid their honoured parent low ;
But no avail ! the shaft had flown ;
His many toils were nearly done.
Yet ere he sunk in death's embrace,
The leader of his ill-used race ;
Whilst yet the pulse was beating high,
And chilly death yet hovering nigh
To blast his hopes of earthly joy,
His dreams of freedom all destroy ;
Whilst lingering on the fatal field,
With arm too weak to raise his shield,
With thoughts too deep for words to tell,
He bade his long-loved land farewell.

A moment they gazed on their father dead,
As the last faint smile from his brow had fled;
When the spirit, unfettered by earthly thrall,
Had passed to its home at the Maker's call.
They had seen him die, and firmly vowed
A prayer of vengeance o'er his shroud;
Then rushed to the battle! 'twas almost o'er;
They fought in a stream of the patriots' gore.

'Twas almost o'er—the star of peace
Had bade the war's dark horrors cease;
For all the gallant bards had died,
To shield the hopes they glorified.
Young Owen too had fallen low
Beneath his country's fatal blow,
And on the field had laid him down,
Decked with the freeman's trophied crown.
But where was she, the fondly loved,
For whom his deepest sighs were given;
The only living form that moved,
To guide his wandering thoughts to heaven;
The only being unto whom
His hopes, his fears, and cares were known?
Oh, had she left him in the field
To groan in pain and die alone?
Forbid it, heaven! that one so pure,
So like an angel, should disgrace
The ties that past the grave endure,
In love's unsullied dwelling place.
No; 'mid the hour of woe and grief,
When sickness pales the blooming cheek,
'Tis woman's hand that brings relief;
When man, the vaunted brave, is weak,
'Tis then we know how dear it is
To feel a kindred bosom burn
With nature's kindliest sympathies,
For joys that never may return;
'Tis then we feel how bright and sweet
Is woman's warm and tender love;
It softens down the bed of pain,
And points to happier worlds above:
Her beaming eye with feeling's tear,
The essence of affection's dew,
Makes e'en the couch of anguish dear,
When guarded by a faith so true;
Alone the vigils of the night
Are guarded by her tender care;

When dark delirium puts to flight
All converse that her soul might share ;
'Tis then she watches tireless by,
And smooths the passage to decay ;
'Tis then her bright but swimming eye
Lightens the dark and dreary way ;
And cheers in nature's latest strife,
The faint and flickering flame of life.

And she stood o'er the dying youth,
Her first and only earthly love ;
Pale as the sculptured form of truth ;
Pure as a spirit from above ;
She bathed his fevered brow with tears,
A tribute for the hopes of years ;
She knelt amid her country's blood,
And thus sustained his drooping head ;
Dashing away the briny flood,
He might not view the tears she shed.
She felt the pulse more faintly move ;
She heard the breath in anguish drawn ;
And then alone, in solitude,
She stood upon the fatal lawn.
" My love ! my country ! God !" he cried ;
Then raised his eyes to heaven, and died.

Oh, what a dreadful state is this,
When, stripped of all we love below,
In vain we look for earthly bliss ;
We find no thought with ours to flow ;
No soul to sympathize with ours ;
No eye to watch our desert way ;
When love's fair chaplet, wreaths of flowers,
Grace but the altar of decay ;
When hope, the star of early life,
The young heart's beacon, pleasure's gleam,
Is buried in the clouds of strife
That overhang the spirit's dream ;—
Then what a wilderness is left
To those who feel their pleasures riven ;
Of every comfort here bereft,
They seek on earth the peace of heaven.
In vain they seek ! the past is dark ;
The future brings no solace near ;
They launch their weak and fragile bark ;
No kindly hand their course to steer ;
And strike upon the barren rock
Where thousands meet their early fate :

Despair smiles o'er the dreadful shock,
  Smiles on the spirit desolate,
When finding all they vainly seek
  To be but false or fleeting here,
In solitude no words may speak,
  They give the past the heart-wrung tear;
And with no earthly solace nigh,
Feel their last comfort is to die.

Thus Leonora felt, as gazing round
  Upon the blood stained field,
Her ear could catch no cheering sound,
  Her thoughts no comfort yield.
She kissed the marble cheek of him
  Whose soul was in a purer sphere;
Watching, with eyes that never dim
  Her heart's pure tribute, nature's tear.
She felt, whilst standing there alone,
  Like mercy smiling o'er the dead,
That hope's fair pictured dreams were flown;
  That all her cherished joys were fled.
The cares of earth had passed for ever,
  Her tender spirit longed to fly
Where faith and love no more shall sever,
  In the pure mansions of the sky.
Her father's spirit called her hence,
  Her lover beckoned her away,
To where their pleasures knew no night,
  Where all is one eternal day;
Then, kneeling by his bleeding side,
  She called on heaven, in holy prayer,
To grant the boon to none denied,
  That she might die and join him there.
A cold chill trembled through her frame,
  Freezing the blood that scarcely flowed
Enough for life its meed to claim:
  Yet still her eye in brightness glowed;
Her cheek was flushed, but not with health;
  'Twas fever's hectic revelled there,
Fed by the fire that will consume
  E'en to the borders of despair:
And yet so gently did it steal
  Around her young and guileless heart;
So gently, that she scarce could feel
  The poison of its fatal dart;
As though e'en death were half afraid
  To blight the charms of one so young,

Or cast such beauty into shade,
  Before its brightest glories sprung ;
For death had lost its painful sting,
  And stole so sweetly o'er her frame,
It seemed no pang of woe to bring,
  'Twas fearful only in the name ;
It came like a refreshing sleep
  Amid the summer scenes of youth ;
Before the eye had learned to weep,
  When fancy's visions feel like truth.
Thus moving peacefully along,
  Unswayed by terror's dark control,
'Twas like the note of freedom's song,
  That shone in sunbeams round her soul.
The skies looked more serenely bright,
The very clouds were bathed in light,
Refulgent as the glorious morn
That will eternity adorn ;
The breeze seemed far more gently clear ;
The eye upraised, could shed no tear,
But at the future seemed to gaze,
And bask in cloudless sunshine's rays.
The soul slept sweetly in its bark
That stemmed the tide where all was dark,
Save when the star of hope had smiled
On nature's fair and guileless child :
She quaffed the cup with failing breath,
And nothing chilled the draught of death ;
But all was sweetness : light sublime
Shone on her latest walk through time.
And thus she slept to wake no more ;
Her bark had crossed the unknown stream,
And landed safely on the shore
Where life indeed seems but a dream,
Compared with those unending days,
Whose heavenly pleasure ne'er decays.

Daughter of heaven ! sweet poesy !
From all I ever knew of thee
Fain should I deem thy glorious birth
Far, far removed from things of earth,
Where purer zephyrs waft along
The fadeless strains of heavenly song ;
Fain should I deem thy tarriance here
As fleeting as 'tis brightly dear ;
  For oh, too purely fair thou art
To dwell amid a scene like this,
Too sacred is the holy bliss

Thy soul-felt raptures here impart ;
And nature is a part of thee ;
Nature, in all its varied guise,
For ever changing in its form—
The sighing breeze, the howling storm,
Replete with all thy beauties rise ;
The foaming sea, the rippling wave,
That burst from ocean's pathless womb,
And beat upon the watery grave
Of thousands who have sunk below
The strife of a tempestuous world,
In fury to destruction hurled,
And sleep beneath the surge's flow :
The new-born morning, placid noon,
The evening shadows of the sky,
Are part of thy eternal boon ;
The moaning winds that weep and sigh,
The breeze of spring that wafts o'er earth,
The blooming flow'rets of a day,
The radiance of our own sweet May,
The pleasures that too soon decay,
Are made by thee of dearer worth ;
The summer heat that ripens all
The spring hath wakened into life ;
That brings the fruit at autumn's fall,
With thy sweet spirit yet is rife ;
The placid lake, the sleeping sea,
The crested billows' snowy foam,
That claim eternity as home ;
Each forms a glorious part of thee :
And music is thy handmaid young,
A fairy sister of the lay,
That e'en with time shall not decay ;
But in a brighter world, among
The ransomed and redeemed of earth,
Awake to claim a purer birth.
Music and poetry, like love,
Will live in beauty, when the world
Is to its last destruction hurled ;
Live in the light of realms above,
When nature dies, and all we deem
The dearest ties of life's short dream,
Have passed like meteors of the sky—
Like joys of earth, but born to die ;
When all is past, and time has hid
His hoary head in changeless night ;
When all we cherished here as bright

Has passed for ever to decay,
As evening shades the light of day ;
Then shall they live, without a cloud
Their godlike influence e'er to shroud.
But poetry in other days
Spread most intense its cheering rays,
When nation's deeds were heard in song,
When tyrants trembled at their wrong,
Which, handed down from sire to son,
Poisoned the fame they else had won ;
When in the battle songs were heard,
When martial music shook the sky,
Fame ! triumph ! lingered on the strain
That echo'd back to victory :
When, from the cradle to the grave
A nation worshipped at the shrine,
And deemed the hallowed site divine,
The altar of the true and brave ;
When youth and manhood felt the glow
That from the glorious strain may flow
To lighten every care below,
And raise above,
The only lasting bright renown
That decks the patriot's star gemm'd crown,
A nation's love ;
When, with the opening smile of joy,
The lisping accents of the boy
Were heard to rise ;
And mingling with the voice of age,
Wing, with the precepts of the sage,
To cloudless skies.
The ballads of a nation tell
The loved traditions that are dear,
Dear to the hearts that live to swell
Alone for freedom's birth-right here ;
And they inspire the feelings deep,
That ne'er are stifled but in death ;
The fire of fame that will not sleep
But with the total pause of breath.
These fondly cherished by the few,
Who still to freedom's cause were true ;
The long-loved memories of the dead,
Who for their country's rights had bled,
Awakened in the hearts of those
Who lived to bear their country's woes,
The longing for revenge on him
Who first had made their prospects dim,

Burst uncontrolled within the breast,
Never again to sink in rest,
But with the last faint throb of life,
Among the dark and fatal strife,
This handful of an ancient race,
Fulfilling what in early youth
Their sires had taught of patriot truth,
Roused vengeance on their hiding place.
Edward of England knew the might
Of ancient song,
And vowed the bards no more should raise
A tribute to their country's praise,
Or tune her wrong.
He felt that whilst those patriot few
Still to their holy cause were true;
Though wealth and power were his alone,
Though his the sceptre, his the throne,
Like Haman, it availed him not,
Whilst that one lone and lovely spot
Sheltered the remnant of the brave,
Who lived to mourn o'er freedom's grave;
Who lived but for their native land,
The beauteous land that gave them birth;
Though shadowed by oppression's hand,
To them the brightest spot of earth.
The songs that swelled from freedom's breath,
Struck with the chill and blight of death,
And made the tyrant on his throne
Tremble for deeds his power had done;
He knew those strains would ever last,
E'en when his thirst of fame had past;
He felt that they would never bend
The suppliant knee to him,
And vowed their triumph soon should end,
Their star of hope be dim;
Dimmed in the grave: though to the last
A holy light was round them cast.
And thus they perished, all were slain,
None lived to bear the oppressor's chain;
None lived to bow to him whose might
Had changed their morning into night;

Sweet harp of Cambria! wake once more
To cheer the wanderers on thy shore,
Who yet may learn to tune the lyre
With notes that thrill the trembling wire,
And tell of deeds which never die,
But burn upon the roll of fame

With living fire's intensity,
  Bright as the quenchless altar's flame.
I love to hear thy minstrels sing
  The songs of other, happier hours,
When pleasure danced on airy wing.
  O'er hope's enchanted fairy bowers ;
Thy notes recall the pleasing tone
  Of voices now for ever fled ;
And from the tomb of pleasures gone,
  Awake remembrance from the dead.
Once more in ancient glory rise,
And swell thy anthems to the skies.

Reflections at Tintern.

1839.

OLD ivy-mantled ruin! time hath set
Upon thy brow the finger of decay;
And yet thy mouldering walls are gay and fair,
With more attraction for the stranger's eye
Than in thy proudest days; thy pomp is gone,
Thy cloistered monks are dead; those who have trod
Thy once deemed sacred courts are passed away.
Yet art thou beautiful! proud edifice,
More lovely in thy fall than in thy prime:
And I have gazed on thee with feelings deep,
Which in thy earliest days of glorious power,
Thy form might ne'er awaken; I have seen
The lordly palaces of wealth and ease;
Paced the gay courts that princes trod before,
Where grandeur and magnificence combined
To lull the soul in quiet and repose,
Yet can I turn to thy old ruined towers
With such devotion as the halls of kings
Could never rouse from slumber; there is yet
A silent beauty lingering o'er thy walls;
Whilst earth with blooming evergreens sustains
And softens with the tender touch of love,
Thy calm and peaceful passage to decay.

With youthful ardour I have climbed thy heights;
Plucked from thy turrets what to me might be
A fond memento of the happy time
When care and sorrow were alike unknown,
When, triumphing in youth's yet dawning joys,
The world appeared a bright and happy dream,
Sunny and cloudless, quiet and serene.
Years have rolled on into the gulph of time
Since first I visited thy hallowed site;
Yet when I view thee now I see no change,
Save that the ivy which enshrouds thy walls
Grows more luxuriant, like constant love,
Supporting gently through the vale of death
The form that first awakened tenderness.

How many, yet in youth's bright morning bloom,
Have slept the sleep that knows no waking here,
And lie forgotten in their narrow beds,
As though with us existence they had none.
So must we pass away ; the giddy world
Will soon forget our sojourn here below,
And lightly tread upon our silent tombs,
As if we ne'er had mingled with the crowd ;
And yet shalt thou remain alone the same,
In ruin, beautiful ! by time unchanged,
Ere earth hath lost its witchery to please,
And whilst the pulse may yet with ardour swell,
May we, by virtue and religion led,
(Smoothing the sharp asperities of life.)
Thus render what we deem a vale of tears
A scene of joy ; may we, when drawing near
To the grave's portals by their radiance led,
E'en in decay, like thee, old ruin, stand
More beautiful, more holy, than in time
When courted by the smiles of pleasure's sun.

Thou ever sacred spot ! in remembrance
Thy form will yet arise upon my sight,
With all the sweet reality of truth ;
The memory of the time I spent with thee,
Shall o'er my future chequered course through life,
Dart like a sunbeam : be a well-spring clear
Amid the barren desert of the world,
From which my thirsty soul, in time of care,
May deeply drink—drink and be satisfied.
Magnificently beautiful ! the stars,
When the blue midnight smiles serenely o'er,
Seem sentinels around thee, to ward off
The storm and whirlwind from thy turrets grey.
Silently beautiful ! the dew of eve
Makes still more green the ivy on thy walls,
And nature lives to freshen thee again.
Sacredly beautiful ! the sprightly lark
That wakens with the morning, at thy base,
As at an altar, pours in melody
The first notes of its song, ere it ascends
Upon the wing which bears it far from earth :
Fancy might deem its pinions seemed to reach
The gate of heaven, to waft its matin
Of mellifluous praise to its Creator.
Oh there is music, poetry in thee,
Speaking in silence to the heart that knows
What beauty is ; the very soul of love

Might in the arms of peace recline it here,
And dream no more of sorrow ; the beetling cliffs
That face thee with their giant arms to guard
Thy courts, speak to the listening spirit
With a voice stronger than death ; yet still,
Still as the voice of conscience ; they are like
The barriers of virtue that will guard
And cheer the aged on their failing way,
E'en to the port of peace ; true worship here
Spontaneous rises from the thoughtful breast,
Called by the voice of nature, and by it
Wafted to nature's God ; invisibly
The passions and the tumults of the soul
Are lulled in quiet and forgetfulness ;
And bowed before the scene's sublime repose,
We own the Deity, the present God !

The peerless moon, the coronet of night,
Adds beauty to thy beauty, and her rays
Reflected on the clear bright stream that flows
And girts the very border of thy walls
A flood of liquid silver makes it seem ;
Changeless, yet ever varied ! when the morn
Wakes from the womb of darkness, transparently
Its waters onward roll ; but as the sun
Rides high in heaven, like molten gold appears,
Or like a living stream of crystal fire.
Stern time shall still ebb on when thou art gone,
And all thy glories, like the joys of earth,
Have vanished into shadows ; then shall those,
Who on the lovely margin of the Wye
Now tread the sacred spot with holy joy,
Tell to their fellow-wanderers in the way,
The story of thy once oft-courted shrine,
Thy ruined towers and ancient crumbling walls ;
And with a sigh, point to the scattered stones
Which show the sight where Tintern once had been.

The Virgin's Offering.

1839.

THE priest had offered up his holiest hymn ;
The dulcet strains of melody were fled ;
And all the pompous pageantry that decks
The self-religious votary, had passed,
And was as though it were not—all was still ;
The incense yet upon the altar burn'd,
Spreading its perfume on the evening air
Which gently sighed upon the quiet scene
Through the half-opened window. Nature slept ;
Yet there was one who watch'd the dying flame,
As it more feebly flicker'd o'er the walls
Of that proud edifice, where rank and pride
Obsequious paid their honours to the dead,—
A virgin bowed before the shrine in prayer :
Her's was a pure oblation. As on bended knee
Her orison she pour'd, the moon arose,
And through the clouds in peerless majesty,
Like hope amidst the darkness of despair,
Upon the fretted roof, and prostrate maiden,
Shone in refulgent brightness. And she looked,
As the pure beams fell on her seraph form,
Like some bright wandering spirit.
Oh ! 'twas a lovely sight to see her bend
Before the shrine of purity and love,
Offering her virgin heart, pure as it was,
To Him who made her.

Her eyes' dark fringes glisten'd with a tear,
But not the tear that furrows o'er the cheek,
For now a heavenly smile had chased it back,
And like the sun upon an April morn,
Dispersing to their tomb the murky clouds,
Was all triumphant ! Full of life and joy,
Those radiant orbs were brightly beaming,
Like stars of love sparkling 'mid liquid pearls ;
And by those eyes, the index to her heart,
How could you read her soul's deep tenderness.
'Twas as like an angel's worship,—the fane,
At which she pour'd her guileless offering,
Had never known among the varied crowd
A purer sacrifice ; and it arose,
Fresh from the heart's pure altar, unto Him
Who would accept it.

Friendship.

1839.

"Oh world! thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart;
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,
Are still together; who twin, 'twere in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour
On a dissension of a doit break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends."

SHAKSPEARE.

AND what is friendship? very few there are
Who know what friendship is; the heartless world,
That courts the smiles of others but to reap
Advantage to itself, hath never known
Its sweet and magic power; 'tis like the dew
Which freshens all affection's flowers below,
And makes them bloom more gaily in the spring,
Of love's bright garden: early life is cheered,
And made more glorious by its sunny beams.
It is a boon of heaven, a solace here,
To lighten all the cares of earth below.
Not what the world calls friendship; there are those
Who court your smiles and favour when the sun
Of fair prosperity around you shines;
But when the scene is changed, and darkness shrouds
Your future prospects; when adversity
Robs you of blessings that you once possessed;
Or when by folly you have fallen from
The high estate you once had held below;
Then do these summer friends desert your cause,
And leave you in the winter of the soul,
To mourn o'er bliss for ever passed away.

But this is not true friendship, though the world
Has stamped it with the false approving name;
It is when grief hath bowed the aching soul
In darkness that no time can c'er illume;

When want hath stamped its impress on the brow,
And the cold crowd smiles on the spirit's pain ;
When all the vows of misnamed friends are broken,
Those who have been your guests in summer times ;
When pain and anguish is your only lot,
And wasting sickness marks you for its own ;
When, helpless and forlorn, you look around,
And find too late the vanity of vows
Pledged in the hour of affluence and ease,
When you had little need of other's aid,
And its fulfilment seemed a distant thing ;—
'Tis then true friendship stretches forth the hand
With the same warmth and tenderness, as though
Nothing had changed but fortune's fickle smile ;
'Tis then we know our friends, if such there be.
The butterfly professors of a day,
The sycophants who once had firmly vowed
Eternal constancy and changeless truth,
Sink from us ! leave us ! e'en to die alone ;
'Tis then we know their value, then we feel.
The little worth such false professions are ;
How much more precious is one constant heart
Than thousands such as these.

Stanzas.

1839.

"How often does the gayest and most fascinating appearance but serve to hide a broken or bleeding heart; smiles that seem the offspring of joy, hover around a sepulchre in which are enshrined the dearest and best hopes of life."—H. G.

SHE smiled : and you might fondly deem
That smile was born of joy,
Pure as its own unsullied beam,
And free from time's alloy ;
But oh, there was a canker there
That revelled in her breast,
And brought the early shade of care
To blight its virgin rest.

She smiled : the glance was one of peace ;
Yet there was something told,
The heart was longing for release
From charms that then were cold ;
There was a mark upon the brow,
Though fair and white it shone ;
A roseate flush upon its snow,
That told of pleasures gone.

She smiled : and beauty blushed around
That almost broken heart ;
Her voice breathed music in its sound,
But nought could heal the smart.
She trod the gay and giddy dance,
In gladness seemed to move ;
The rose and lily blended sweet
Upon the cheek of love.

She smiled : whilst youth and manhood bowed
To greet her lovely way,
Amid the throng and busy crowd,
The smiling queen of May :
But oh, no April shower might near
To cheer her opening morn ;
On hope's dark tomb she shed the tear,
And plucked the roseless thorn.

She smiled : but still that thorn was left
To goad each dream of joy ;
And when of earthly hope bereft,
And time could nought destroy—
When slowly sinking in decay,
Her faint but fragrant breath
Grew weak and weaker day by day,
She gently smiled in death.

And beautiful upon the cheek
That smile still lingered on,
So purely fair, it seemed to speak
Of the bright spirit gone ;
Around the sepulchre of joy
A moment seemed to stray,
Then on the pinions of the sky,
Winged to the soul its way.

Scandal.

1839.

"'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is a crime that wears the specious guise
Of virtuous feeling and of just contempt,
Yet in its nature of the blackest dye;
The deadliest canker of domestic peace,
The bitterest wormwood in the cup of life:
The pestilential breath of calumny
Leads the van of its dark army; its way
With blighted hope and blasted joy is strewn,
Corrupting all it touches: hypocrites
Find it within their soul's most deep recess,
And sport its poison o'er a happy world:
Friendship, the balm of the unquiet soul,
Is withered at its presence: love's bright bud,
That like the exhalations of the morn,
Caught by the glorious sunbeam of delight,
In exquisite fruition would expand,
Shrinks from its touch, and all its bloom decays;—
'Tis hell-envenomed scandal.

Let the sinless one the first stone cast;
He that hath seldom err'd in upright deeds,
But in a life of dedication holy,
Onward moved to Zion's sacred portals;
He will raise the barrier of love,
The voice of warning to an erring friend;
Not to his neighbour of those failings speak,
Or to an idle world his faults proclaim.

We know not what our fellows have to bear,
What headstrong passion to their lot is cast,
What secret conflicts, what unspoken pangs
May wring the bosom of the one we judge;

His errors may not be the same as ours,
Or our temptation be the same as his ;
The world may judge him harshly for his sin,
Whilst ours, though bad, may 'scape their partial gaze,
Or pass unnoticed, as a tinselled fault
But little thought of. Yet the All-seeing Eye
Pierces the flimsy garments that would hide
Corruption hid in mock religious garb ;
And in deformity the naked soul,
Robbed of the guise of false-termed piety,
Shudders the look of scrutiny to meet.

Breathe not a word against thy neighbour's fame :
Beware of calumny ; O let it not
Thy scenes of bliss invade ! it will unbind
The rosy band of love, and prove to be
The jaundice of thy soul, incurable,
Wasting the sweets of every social joy
Upon suspicion's barren wilderness.
Beware of hints, to *certainties* they grow ;
Shadow, to substance ; weakness, into crime ;
Follies are sins ; sins of the darkest die,
When painted by the breath of calumny.

Hypocrisy.

1837.

"For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only ill that walks
Invisible, except to God alone
By his permissive will, through heaven or earth.
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

MILTON.

OH, I have seen the canting hypocrite,
With seeming piety and grace adorned ;
With eye upraised in penitence to heaven—
A penitence that sorrow never felt—

Treading the earth with such a cautious air,
As though the foot were holier than the ground ;
In height of spirit looking proudly down
On those whom stronger passions lead astray,
And saying, by a look well understood,
Depart, for I am holier than thou.
Yes, I have seen these whited sepulchres,
Religious only in the liteless form,
Go to the house of God and feign to pray,
With hearts that never know what true prayer is ;
Grasping at gold with miser-like desire,
And hoarding it as though it were their life,
Through the six days appointed here for toil ;
Resting from labour on the seventh—to dream
How they may add fresh treasures to their store ;
And yet in charity munificent,
When to the world their name is blazoned forth ;
When, like the pharisee, their deeds may shine
Among the good and generous of the land.
And yet, amid the private walk of life,
How widely different the grasping hand
That gathers pleasure for itself alone,
Sways o'er the poor, the wretched and forlorn,
Its iron rule : their cup is garnished o'er,
And to the eye of inattentive man
Full fair and bright to look upon appears,
When that the foul inside is kept from view,
Where all uncleanness revels.
Yet in the synagogue they take their place,
Higher than all their brethren ; and many
Court to the last their false-approving smile—
For why ? their earthly coffers are well filled,
Gold covers all their many glaring faults ;
And love of it, not them, makes many cry,
" Behold the upright and revere the good."

But what are all these triumphs unto them,
These worms of earth, these grovellers in the dust ?
The time must come when they shall fade away ;
When, stripped of all its seeming righteousness,
The naked soul in its own hideous guise
Must stand before its Maker : what avail
Will all the trappings of hypocrisy
Prove at the great tribunal ? they will be
Weighty additions to the load of guilt,
That sinks in darkness and eternal gloom
The disembodied spirit.

Yet such as these in high esteem are held,
And pass as patterns to the young and gay,
Who press the juice of joy from out life's cup,
And find no wormwood there. Forbid it then,
Heaven ! truth, religion, each and all, forbid
That these should be the lights to guide us on ;
For oh, they do more harm to your great cause
Than many infidels.

Stanzas.

1839.

HOW often does a single sound
Renew the memories of years ;
A note of music wafts around
A thousand hopes, a thousand fears ;
Brings from the dead the joys gone by,
Awakens from the night of sleep
The burning thoughts that never die,
The feelings over which we weep.

Yet, mellowed by the hand of time,
Grief loses half its poignant sting,
And to a bright and purer clime
The shadows of the soul take wing,
Surrounded by the smiles of peace ;
Though in remembrance sorrows reign,
The pangs that rend the spirit cease,
'Tis but the memory of pain.

And when our joys are conjured here,
As though by some enchanter's spell,
We linger o'er the scenes still dear,
To present cares we bid farewell ;
Bask in the sunshine of the soul,
The sunshine of departed bliss,
Far from the future's dread control,
We quaff the cup of happiness.

Love reigns once more: when passion's thrill
Hath sunk for ever into rest,
From pleasures past we take our fill,
Joy sways triumphant in our breast:
The spirit fondly lingers o'er
Departed joys that seem to live
In memory's bright and treasured store,
And to our present moments give
A charm that soothes, a spell so bright,
The clouds of care are lost in light.

A spot we loved, a scene of youth,
When time and absence make us feel,
That what we deemed a dream of truth,
Alone in fancy's light was real,
What feeling does that scene recall!
Once more we look into the past,
And for a moment think that all
We cherished then, e'en now might last.

The garden where our footsteps strayed,
The same bright sun still shines upon;
Though many friends in childhood made
E'en like its summer flowers are gone;
The flight of years hath made a void,
In friendship's chain the links are shaken;
And yet departed scenes are dear,
Dear as the memories they awaken.

Blighted Hope.

1839.

"It is no dream, and I am desolate."—BYRON.

SING me my favourite song, the song of love;
Methinks 'twill soothe the pang of hope deferred,
And stealing o'er me, like a dream of youth,
Lull all my sorrows. Oh, 'tis wonderful
To feel within the nursing place of thought

The secret chords which vibrate to that sound,
As though the soul in melody would melt
And wander with the dying symphony
To music's home : the silvery stars,
Burning with beauty in the arch of heaven,
And like awakened angels peeping forth,
Seem listening to the vocal harmony,
As if the tender notes of earthly love
Aspired to mingle with their glorious strain.
Open the casement. Oh, how beautiful !
A draught of joy unto the thirsty soul,
Dispersing all the clouds of woe away
Before the sun of gladness.

He loved that song, Eliza ! and would list
In mute attention to its varied notes ;
E'en as the thirsty earth drinks in the dew,
So would he quaff the soul-inspiring sound ;
Whilst the pure sky, bright with etherial lamps,
Smiled on our evening converse.

He found another love in empty glory ;
The tinselled honours of a sounding name,
The noisy pomp and pageantry of war
Marshalled him on to battle ; he left me,
Like a frail bud torn from its source of life,
To wither e'en when hope's horizon dawned
Most cloudless.

Oh, when affection blossoms erst in youth,
And twines its tendrils round a woman's heart,
Her bark of bliss upon the tide is launched :
And if its tender offering chance to wreck,
No star may cheer her on her lonely way.

I have seen
Two tender plants spread in the genial air,
Blending their leaves in such confusion sweet,
That fancy might have deem'd one parent stem
Had nourished both ; but when the morning sky
Beam'd on their beauty, the weaker languished,
And hardly could its sinking weight uphold ;
Then to the stronger one it seem'd to cling,
E'en as the infant to the mother's breast.
So we together grew, in sympathy
Mingling our every thought of joy or pain ;
I was the weaker, and I clung to him
Who could and did uphold me.

I watched them daily, till the promised buds
In rich profusion hung from either stem ;
But when they should have opened into flower,
And all gave earnest of a cheerful spring,
The one that triumphed in its earthly strength
Was taken from its native lap of earth,
Its fragrance in another soil to spread,
Far from its tender sister plant to bloom.
The other seemed to wrestle with decay,
And gently sink into the arms of death,
As if it pined for its companion gone,
Or absence gnawed the vitals of its growth ;
And yet betimes 'twould look as if the dew
Which bathes the earth with loveliness and light
Its drooping form again would animate ;
And thus it lived to struggle with its fate.
But it was doomed to wither, and like me,
Die as a flow'ret of the new-born spring,
Glancing too early from its wintry bed.

The Spirit of the Storm.

1839.

I COME on the whirlwind, career on the blast,
And the arrowy lightning around me is cast ;
My pillow the thunder-cloud, darkness my zone,
All fearless I walk on the tempest alone ;
In strife and commotion my presenee is spread,
I smile at the withered, I laugh at the dead.

I scoff at the dead, and I sport with the dying,
I smile at my victims in agony lying ;
On the dread wing of famine I fearlessly rove,
To blast the first blossoms of beauty and love ;
The pestilence hails me, as brothers we meet,
Whilst destruction and rapine lie crouched at our feet.

I'm on the wild ocean when boiling with foam,
On the deep sounding surges all trackless I roam ;
I'm gay at the roar of the element's strife,

And with feeling fresh wakened burst forth into life ;
Unbounded and free I fear nothing of harm,
I converse with the thunder and ride with the storm.

When earth seems to war with the legions of heaven ;
When the sapling is torn and the forest oak riven ;
When the red sky is blazing I sing on the wind,
And, reckless of danger, leave ruin behind ;
The spoil of the beautiful falls to my share,
And on strife's barren mountains I feast with despair.

But my great day of conquest draws speedily nigh,
When the last solemn warning shall sound from the sky,
When the sun shall be darkened, the moon shall be blood,
The earth have no fountains, the sea have no flood ;
When the universe flames, and its glory is past,
Shall be my dread triumph, my greatest and last.

My grave shall be ashes, and nature my pyre,
And my last breath of ravage shall pass in its fire,
'Mid earth's desolation no fear shall be felt,
Though the mountains dissolve and the elements melt ;
From the fall of creation new pleasure I'll quaff,
And then 'mid its darkness expire with a laugh.

The Song of Death.

1839.

"Who comes from the bridal chamber?
It is Azrael the angel of death."

SOUTHEY.

I COME not unto thee, sweet child,
With the bright and laughing eye ;
No, thou must quaff of sorrow's cup
Ere 'tis thy lot to die ;

No care hath wrinkled o'er thy brow,
No thorns bestrewn thy way,
But innocence and virtue tend
Upon thy happy play.

I will not cull so sweet a flower,
Though in paradise to bloom;
No, thou shalt live to deck the earth,
And smile upon the tomb.
Sport on, thou gay and lovely one,
Ere the cares of earth are known;
Go, pluck the flow'rets of the spring,
In beauty like thy own.

I come not unto thee, gay youth,
Though the roses deck thy brow,
The dearest joys that paint the earth
Shall be thy pleasures now;
Thou must of Marah's waters drink,
Before thy course is trod,
And thy spirit be thrice purified
Ere it ascends to God.

I come not unto thee, old age,
Though thy sand is nearly run;
Thy withered joys are passing fast,
And thy goal is almost won;
Yet must I pass thee, lonely one,
Though faint, thy gasping breath,
I leave thee still to wander on,
Thou hast no charm for death.

But to thee, thou fairy form of light,
With smiles born all of love,
Sparkling in beauty's soft excess
'Neath the sunshine from above.
Thy altar pledge is drawing near,
Thy bridal hour is nigh;
But the changeless fiat hath gone forth,
And the beautiful must die.

To thee I come by His command
Who stays the whirlwind's power,
Who watches e'en the sparrows fall,
And guards the frailest flower;
The garments of thy earthly love
Must to the grave be given,
And the virgin bride of earth shall be
The sainted bride of heaven.

Go, change the tarnished gauds of earth,
For robes of spotless white,
And I will herald thee to scenes
Of glory and of light;
There endless life and fadeless love
Shall crown the bridal wreath,
And one eternal spring shall reign,
Free from the blight of death.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. McLean.

(L. E. L.)

1839.

"The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away;
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to day,
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair."

BYRON.

THE harp we loved is broken,
Its chords are all unstrung;
The fiat hath been spoken—
Death to the fair and young!
Her strains of light and gladness,
Like fairy dreams have fled;
Yet her spirit seems to linger,
Though her lovely form is dead.

The lyre hath ceased its measures,
The song of joy is hushed;
Love lingers o'er the treasures
That from her feelings gushed,
Like waters from the fountain,
They bore our thoughts along,
Till the soul was deeply buried
In melody and song.

She sung of scenes of beauty,
  She tuned her strain to love;
The stars of heaven her ministers,
  Her genius from above;
And yet she overlooked not
  The flower that decks the sod—
Her song embraced within its bounds
  The universe of God.

Who placed the dreaded potion
  Within her fated grasp?
Who caused those lovely lips to taste
  The venom of the asp?
What bosom found within it
  The hell-born thought of crime,
To sink her in her beauty
  And the glory of her prime?

May England, roused to pity,
  This pledge of honour claim,
And pay her last devotion
  To that unsullied name;
'Tis equity demands it,
  'Tis Nature's silent call,
A nation's voice re-echoes—
  Who caused her early fall?

Suspicion yet will linger
  On her untimely doom,
And spread its blasted pinions
  Around her honoured tomb,
Till truth enthroned in justice
  Above its gloom shall rise,
Confirm our apprehensions,
  Or point to cloudless skies.

The golden bowl is broken,
  The silver cord unstrung,
Heaven claims our lovely songstress,
  Yet beautiful and young:
The flowers that bloom the brightest
  Pass earliest to decay,
Earth culls her smiling blossoms
  Before their sweetest day.

We give our only tribute—
  The tribute of a tear;
The triumphs of her genius
  Are still to memory dear;

And long the spell shall bind us
Within its magic chain,
Whilst faith shall sweetly whisper—
We yet may meet again.

The flow'rets bloom above her,
Long may they brightly bloom!
And seem to those who loved her
Like hope from out the tomb;
Like sunbeams in the tempest,
Or the beacon on the wave;
May they spread and smile in sadness.
Upon her early grave.

The Dying Widow to her Infant.

1839.

"I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be his child."

MRS. HEMANS.

"SLEEP on, thou bud of promise!
May thy slumber ever be
As bless'd with dreams of future joy
As the rest that now I see:—
Thy mother's eyes are closing fast,
And fainter grows her breath;
Thy gate of life hath been to her
The portal unto death.

"If the smiling hours of youthful joy
Brought only scenes of bliss,
And the visions of thy future course
Unsullied happiness,
Then could thy mother close her eyes
In death's eternal sleep,
No doubts her slumber to disturb,
No thought to make her weep.

"But oh, thy chequer'd path below
Will need a mother's care,
To cherish every virtuous thought,
And each tried feeling share.
What eye shall watch thy infant steps,
And strew thy path with flowers,
And lead thee in the way of truth,
Through childhood's sunny hours?

"Another hand must lead thee on,
And another form be pressed,
To gain the soothing stream of life
From love's well-spring in the breast!
But oh, that breast can never feel
A mother's yearning love,
Like the fadeless lamp at Allah's throne,
It shall brightly burn above.

"Oh, I had fondly longed to see
Those moments fraught with bliss,
When I might worthily bestow
A mother's tender kiss,
For some good deed in kindness done,
Some pledge to virtue given,
That the altar of thy guileless heart
Was sanctified by heaven.

"Yes, I had longed to nourish thee,
E'en as a tender flower,
To guard thee from the chilling blast,
And disappointment's power;
To watch the opening bud disclose
The flow'ret's fragrant bloom,
And cheer thee from affection's fount
On thy pathway to the tomb.

"Yes, I had thought to welcome thee,
When rich in woman's pride,
With the bridal wreath still blooming fresh,
And thy lover by thy side;
I had thought to give thee to his hands,
And with a mother's prayer
Have seal'd the solemn pledge of love
That he had given there.

"I had thought to teach thy virgin heart
The matron's path of life,
And see my gay and smiling girl
A fond and happy wife:

These dreams are past—it may not be ;
Stern death had rent the ties,
For to the seraph realms of light
My ransom'd spirit flies.

" Thy doating father's latest breath
Was raised to heaven for thee,
Ere yet the stormy path of life
It was thy lot to see ;
His pray'r was wafted to the throne,
That the Almighty's power
Might tend, in sunshine or in shade,
His yet unopen'd flower ;

" That the treasur'd jewel of his heart
Might in virtue's light expand,
And the embryo of his future joys
Be the honour of his land :
That when the storms of life might cull
From earth its brightest gem,
It might shine like hope from doubt redeemed
In the heavenly diadem.

" I go to meet him,—one fond kiss,
And then the link must part :
I come ;—his angel spirit calls,
And yet my trembling heart
Can hardly leave thee ; though each tie
That bound me here is riven,
I feel a pang that rends my soul,
E'en in the sight of heaven.

" I go, my child ! I never yet
Unheeding heard that call :
May God who guards the fatherless,
And watches over all,
Protect thee in thy purity,
And near thy spirit dwell !
I feel the iron grasp of death—
My beautiful ! Farewell !"

She spake ; the zephyr gently swelled,
And caught the holy sigh,
And the hallowed breath of dying love
Was wafted to the sky ;
The spirit followed in the track,
The paths of sunbeams trod,
And the happy mother dried her tears
In the presence of her God.

A Fragment.

1839.

YES, she was beautiful! her beaming eye
Was gazing pensively o'er well-known scenes,
That e'en in childhood were her favourite haunts:
But now the blush of full-blown womanhood
Had marked the seal of beauty on her brow,
An image of her purity of mind;
Whilst each sweet thought, free from the blight of care,
Bathed in the soul's deep melody of love.
No guilt had taught those orbs of light to shine
'Mid passion's gay but troubled wilderness;
In virgin loveliness she kept her course,
Pure and unsullied as the opening rose,
Kissed only by the gentle dews of heaven.

And there was one who loved—how fondly loved her,
Not for her beauty, but her virtue only;
She was his life, the star of all his hopes,
The magnet of his young and ardent soul,
Whilst heaven smiled brightly on their mutual bliss.
The bridal hour was fixed, the guests invited,
The priest at Hymen's altar waited long,
And yet they came not; she had lingered hours
Gazing upon the path his feet must tread,
And longing with the earnestness of love
To meet the earthly idol of her soul.
The appointed hour was past; it could not be
That she was left forsaken: before God
His vow of truth and constancy was made;
And she, the young and trusting one, would rather
Believe that heaven, with all its thousand lamps,
Was but a vision of the fancy's dream,
Than think him perjured.

Yet still she lingered! on her snowy breast,
Which heaved with deep anxiety to learn
The cause that stayed the footsteps of her love,
And seem'd as if 'twould burst the silken folds
With every sigh that 'scaped from out its tomb,
A flower of yesterday, with blighted leaf
And too soon wasted beauty, plucked by her,

Lay like an emblem near the throbbing heart,
To gently whisper of her lonely lot,—
Hers were the flowers of yesterday : the sun
That gilds the shadow of to-morrow's dawn,
Might never spread its smiles of radiant joy
Around the sweet but perishing delights
Of her young dream. In beauty it had set ;
But one dark cloud its loveliness obscured ;
The loved, the cherished, though the absent one,
Ere manhood's graces yet had gathered round him,
Was called by death, who brooks no earthly stay,
To his long home. A mournful week rolled on,
A funeral passed the shady line of elms
That spread their shadows round the village church ;
It was the last remains of him who loved,—
Loved unto death, and who in place of life
Had the grave wedded : there was one fair girl,
Her eyes bright glistening in their dewy fount,
And bathing in the tear-drops of the soul,
Weeping beside the bier as though her heart
Would burst with sorrow, and when the priest had said
The words that tell man of his nothingness,
" Dust unto dust;" she fell beside the grave,
And with the thrilling voice of long pent woe,
Cried aloud, " Soon shall I follow thee."

Months rolled away in sadness, and I saw
A mound of earth within the churchyard green,
And bending o'er the spot that lovely girl,
With raven tresses frosted o'er by night
And sparkling in the moonbeam's placid ray,
Stood weeping, lone, pale, and beautiful,
Like some bright vision of the sculptor's thought,
Or as an angel mourning for the fall.
It was a cold and a most cheerless hour ;
The stars seemed chilled and half afraid to shine :
She knelt upon the grave, her tears fell fast,
Glistening like dew-drops on the daisies there,
Or frozen into icicles of love ;
And then she clasped the earth, in whose embrace
Had slept her earliest and her dearest stay,
And then she gazed on heaven ; a prayer
Rose from the heart that seemed almost to burst
Ere that her bloodless lips gave utterance.
Oh, what a change was there ! in one so young ;
Scare two moons past and she was gay with life,
Sporting along the fairy path of joy,

Without one cloud of sorrow hovering near :
But now the future was a dreary void,
Save when the light that gilds religion's way
Shone in the distance, and with hope revealed
The bright hereafter ; and it seemed to shine
E'en as in sadness she was bending there.
The fountain of her tears had ceased to flow,
And resignation spread its magic power
Around her guileless but desponding soul :
She faintly whispered, "We shall meet again
Where death is never known ;" then silently
Passed to her home and sought repose in sleep.

She seemed to live no more, and still to have
A passionless being, separate from earth ;
Yet she complained not, though her lovely eye
With longing brightness on the tomb would gaze.
And thus she pined away, transplanted young,
To bloom amid the paradise of God ;
The pang of blighted hope had caused to burst
The deep-sealed fountain of a woman's love.

Reflections at Newstead.

1839.

"As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed ;
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat ; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up ;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath."

POLLOK.

SURE this is holy ground ! for every scene
That strikes the eye in its extended range
Speaks to the soul : 'twas here in this still spot,
Lonely and beautiful ! the feet of one,
Who like a star in the bright firmament,
Falling from out its destined course of light,
Wandered in early days : before the cup

Of earthly pleasures, tinselled o'er with false
And most delusive joys, had tempted him ;
Here he, whose strains shall live till memory fail,
Whose soaring genius thousands yet shall love,
Had spent the brightest and the happiest hours
Of his short life, so chequered o'er with change.
In early youth, crossed by the whims of those
Who should have nourished in the lap of love
Fortune's most gifted but most wayward child,
Meeting with tumult where he looked for peace,
Without a mother's care to smooth his way,
His steps to guide, his passions to control ;
He entered life alone, without a friend,
And felt a man ere age could call him boy.
He loved : the first sweet breathing of his soul
Was after something bright, in essence pure ;
But oh, he ne'er had learnt to bear the sting
Of disappointment ; he had fondly deemed
The world was one fair scene of lasting joy :
But when his dearest hopes were blighted young,
Ere yet matured in sunshine, then he gazed
With a distorted vision on the earth,
And thought that all was false as it was fair ;
Friendship and love he found to be but names.
His fancy oft had formed a pleasing frame
Of what the soul's most pure delights should be,
Too near perfection for the things of time
Ever to equal : when he tasted these
And found the fruits of what he truly felt,
In very beauty pure, prove to be bitter,
Then his young heart shrunk e'en with disgust
From what we call the joys of our short day.
He courted fame and found that it was false ;
The syren pleasure tempted him astray ;
Amid the rank of beauty's favourites
He stood the worshipped idol ; yet alone
He felt the longing for a kindred soul,
One that his dreams of youth had first pourtrayed ;
A vision hovered round him, and he yearned
To find the spirit that his fancy drew.
He looked with misanthropic eye upon
All that would soothe him on his weary way :
He fancied that he saw in all below
The mark of falsehood and hypocrisy ;
Yet nature was his study, and with her
He knew the stamp of guile could never be,
His being seemed a part of her bright whole ;

She was to him e'en as an open book
On which he gazed enraptured ;—and 'twas then
He felt the petty malice of the world
To be as nothing from his eagle height ;
Like that proud mountain bird, he looked with scorn
On those who toiled along the path of life.
The mountain torrent and the sleeping sea ;
The forest wild, the rich bespangled lawn ;
The living lights of heaven that endless burn ;
The silvery stream, the loud and angry surge,
Lightning and thunder, whirlwind and the storm ;
The avalanche, that buries in its fall
The fruits of plenty on the smiling plain ;
The glaciers, glistening in the light of morn,
One shining mass of silver ; the bright sun
The monarch and the god of our bright day ;
The changing moon in all its varied forms,
The queen of night, pure in serenity ;—
These were to him like old companions dear,
Familiar e'en as though he knew them well,
Or had been nurtured with him from the womb,
And they supplied the place of childhood's friends ;
They were his ministers, his guardian sprites,
With them he held communion : but with man
He seemed to have no sympathy, his thoughts
Which burned within his breast, a very hell,
Urged him from quiet to the whirlpool's brink,
The whirlpool of distraction ; then amid
The paths of gaiety, the walks of vice,
He bent his steps misguided : sought for peace
Among the dissipations of the world,—
Caught at the shadow, but the substance missed ;
And yet he felt a void within his soul,
An aching want of something that, alas !
He ne'er was destined to enjoy below.
He looked to nature and she soothed his care,
Stilled every feeling that had stung his soul,
All but the voice of conscience, that would not
Rest at her bidding ; for a mightier power,
The power of nature's everlasting God,
Alone could bring the balm that voice to soothe :
He tried all earth could yield, but found it vain ;—
'Twas then he toiled for glory, and, the first
In freedom's sacred cause ; the oppressor's wrong
Vowed to avenge or perish ! and he fell ;
Not in the battle, on a lowly couch
Spread by the hands of patriots, who with him

Espoused the cause of Greece,—the wasting pain
Of fever's swift decay preyed on his soul.

Thus Byron died! the longing thirst of youth
Unsated; in the prime of manhood's power
He slept with glory's laurel on his brow:
Greece wept his early doom; his heart is there;
Whilst thousands pay their tribute of esteem,
And mourn the hero at the poet's tomb.
Tread lightly o'er his ashes; judge him not,
Thou who art saying in thy pride of soul,
"Thank heaven, I was not born to sins like his;"
For oh, remember that thy Maker's hand
May not have planted in thy lukewarm breast
Such headstrong passions as was his to share:
But other sins may still thy portion be;
Sins that are lightly thought of by the world
May be as rank in heaven's all-seeing eye:
For why? the struggle to o'ermaster these
Required but little toil, and even that
Was left neglected; oh, then, judge him not;
His was a master spirit, and our souls,
Narrowed by prejudice and custom's rules,
Can never enter into sympathy
With one so gifted, he was born to change.
His short but most eventful life was one
By passion and excitement rendered bright,—
His was a meteor track; but he hath left
A memory that may not, cannot die,
Whilst hearts can feel the beauties of his strain.

Oh, with what feelings I have traced the walks
That once his footsteps trod, with what delight
Upon each scene have gazed that once he viewed;
His spirit seems to hover o'er the way;
His genius hallows every beauteous spot,
And raises thought so near akin to worship,
That the heart bows 'neath its sacred power,
And owns him great e'en in his errors;
The same bright lake reflects its sweet expanse
And revels in the sunshine; the canoe
That oft had borne him in his younger days
So swiftly o'er the waters, still is here;
Here too a monument, the tribute paid
To patient merit, points the sacred spot
Where rests his constant friend, e'en unto death,
His noble dog, and on the tomb is writ,
In characters that years have not effaced,

His many merits; there the spreading beech,
On which is still inscribed his lasting name,
Linked unto one that loved him, e'en through life,
When calumny had tainted with its breath
His envied fame, still blooms in beauty;
The bed on which he slept, the very desk
On which he wrote, remain unmoved, as though
Spirits of genius hovered round the spot,
To guard from touch profane relics so dear:—
I moved along in silence, for the scene
Seemed like enchanted ground.

Health and long life to him who owns the walks
Of hallowed Newstead: with a careful hand
He hath preserved each fond memorial,
Dear for the cherished memory of one
Who now hath bid its scenes a last adieu;
He deems those scenes of interest to all,
And thus invites the stranger on his way
To turn aside and spend an hour of peace,
In wandering o'er the paths of Byron's home.
May Wildman's name with hers, to many dear,
The honoured partner of his cares below,
Be linked through time with one that ne'er shall die;
For they, with bounteous hearts, have guarded here
All that the poet in his lifetime loved.

My Childhood's Home.

1839.

"Oh friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with the warmest tear!
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell."

BYRON.

MY childhood's home! how purely sweet
To call remembrance of the past,
Departed joys once more to greet,
The pleasures far too fair to last;

To bring from time's unseen abyss
The memories of cloudless hours,
And gild the present scene of bliss
With young affection's brightest flowers.

My childhood's home! what feelings gush
Around my quickly throbbing heart;
The streams from memory's fountains rush,
The tears of love like dew-drops start,
Whilst gazing on the home of youth,
Where first my infant footsteps strayed
When life was joy; and all seemed truth
In fancy's sweetest guise arrayed.

My childhood's home! dear sacred scene;
Without a care I've roved along
Where pastures seemed for ever green,
And listened to the woodlark's song;
The liquid melody that flowed
From earth to heaven was sweet to me,
My heart with fervour deeply glowed,
For I was like the songster, free.

Unknown to sorrow, free from woe,
I deemed the world was true as fair,
Nor thought my joyous path below
Would e'er be clouded o'er with care:
Oh, that reality should break
The visions of our early years,
For from the dreams of bliss awake,
We feel the earth a vale of tears.

My childhood's home! a mother's love
Once tended o'er my course of joy,
First taught my failing steps to move,
Ere yet the infant changed to boy;
Then with what care she led me on,
And smiled to see her offspring gay;
But oh, those happy hours are gone,
Our dearest pleasures soon decay.

My childhood's home! a sister's hand
Once strewed my path with every bliss
That her pure heart could e'er command
To grace a varied scene like this;
Together we have wandered o'er
Each spot familiar to my eye,
And talked of pleasures yet in store,
Nor thought that love like ours must die.

My childhood's home! a brother too
Once had my happy heart beguiled,
With chubby cheeks and eyes of blue,
In very joy of soul he smiled;
Within the churchyard we have played,
And sported o'er the flower-clad sod
With which the portals are arrayed,
The only path to heaven and God.

Where is my mother now? a stone
Points out the ever sacred spot
Where rests her honoured form, alone,
Unheeded, by the world forgot;
But oh, that little mound of earth,
With daisies smiling, blooming there,
To my fond heart hath dearer worth
Than all the pleasures life may share.

My sister, brother, both are gone,
The playmates of my youth are dead;
Bright was the heaven that o'er them shone,
E'en till their happy spirits fled.
But I was left to brave the blast,
And through the storms of time to roam;
My weary soul hath come at last
To weep upon my childhood's home.

My childhood's home! how many years
Have rolled into the gulph of time,
Since last I viewed the scene that cheers
My sinking soul in every clime;
How many sorrows I have known,
In passing life's tempestuous sea;
Yet when my dreams of bliss are flown,
My childhood's home I turn to thee.

A moment I again behold
My mother and my sister dear,—
Oh, richer than Golconda's gold
Is true affection's heaven-born tear:
I shed the tear at memory's shrine,
Once more through strife and care to roam,
But ever are the thoughts divine
Called from the past, by childhood's home.

Sympathy.

1839.

OH breathes there a heart on this beautiful earth,
That ne'er with the feelings of sympathy bled;
Where, where is the soul, 'mid its circles of mirth,
That feels not the tears which the absent have shed?

Oh trust not the coward whose eye never brightened,
'Mid the deep-stirring fondness of sympathy's spell;
The throb of whose spirit had never been heightened
With the smiles at the meeting, or parting farewell.

His heart must be cold as the ice on the mountains,
His feelings be chill as the finger of frost;
His blood cease to flow from the purest of fountains,
And his steps in the mazes of error be lost.

Like the sear leaf of autumn, when summer is dying,
As it breathes its last sunshine on early decay,
So hopeless and lost shall his pleasures be lying,
Till swept by the whirlwind for ever away.

He shall die like an outcast, unloved and forsaken,
And his dwelling be cold as the thoughts of his heart;
In the bright eye of beauty no tear shall awaken
To know that the loveless for aye must depart.

Whilst woman, the light of our life's early morning,
The star of our midnight, the sun of our way;
As virgin, or mother, our circles adorning,
Brings the smiles of to-morrow to brighten to-day.

As her sweet beaming eyes are still smiling in sadness,
Or melting in tears at the thoughts of the past,
We will weep with the weeping, rejoice in her gladness,
And cherish the pleasures too joyous to last.

Then pass round the cup which is beaming with pleasures,
The nectar of life swimming over the bowl;
For the first and the brightest of earth's fleeting treasures,
Is when sympathy heightens the joy of the soul.

To the Members of an Essay Society.

1840.

OH! how can I presume, where critics sit,
Perfect in everything but skill and wit;
Whose upper lips the razor never knew,
Soft as the brains from which their strains they drew.
Ye Gods! how stupid thus to see them range
Without a thought their own—'tis monstrous strange!
'Mong such what chance have I, in simple rhyme,
To beg a moment of such precious time
As unto these all skilful ones belong,
Crowned, by the wonderers round, the chiefs of song;
Their prosy essays, rich in all but sense,
Are courting smiles they know to be pretence—
Whilst some half slumbering member, wakened by
The plaintive breathing of the author nigh,
Says with a tone, whose truth no questions call,
"Those two sweet lines, if last, are worth them all."

Yet there are some among this chosen few,
That are not like their name and stockings—blue;
Some who may yet in prouder circles shine,
And court with better grace the tuneful nine;
But when conceit and ignorance unite
The critics' mede of terrors to invite,
Then "write him down an ass" who wields the pen,
And what he understands not, *will* condemn.
Far be't from me to blame your social feast,
And if I did, what matter?—not the least;
The "feast of reason and the flow of soul"
Is, like your talents, far beyond control;
For me, I do not to your ranks aspire,
A humbler station is my sole desire;
Where critics spare the rod and do not use
The talents God hath given them to abuse.

Long may you flourish! and a bright new year
In fairer sunshine on your feasts appear,
Brightening the hours from want of talents dead.
Arousing genius where you deemed it fled;
May social joys your every meeting crown,
And you, when you deserve it, gain renown.

Ye fair ones, judge me not; I do not mean
That you should frown when these few lines are seen;
Many there are who grace each meeting there,
And your productions, like yourselves, are fair.
May health and comfort bless your single hours,
And your hymeneal path be strewn with flowers.

Stephenson.

1859.

NOT long ago the tears of thousands told
That worth and greatness had departed hence,
And a great light had left the world in gloom,
By rising to its native firmament;
Yet tenderly as we the sire had loved
We scarce could mourn. The wheat-sheaf fully ripe
Was gathered at the harvest, and he slept—
A patriarch in honours.

Another death-bell tolls! another soul
Wakens amid the Seraphim. God's will be done!
Another star takes its glad place in heaven,
Amid a galaxy of kindred lights,—
The tender ties of life snapped in their blossom
Ere that the mighty genius yet had known
The summer of its strength,—called to rest
Fresh in its power of truth.

And thou our boast! the pride of Englishmen,
The loved and honoured of a thousand hearts,
In thy full prime and might of intellect;
Thou of the people born! with them and of them,
Feeling for them, and hailing them as brothers,
Owning the sacred brotherhood of man;
Looking on titles as the burnished gilt
Which hides too oft the vacuum of the mind,
We mourn thee gone too soon.

One of the people! 'tis the people mourn
Thy early call to judgment; thy great heart
Fostered the early struggle after bread,
Of toiling genius and the widow's prayer,

The orphan's benison! the poor man's tears
Bedew the memory of the just and good;
A nation mourns! not for the loss of birth,—
Not for the wealthy and the titled name,—
A nation mourns in solemn earnestness
For the loved genius and the bounteous man.

A silent sorrow dwells on every face,
A silent sorrow dwells in every heart,
A sorrow far too deep for idle words;
There is a blank left in our beauteous world,
Alas! no more with sunshine to be filled.—
And beauty mourns thee! Woman with her love
Spreads o'er thy memory a living light:
For thou wast gentle, kind, and ever good—
More gentle to the weak than to the strong—
And, though exalted, in thy power of mind
Could'st look with love upon the little child,
And own it as a messenger from God—
His favourite bud.

The wheel is broken at the cistern,
Genius turned its spokes too quickly on,
Moved by the God-born power of intellect;
The broken pitcher at the fountain stands,
The sparkling jewel from the casket gone,
The dust returned unto its parent dust,
The deathless spirit unto him who gave,
The silver cord, that twined the golden bowl,
Is rudely snapped ere half its worth is known;
And thou—the good, the generous, and the true—
Passed from the glories of a fleeting world
To meet the lost, and with thy presence grace
The Hierarchy of Heaven.

Another star in heaven's great firmament
Sparkles in endless brightness! 'mid the throng
Of mighty minds, gone to their rest before,
Unfading as Eternity! Thine the light.

Nothing versus Woman.

1861.

IF man come from nothing, and woman from man,
To describe *such* a nothing, sure nobody can.
This thing, formed from *no*thing, like something will walk,
And chatter and prate, though of nothing her talk,
Till you wish from your heart that once more you could crib
The nothing that made her—your own long-lost rib.

From a portion of nothing this chatterer came—
How apt, how conclusive, how speaking her name,
Woe-man—and when woman did Adam first tempt,
Had he treated this nothing with silent contempt,
Then nothing would over his peace have prevailed,
And this remnant of nothing I ne'er had bewailed.

Old Adam knew nothing, or nothing could never
Have ruined his peace and his prospects for ever;
Though had Adam this extract of nothing ne'er known,
But, troubled with nothing, left nothing alone,
This abortion of nothing, had left him to roam
With nothing to lighten the shadows of home.

But nothing can never this nothing illume,
This bone of contention, this rib of man's tomb;
Though nothing is man, less than nothing is woman.
This semblance of nothing seems made but to DO man;
Though far less than nothing *she* carries more sail
Than *the* nothing her parent who with her must trail.

But a fear of the sex makes me pause in my strain,
As if I from nothing, had nothing to gain,
When my all is dependant: or how can I please,
With nothing, such beautiful nothings as these?
I love them as nothing, as nothing now goes,
"And we all love a pretty girl under the rose."

This world without nothings could never go on,
And we dream about nothing, till nothing is gone!
The nothing I speak of is nothing to cheer
And gladden with smiles the bright spring of the year,
A nought at the right hand of one will yet show
"*A* one that is ten times the value you know."

All nothings are part of the infinite plan,
And without these *queer* nothings then nothing were man ;
Of *some* thing too many are fond to appear,
Yet this troublesome nothing to ALL men is dear,
And nothing with nothing must learn to abide
Till all things are nothings and nothing beside.

Tobacco.

1861.

WHEN the clouds of sorrow gather
Round the head and round the heart,
And in vain we look about us
For a balm to soothe the smart ;
Then, to thee, thou weed of comfort,
Fragrant as the loveliest flower,
Turn we, in our darkest moments,
For the solace of an hour.

Beautiful ! the smoke ascending
In its graceful, vapoury curl :
Incense round the curtains blending,
Heartfelt raptures to unfurl.
Care on every whiff disporting,
Flies upon the smoke away,
And the night that seemed all darkness
Brightens into perfect day.

When the temper, soured and ruffled
With the anxious cares of life,
Finds a vent, not too uncommon,
On the patient, waiting wife :
Then, Tobacco, to the rescue !
Passion flies away in smoke ;
And the clouded, moody temper,
Passes in a passing joke.

See the poor man with his cutty,
When he can't get bread and cheese,
Or if he can, but just sufficient
To make his stomach ill at ease.

Who would rob the ill-paid labourer,
Smoking at his daily toil?
He, without this trivial blessing,
Is a lamp without the oil.

Though the world of most bereave me,
And around the tempests war,
Yet it will not *all* deceive me,
If it leave me a Cigar.
Real Havannah, glory ever
Rest upon thy native isle,
For with thy delights we never
Cease amid our cares to smile.

Farewell to Snuff.

1858.

YES, I've been a slave to thee,
In the form of brown Rappee!
Often when in gloom and woe,
Thou hast made my spirit glow:
Giving false electric ire
To the brain too much on fire.
Tantalising, worthless stuff,
Now a long farewell to snuff.

When I knew thee years ago,
Bright was everything below:
Flow'rs seemed never born to die,
Blooming 'neath a cloudless sky;
Then, so cheering was thy power,
It would make me sneeze an hour,
Since, I've taken thee in pounds,
Traversing my daily rounds;
For twenty years, I owned thy spell,
Now, old friend, a long farewell.

Fare thee well! our close connection
Interferes with the digestion,
Brings a crowd of nameless ills,
Black draught, rhubarb, Cockle's pills,
And the washerwoman's bills;

Yet I leave thee with regret,
Hard the lesson to forget:
E'en from dirty friends to part,
Raises pangs within the heart—
If they ever have been kind.
Falsehood leaves a sting behind,
Those we've trusted false, howe'er,
Must for aye our feelings share;
Many friends we more than grieve
Were our friends but to deceive,
And a snuff has quite the worth
Of most friendships found on earth.

Though to-day we part in sorrow,
I shall long for thee to-morrow;
Appetite for England's beef
Gives unto my heart relief.
All the inner part of man
Will rejoice as best it can;
Steaks and chops have room to play,
And digestion claims the day.

Fare thee well! may other friends
Never have more selfish ends!
On thy better brother, I
Still for solace must rely.
And the perfume of his breath
Shall spread fragrance o'er thy death.

Garibaldi.

1859.

GOD'S messenger of light,
To ope the prison doors and let the captive free;
Awake to joy once more down-trodden Italy:
Gone are thy years of night.

We will tune the broken lyre,
To a new and living song,
And sing with words of fire
Right's triumph over wrong.

An angel's voice is heard,
In an anthem of the free ;
And each silv'ry sounding word,
Is the breath of liberty.

God's messenger of love ;
To break the captive's chain and bid him smile,
Whose soul has wept for years the tears of blood,
Victim of fraud and guile.

God's messenger to scourge !
Upheld and guided by His own right hand,
In child-like faith the foremost in the fight—
First of the gallant band.

Thy simple truth—thy soul which burns with fire ;
The fire of freedom from thy birthright given,
Thy boundless love of country and of home,
Mark thee the chosen Minister of Heaven.

To make the tyrant tremble on his throne,
And bid the nations of the world rejoice ;
Though starting in thy earnest faith alone,
Now myriads listen to thy magic voice.

Echo ye mountains to the glorious strain,
Take up the song ye everlasting hills,
Freedom's Messiah comes ! his lasting reign
Is murmured by the fountains and the rills.

Soon shall the sword be sheathed, and war be known,
But as a dream within thy smiling land ;
The flowers shall bloom in perfume not their own,
In liberty's pure sunshine to expand.

Freedom can never die ; the God that gave,
Alone recalls the birthright He hath given—
" ' Tis an exotic of celestial birth,"
To bloom on earth and blossom yet in heaven.

Ye patriot mothers who have sent your sons
To battle for the cause you loved so well ;—
Ye bright-eyed maidens who those sons have loved,
And prayed for them, and cheered them as they fell ;

Ye fathers who have heard the war-cry sound,
And never faltered : but the sword of truth
In freedom's deathless cause have girded on,
And led the phalanx of your patriot youth :

Your task is nearly done :—the saviour comes—
The man whom millions worship leads you on ;
He will not falter in his course of right,
Till every stain of tyranny is gone.

Then he will lay his sword of mercy down,
(For mercy tempered justice in his hand)
And crowned with laurels which can never die,
Live in the memory of his native land.

And children yet unborn shall learn to bless
The name of him whose pure and spotless life,
Made tyrants tremble in their nothingness,
With earnest faith the foremost in the strife.

Not for himself the patriot hero fought,
His country's cause alone his single claim.
No tinselled honours hath he ever sought,
Though love and victory surround his name.

For Italy he lived—the classic land,
Bound in the iron chain a despot wove ;
But he hath changed its misery and gloom,
And made it one of beauty and of love.

The mother with the brother, and the father and the wife,
Pray, for they love thee tenderly, and watch thy charmed life ;
Oh, Italy's Messiah ! love, freedom ! strength, and joy,
Have joined in one bright union the tyrant to destroy.

And the Demon Bourbon trembles as he sees the captive's chain,
Unfastened, useless, rusty, to be never forged again.
God, Thou has sent Thy chosen to set the captive free,
And the sword is now Thy weapon in the cause of liberty.

Oh, it shall never waver, that true and mighty sword,
Till it makes the world remember
That Thou art freedom's Lord !
Land of the vine-clad hills,
The pure blue sky ; the lovely smile of woman,
Thy daughters yet again shall learn to love
The sound of gladness, and the gentle dove
Murmur the God-like whisper from above,
Freedom can never die.

To the Memory of Richard Grainger.

1862.

HIS task is done! too late for him to see
Will be the monument his townsmen raise;
Cold is the heart so open and so free,
And dull the ear to flattery and praise.

His task is done! The worker is at rest;
Work is Religion when the work is good,
To find the labourer bread, and in his breast
Awake response too little understood.

This was his mission! and how true 'twas done,
Shows the spontaneous offering to his worth;
When that the fight was fought, the victory won,
And tens of thousands saw his last on earth.

'Twas a proud offering! unassuming worth
Claimed the sad tribute, and 'twas nobly paid;
A northern light hath vanished from the earth,
One of its noblest in the tomb is laid.

Oh! 'twas a sight to move the hardest heart,
The cavalcade of life that followed death;
Then thousands felt how hard it is to part,
And followed to the grave with bated breath.

Fain had I wished before his course had run,
He might have seen the monument we raise,
That it might yet have cheered his setting sun,
And told his honest heart his townsmen's praise.

Too late! that heart is cold and silent now,
Its troubles and its joys alike are gone;
The smile is vanished from the open brow,
Only in memory may it still live on.

The blessings of the poor have gone before him,
To clear his entrance to the jasper throne;
And they shall blot out many a human frailty,
Known to his Maker and his God alone.

Oh, years ago we should have made the tribute
About to rise in honour of his name;
But he shall live a star in our hereafter,
Years may not dim the brightness of his fame.

His sleep is peace! the rest without a slumber,
No dreams to mar the perfect rest of sleep;
His deeds are past before him unto judgment,
We mourn him lost to us, yet may not weep.

His sunset was all-glorious in its brightness,
Without a shadow yet of time's decay;
In the full vigour of his manhood's glory,
His gentle spirit passed in light away.

Richard Grainger.

1859.

"The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies."

BUILD not a monument to dead men's bones,
When the great spirit honoured is at rest.
Of what avail the sculptured pile of stones?
It brings no solace to the silent breast.

The heart that in its manhood felt for all
Lies still and cold within the narrow cell,
And thousands for the well-earned tribute call,
To grace the town which he hath loved so well.

The calm and unobtrusive oft repose,
After a lifetime spent in doing good,
Without one monument to guard their fame;
Their worth in death is only understood.

To live for cenotaphs, too often here
Is the reward of merit and of worth;
And when departed genius claims a tear,
Too late we *know* the great ones of the earth.

Then, and then only, when the dreary void
Is felt unfilled, and earth's stars fade away,
We know the power that smiled upon our path,
And learn the light that shone upon our day.

Then, useless struggle to amend the past,
We raise a monument they cannot see.
Let such be not our feeling, when no more
Our grateful hearts can ever smile on thee.

In after years, when we are in the dust,
Our children's children, gazing in amaze
On the palatial splendour of thy hand,
Their little offering to thy name shall raise.

Oh, town of my adoption; let it not
Be said of thee thy builder's honoured name
Has not a shrine to grace one single spot,
One act of gratitude to tell his claim.

Let the great builder know, before he dies,
That thousands feel his merit, and will raise
Something as deathless as his deathless fame,
An everlasting tribute to his praise.

We'll raise a monument to living worth,
And not a tombstone to the lost and gone,
And show him, whilst he yet remains on earth,
Our grateful trust that he may still live on.

And as he sinks into the vale of years,
When life and all its pleasures cease to charm,
His townsmen's thanks shall light the vale of tears,
Their deeds of gratitude his spirit warm.

Thus, loved and honoured, at a green old age,
Stealing to slumber like the setting sun,
His name shall live for aye in history's page,
Graced with the laurels he so nobly won.

The Parting.

1857.

I SAW her at the altar,
And kneeling lowly there,
I heard love's first fond offering,
As her lips were moved in prayer;
Naught could on earth be lovelier
Than that bright one bending there.

A wanderer from the world of dreams—
An angel from the sky—
Too fair for earth's sad denizen,
Her home might be on high;
So lovely was that tender form,
Of matchless purity!

Her eyes of sweetest blue were cast
Imploringly to heaven,—
Can such a spotless being need
A sin to be forgiven?
She sought for fortitude to bear
Her soul's best treasures riven.

The first fond dream of youthful love
Had wakened in her breast,
The dove of peace, with olive branch,
Had found with her its nest,—
In the visions of futurity
Her heart seemed doubly blest.

'Twas the spring of life and beauty
To that young happy heart,
Love had ope'd its treasured fountain,
And healed its every smart;
From her cheek the blush of innocence
Seemed never to depart.

It was that heart's first sacrifice,
For blushing youth was yet
Laughing in sunshine on her brow,
Though curls of deepest jet;
And a glance of one so beautiful
The heart could ne'er forget.

Meekly she bowed, that lovely one,
Before the shrine in prayer,
She craved in deep humility,
And claimed her Maker's care;
And the eye which never slumbers
Looked with compassion there.

But in that sacred presence,
Does she sacrifice alone?
Does the prayer unwinged with sympathy
Appear before the throne?
Ah no, there is another by,
This silent joy may own.

Her earthly love was plighted,
  Her first bright path was trod,
She offered all a sacrifice
  Unto the living God;
And she prayed that she might ever
  Be prepared to kiss the rod.

She knew not of his presence,
  But their parting hour was nigh,
She had craved for resignation,
  And her prayer had reached the sky,
Though the buds of hope were destined
  In their loveliness to die.

She rose from her devotions,
  And turned her hair aside,
And liquid pearls were glistening—
  The tears of love and pride—
Upon her eyes' dark fringes,
  Gems for the virgin bride.

Oh, the tears of love and innocence
  Outvie the costliest gem
That e'er in purest gold was set
  To grace a diadem;
E'en wealth will feel its nothingness,
  And sacrifice to them.

Then met those looks of tenderness
  That only love can know,
In the eloquence of silence
  Bade the fountains overflow;
And like spring's refreshing dewdrops,
  Her tears in sunbeams glow.

And then the deep impression
  Of the last fond fervent kiss,
As the lips seemed never more to part
  From their long-drawn draughts of bliss;
Oh, there are years of happiness
  In moments such as this.

When heart with heart is beating,
  And form to form is pressed,
And the same deep treasured feelings
  Arise in either breast,
We live but for the present time,
  We care not for the rest.

And again the parting pledge was given,
Their souls were in the kiss,
And seemed with melting tenderness
To breathe away in bliss.
Sure not the price of gold would pay
The luxury of this.

Alone her eye-lids open,
And more in silence speak
The glistening monitors of joy
And sorrow on her cheek;
Alas that such a tender heart
Should e'er be doomed to break.

Farewell!—a word which wringeth
The spirit to its core,—
A word that bids joy perish,
And change the hue it wore,
When sadness shrouds the future,
With trouble yet in store.

That word by all is spoken,
For pleasure must decay,
The silver chord is broken,
And he is far away;
The frown of desolation
Now makes a night of day.

Oh love, how vainly trusting
The hearts which own thy sway,
How slow the moments linger
With those we love away,
The sky of life is shadowed
With emblems of decay;

But in their blest communion
No thought of time we own,
But moments winged with gladness
Surround the heart alone;
We feel thy sacred loveliness,
And worship at thy throne.

The Broken Toy.

1857.

A CHILD, a very little child,
Played with a little toy,
And he looked in his mother's eyes and smiled,
A glad and happy boy ;
And the mother gazed on her treasured bliss,
As he prattled on her knee,
And blessed with a mother's fervent kiss
His joyous infancy.

And the child played on in gladness,
And the mother watched him still;
No shadow of earth's sadness
Could his bright young vision fill ;
And she breathed a prayer to the God above
To watch o'er his infant years,
And to lead him with His priceless love
Through this chequered vale of tears.

Ah a mother's love is stronger
Than the strongest tie of earth,
It lasts when life no longer
Gives the beautiful its birth ;
In sadness and affliction,
O'er the new grave's cherished sod,
'Tis still unchanged as ever—
A living part of God.

But what is the shade on that placid brow ?
His morning dream is past ;
The early lesson is taught him now,
That the bright will never last.
The toy which gladdened the infant's heart
Is broken and cast away,
And that child hath learned in infancy
A lesson of decay.

'Twas the first sad lesson of infant life,
Was the little broken toy,
And cast a shade o'er the smiling face
Of mother and of boy.

Oh in future years will the broken toys
Of our childhood's golden dream,
Cast a shade of care o'er the brightest hours
Of life's most placid stream.

And manhood's toys must be broken,
The fairest hopes must die;
The blighted bud will only live
In the light of eternity;
There it will never perish,
But in endless sunshine bloom,
Where life hath no to-morrow,
And joy shall know no tomb.

An Appeal for the Blind.

1858.

THEY have never seen the flowers
Heaven's language spread abroad;
The fragrant little messengers
Of sunlight and of God;
But they have breathed the perfume
Of the violet's failing breath,
And tasted of the beautiful
In life as well as death.
Though the world to them is darkness,
And dark the sky above,
They are still the sightless wanderers
Of mercy and of love.

They have never seen a child—
Earth's fairest, brightest thing—
But have heard its guileless prattle
And its sweet voice learn to sing.
They have felt the fresh young spirit
Come o'er them like a dream,
And learned to love the murmurs
Of childhood's happy stream;
And the sound of guileless voices
Hath pointed to on high,
Till they joined earth's angel-whisper
As it mounted to the sky.

They have never seen God's treasures
Spread o'er a smiling earth,
Or watched the Spring's glad promise
Of the Summer's glorious birth.
They have felt the changing seasons,
But never seen their light;
To them the radiant sunshine
Is as the gloom of night.
They breathe the mellowed fragrance
Of Autumn's golden hours,
But they cannot see its beauties—
They can only smell the flowers.

We plead for those who wander
In a darkness not their own,
Yet known unto the mercy
Of the living God alone.
He hath willed their life be darkness
And their morning joys be night,—
But He may have willed their future
Should be one of changeless light.

Give to the sightless wanderer,
And lead him on his way,—
Thou yet may'st chance to meet him
In everlasting day,
Where the blind receive their sight,
And sing with one accord
A new-found song of praise
In the presence of the Lord.
Thank Heaven that we can triumph
In Spring and Autumn hours,
That, as well as smell the fragrance,
We can also see the flowers.

To Florence Nightingale.

1856.

WHAT are the deeds of warriors
To those that thou hast done?
Thou hast soothed the soldier's pillow,
And watched his setting sun;

Though worn his sinking spirit,
With his gently failing breath,
Thy name *he* sweetly murmurs
In the chilly arms of death.

Among the dead and dying,
'Mid pestilence and strife,
Thou hast watched the fearful struggle—
The last 'tween death and life;
And thy woman's sacred mission
Hath dispersed the gathered gloom,
And reposed upon the promise
Fulfilled beyond the tomb.

Thou hast left a home of gladness
To wait on those who die
In the cause of England's honor—
In the arms of victory.
Thou hast caused, with woman's kindness,
The couch of peace to spread,
And laid the last sad mantle
Around the withered dead.

Shall we give thee *England's* treasures,
To add unto thy fame?
Ah! no, from thee no tribute
Would such an offering claim;
We will give thee of *our* treasures,
From which thou canst not part,
To thee the dearest trophies,
The treasures of the heart.

Go on! enchanted spirit,
In thy hallowed course of love,
Till thy sister angels call thee
To their own bright home above;
Thou surely art a wanderer
From their bright and starry sphere,
Long may they cease to *claim* thee,
Long be thy tarriance here.

The Nightingale sings sweetly
Our solemn woods among,
Entranced we raptured listen
To the silvery, melting song;
But amid the din of battle,
Above the death-wrung wail,
A sweeter song has risen
From *England's* Nightingale.

May that song of peace still gladden
The land that gave thee birth,—
The sweetest and the purest
That was ever heard on earth,—
Till its strains are lost in sunshine
With the soldier's prayer above,
And thou a perfect spirit
In the paradise of love.

Stanzas.

1856.

"If the cap fits, put it on."

IS it friendship to bask 'mid the light of a smile,
And *feed* from the purse of the generous in heart;
When trusting and trusted, and thoughtless of guile,
In sorrow and trial it gladly takes part?

Is it friendship to live in this fair world of ours,
PROFESSING in summer when all things are bright;
When our path is enlivened with pleasure's sweet flowers,
And to leave us *alone* 'mid the shadows of night?

Is it friendship to beg, and to borrow and steal,
From the too generous spirit in candour and truth?
Is it friendship the mockery of gladness to feel,
And rob from affection the joys of its youth?

Is it friendship to drink of the wine that is bright,
And bless with a falsehood the giver of joy:
To swear that in gloom or *adversity's* night
No changes of time shall that feeling destroy?

And when the *first* wind of adversity nears,
To forget and to *spurn* from the home it has blest
The heart that hath shed with those inmates its tears,
The heart in whose friendship those inmates had rest.

By falsehood to tarnish the honour of those
Who have *furnished* the banquet in which they delight;
To *avoid* the return that e'en gratitude owes,
To the friends who have watched them in sorrow and night?

Yes, this is the friendship too often is found,
To curse with its presence and canker the soul:
A mockery! a name! to spread mildew around
The heart whose best feelings it cannot control.

Oh, give me the open-faced rascal to meet—
Not the *Judas-like friend* who betrays with a kiss;
Who twines like a serpent round friendship's fair flowers,
And *feeds* like a *wasp* on their honey of bliss.

But the friendships of earth are not always a name;
There are good hearts and true left to cheer us along:
There are feelings yet pure which the sorrowing may claim,
And life is yet brightened with sympathy's song.

And 'twere almost worth sorrow such friendship to prove,
To feel in affliction, as well as in joy,
Our homes are encircled with feelings of love,
That the world with its tempests can never destroy.

Trust not—Trust not.

1858.

TRUST not! trust not! the man you trust may fail,—
May run away before his bill falls due—
May give you for your hard-earned cash "leg bail,"
And find a refuge where you cannot sue.
Trust not, trust not.

Trust not! trust not! forego the tempter's art—
Write not your name on paper stamped with care;
Support the state with some more generous tax—
Of greetings from our "Gracious Queen" beware.
Trust not, trust not.

She greets with "grace," but oh! the printed form,
The dirty sheep-skin sure she hath not seen!
Give me her greetings in her golden guise,
Her sovereigns prove her every inch a queen.
Trust not, trust not.

Trust not! trust not! ye hapless sons of clay,
The world is full of writs and lawyers' quirks;
The time will come that ye will have to pay,
How vain the struggle that the penance shirks.
Trust not, trust not.

And yet to make the time run swiftly on,
Just sign a bill whatever date to run;
Then days are hours, too soon the months are gone—
You find—too late awakened—you are *done*.
Trust not, trust not.

Done brown! done brown! the little stamp appears,
And tells a tale no other stamp can tell;
It haunts in memory your future years,
And brings a "Casa" with its magic spell.
Trust not, trust not.

Yet man may trust, and woman's trust must be
A trusting trust that trusting will be true.
The world is not all guile, and we may see
Some trusting hearts that are not born to DO;
Yet, take the average of Creation's Lords,
They do each other as they oft are done,
And every action of their life accords
With false positions they have falsely won.
Trust not, trust not.

The Soldier's Reward.

1855.

(Written on reading an account of the flogging of a Private in the Cameronians, at Newcastle Barracks, on Tuesday, December 26th, 1854, as reported in the *Newcastle Guardian*.)

TALK not of deeds of glory,
Of battles fought and won;
Tell not the vaunted story
Of Briton's cloudless sun;
Tell not of Alma's triumph—
With proud heart never scan
The heroes' bloody birthright
On the heights of Inkermann.

Here, in this land of freedom,
Where slaves can never be,
In the cherished land of liberty,
This island of the free;
Here, where no slave can sully
The flower-bespangled sod,
Hath been tortured writhing manhood,
Though the image of his God.

The lash descends! and gory
The hell-born cat will rise,
To glisten in its mockery
'Neath God's unsullied skies;
Manhood disgraced and outraged,
Blasted and bleeding there;
The sad, the nameless horror
That a Briton cannot bear.

The lash descends with terror,
The groan of pain suppressed
Bursts with excess of torture
From the anguish-riven breast;
Though fierce the pang of suffering,
Though terrible the smart,
It burns with tenfold venom
Within the manly heart.

'Tis not the trickling life's blood
That marks the fatal strife;
'Tis not the gasp of madness,
The faint wild gasp for life;
'Tis the dark, the fearful feeling,
That cannot know control;
'Tis not the knotted torture,
'Tis the searing of the soul.

"Slow time!"—slow torture rather;
Oh! England, blush with shame,
With such a demon spirit,
Oh! tarnish not thy name;
Manhood to God is sacred,
His image trembling lies;
The mangled form before us
Is a spirit from the skies.

That writhing flesh in agony
A mother's love hath pressed,
With a mother's fond devotion,
To a mother's anxious breast;

She gave him to his country—
How terrible the smart;
Her country has repaid her
With a bruised and broken heart.

God's sun was shining over
Such bloody scenes as these;
And soldiers fought our battles
In other climes and seas;
The same sun shone at Alma
Upon the dying brave;
The same God's light illumined
The victor's glorious grave.

Wipe out from thy escutcheon
The foul and black disgrace;
A mockery are thy laurels,
When such dark scenes have place;
Treat not as dogs thy soldiers,
For manhood spurns the blow;
The heart is cold and withered
With the form now lying low.

'Tis not the flesh all tortured
With extremity of pain,
Quivering with mortal agonies,
Alone our thoughts should claim;
'Tis the death of manhood's spirit,
The blow that will not die;
The outrage in His Image
To the Majesty on High.

To a Sister on her Birthday.

1856.

WOULD I could find a gift
Which might accepted be!
A pure and worthy tribute
My sister unto thee!
Something to grace the day
That hails thy natal hour,
To be the curtain of thy way
And shield from every shower.

Oh ! if a brother's love
  Could ere remove a care,
Or the living God above
  Would hear a brother's prayer !
I'd fondly breathe for thee
  That prayer of sacred truth,
And angels still should watch around
  The promise of thy youth.

I'd fain invoke a blessing,
  My sister on thy head,
And blend thy future gladness
  With the gladness of the dead.
Though we have lost our mother,
  She with the saints above
Rejoices in the presence
  Of her Redeemer's love !

Though we have lost a sister,
  Yet she is happy now ;
Our mother met her in that land
  With a gem upon her brow.
'Twas a gem of light and gladness,
  Of beauty undefiled—
And there was joy in heaven
  When the mother met her child.

May the tender recollection
  Of the dreamless, changeless past ;
And the hopes which gild the future
  Around thy path be cast—
May the present smile in gladness,
  And, when past this dreary wild,
Then may our sainted mother
  Meet another happy child !

Thus may our sister's blessing,
  Upon her dying bed,
Ere the pale resplendent jewel
  From its trembling casket fled—
May the last prayer of her spirit
  To each of us be given,
And those who fondly loved on earth
  More fondly love in heaven !

The Return of the Irish Emigrant.

1863.

TO thy lovely Isle, green Erin, once more my footsteps stray,
I have wandered far in many lands, and many a chequered day
Has been my lot to struggle through, since last the sea-girt isle,
The home of those who loved me first, around me seemed to smile.

I know warm hearts will still be here, and an Irish welcome give
To the wanderer as she comes once more in her native land to live,
Where a child she sported gaily when the world seemed full of joy,
And the pleasures of the Irish girl were free from time's alloy.

Amid all life's varied changes, there is still the magic spell,
That tells of youthful pleasures so bright and beautiful;
There is still a tender feeling for the land that gave us birth,
Visioned in life's sweet fancies the loveliest spot on earth.

My birthright is thy bosom, land of the true and brave,
Though in a far off country my father found a grave;
His heart was Irish ever, and his prayer for thee was given,
The patriot's prayer for fatherland to the patriot's God in heaven.

Oh! Erin, in thy beauty, my soul hath turned to thee,
When in distant climes I wandered and on the bright blue sea,
My native land was dearest wherever I might roam,
With the memories of childhood and the dear delights of home.

Necessity.

HOW often in our earliest years,
Ere time hath taught us what is truth,
We learn, in solitude, the tears
That blight the opening spring of youth,
When the gay heart, whose every thrill,
E'en in its gladness bright and free,
Finds in its earliest bloom a chill,
Stamped by thy hand, *Necessity.*

Or e'en when youth is pass'd away,
And manhood mark'd upon the brow,
The silent plague spot of decay
Hath darkened what was bright but now,
When hope the future pictured fair,
And dreams of joyous love were thine,
Necessity hath whisper'd there,
That all those favour'd scenes are mine.

E'en like a bud the spring hath nurst
In its own balmy breast of love,
Before into its bloom hath burst,
A blight hath marked it from above;
And in its loveliness, decay
Hath for its own the beauty taken;
Though full-blown flow'rets on the way
Remain by e'en a breath unshaken.

Oh! how mysterious and dark
To man's short-sighted view appears
The ways that Providence may mark,
Upon our mede of fleeting years;
How sorrow seems the early lot
Of many as they journey on,
Without one bright or radiant spot
For the sad heart to rest upon.

Whilst others seem the path to tread,
Whose sunny steps with flowers are strewn;
With them seems pleasure never dead,
They bask in happiness alone.

With everything the world can grant
To lead them onward with delight,
Too much of what the others want
Is press'd upon them day and night.

There must be something in the cup
Not to their fellow-travellers known;
Something to mortal ken unseen,
Unmeasured bliss, not theirs alone,
For Heaven's decrees are just as kind,
And like man's efforts, cannot be
E'en to the future prospects blind,
Or bow unto *Necessity*.

To John Bright, M.P.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."

HE asked not the creed of the soul-stricken man,
He sought not the follies that shadowed his past,
He saw him in sorrow and sadness alone,
And the mantle of charity over him cast;
He sought not for errors to plead an excuse
And leave a poor brother to die on the sod,
With a heart glowing warm in its mercy and truth,
As a *man* did he own him, a brother in God.

The Pharisee passed in the pride of his heart,
And deigned not a look on the misery there,
He felt not the anguish in which he'd no part,
He knew of no sorrow that he did not share.
Yet he prayed in his temple that mercy and love
Might lighten his pathway and guard him from wrong;
'Twas the Pharisee's prayer and he felt not its truth
Though he murmured the anthem and joined in the song.

Go, learn from thy Bible that misery yet
Must claim from the Christian his pity and care;
The sins of the sufferer his heart will forget,
For man hath no sorrow that he will not share;

The Saviour of men in his mission of peace
The widow and fatherless claimed as his own ;
When the struggle of nations and empires shall cease,
If they ask but for bread thou wilt give them a stone.

Go, learn from thy Bible that sorrow will hear
The outcast and profligate wanderer below ;
Yet will mercy's bright eye, beaming love through a tear,
On the deepest disgrace of that profligate glow ;
On his widow and children shall pity's sweet ray
Beam refulgent as morning's mild dawn in the sky,
And smile in its truth on the wanderer's way
To teach them to live and to teach them to die.

Then stay not the hand that would give to the poor,
Oh, check not the bounty thou wilt not supply ;
Thy dogmas of faith must be worthless and poor—
Forgetting thy brothers are heirs of the sky ;
Oh stay not the bounty and mercy of those
Who have hearts yet of feeling for care and distress ;
And whose bosoms yet bright with humanity glows,
If no gift from thyself shall the fatherless bless.

Keep thy faith to thyself ! and, oh, shroud not the fame
Thou hast worthily earned in the cause of the free ;
Tarnish not the bright halo that circles thy name,
And the thought shall be gladness and sweetness to thee!
Confess thou art wrong, and the fatherless aid ;
No sin can be theirs though their fathers may fall ;
Give, give of thy plenty to those who are left,
'Tis the precept of Him who is Saviour of all.

Thank God ! there are hearts in this glorious land
Unswayed by the narrow and bigotted rules
That forbid the bright germ of the soul to expand,
Not nurtured and reared in sectarian schools ;
And a nation's proud gratitude yet will bestow,
On the widow and fatherless left by the brave,
A solace to sweeten their pathway below,
And mercy shall smile on the warrior's grave.

They are left to the nation, and England's proud sons
Will wipe from her annals the shame of the past—
When the dying request of her Nelson was spurned,
And *his* daughter *alone* on the wide world was cast :
Let his prayer yet be heard for the fatherless now,
Of the heroes who perished on Alma's green sod.
His words are still living—" I leave thee alone
A sacred bequest to my country and God !"

To the Memory of Douglas Jerrold.

1857.

"If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting place of Douglas Jerrold."—ATHENÆUM.

CAST a rose on the tomb of the great and the good,
Let the perfume of flowers shroud his early decay,
As the champion of right in his life-time he stood,
The dauntless opponent of tyranny's sway.

Oh, closed is the eye that with feeling's deep truth
Beamed forth in the fervour of right against wrong,
And the strings of his lyre are now broken and mute—
The spirit departed that tuned it to song.

To help and to shield the oppressed and forlorn,
Was his mission on earth as his pathway he trod;
The despot he silenced with pitiless scorn,
The champion of freedom—man's birthright from God.

Yet a heart he possessed which was tender and pure
As the child's fresh from heaven, so gentle and mild,
His love it was steadfast, his friendship was sure,
God's image in *man*, with the soul of a child.

His bounty was boundless!—the lonely and sad
Could never apply for protection in vain;
His purse like his heart spread its treasures abroad,
To succour the victims of sorrow and pain.

His wit, which was piquant and keen as a sword,
Was used in the service of justice and right;
Anointed he came from the hosts of the Lord,
A warrior prepared for the poor man to fight.

He preached by his actions as well as his pen,—
A pen that was wormwood to tyranny's power,—
To him, brothers alike were the children of men,
And truer and dearer in misery's hour.

Bright spirit! a nation will mourn o'er thy doom,
The prayers of the suffering attend thee on high,
And the tears of the orphan, 'mid earth's darkest gloom,
Be the pearls to encircle thy crown in the sky.

Thou hast sunk to repose like the sun in the west,
Leaving sunbeams behind thee more glorious by far;
Thy works of compassion shall hallow thy rest,
And arise in our hearts e'en as evening's bright star.

Yes, a mountain of roses shall rise from thy grave,
All fadeless as deeds which shall never know doom,
And pilgrims shall visit the beautiful spot,
To worship entranced at the shrine of thy tomb.

They shall come from the east, they shall come from the west,
To gaze on the sod where thy ashes now rest,
Shed a tear on the grave where their Jerrold reposes;
And the prayers of the poor be thy mountain of roses!

Song.

1844.

THEY say that this world is a valley of sorrow,
Where the young and the beautiful perish in light;
That its skies are so clouded no ray can we borrow
To sustain us and guide us through sorrow and night.
But oh, there are bright sunny spots to be found,
There are springs in the desert, the wanderer to cheer;
And the music of gladness encircles us round,
Joy brings us its sunbeam, a smile for a tear.

Then mourn not the past, if its pathway was clouded;
Look on to the future, its treasures unroll;
Fancy opens the curtain in darkness now shrouded,
And visions of melody swim round the soul.
'Tis a beautiful world though misanthropes may scorn it,
And say that our birthright is sorrow and ill;
Whilst the bright smile of woman is left to adorn it,
They may scorn, they may scoff, it is beautiful still.

Then, to woman, dear woman, we'll pass round the goblet,
Her smiles shall encircle the brim of the cup,
Whilst her soul-telling eyes are our fountain of rapture,
To her we will drink it right joyously up.
She graces the cottage, she graces the hall;
The comfort, the gladness, the beauty of life,
Alone has been found unto man since the fall,
In the smiles of a tender and virtuous wife.

Ye maidens of Britain, we drink unto you,
For wives of the future you are destined to be ;
May your love prove unyielding, most steadfast and true,
Bright beautiful gems of the isle of the sea,
And we in our turn will be constant to you ;
Love's altar shall burn with a light from above,
The dreams of your childhood with truth we'll renew,
In the glorious fruition of concord and love.

Stanzas.

(IMPROMPTU)

1844.

SWEET the power of recollection,
When it breathes of joy and love,
Hallowing the heart's affection
With new beauty from above.
Oh, how sweet to look on seasons
Free from every blight of care,
When the spirit's bright dominion
With its hopes was centred there.

Sweet is love when bursting brightly
In existence newly found ;
Dreams of bliss attend us nightly
In their sportive airy round ;
Holy is each fond endearment,
Sacred is the tender spell,
Till fate bursts the cords asunder
In one aching sad farewell.

Oh, it ne'er could be intended
Man should live and die alone,
When each heart-throb sweet is blended
With a something not its own ;
Oh, how aching is the feeling,
Longing for a kindred soul,
With no sympathy revealing
Joy and love to bless the whole.

But with one dear heart to bless us,
One bright eye to meet our own,
One loved form to guide and tend us,
Then we feel no more alone;
If our lot be one of pleasure,
Doubly sacred is its bliss,
And the heart's first fondest treasure
Wakes to life at love's first kiss.

But should clouds around us hover,
Shared alike is every grief,
And from sympathy we borrow
What alone can lend relief.
Holy is the hour of sorrow,
Blissful is the time of joy,
And the sunlight of love's to-morrow
Tells of hope without alloy.

To My Mother.

MY Mother! at that name to all so dear
I feel a shadowing sadness round me cling,
And on my eyelid stands the unbidden tear—
A tear thy memory will ever bring,
Marked with the clouds of separation's sting,
For thy pure spirit now hath taken flight,
To yon bright world it passed on angel's wing,
Where all is peace and joy and endless light,
Beyond the blight of time, beyond the shades of night.

My Mother! when reposing on thy breast
At life's bright fountain, but an infant child,
With tenderness and love thou watchedst my rest,
And o'er my slumbers like an angel smiled,
Thy own loved look, so beautiful and mild.
When memory wakens to review the past,
How oft hath fancy my sad heart beguiled,
As round the present its sweet spell is cast,
It breathes too much of heaven on earth to last.

My Mother! unto whom so much I owe,
Source of my all, the fountain of my days;
The kind protector of my steps below,
My best of guardians through life's varied ways;
Oh! for the power to speak one-half thy praise.
Affection prompts the strain I now indite,
It is a tribute that my soul now pays;
Though worthless in themselves the lines I write,
'Tis the heart's offering, pure, unchangeable, and bright.

My Mother! when in sickness I was laid,
Thou wast my best, my kindest earthly guide;
How keen I feel that I have not repaid
The deep affection of thy heart's deep tide.
Yet from the shrine of memory have I tried
To weave a wreath to dedicate to thee;
'Tis not the gift of heartlessness and pride,
It is the spirit's offering, though it be
Unworthy of the theme—a broken minstrelsy.

Thou who first taught my infant tongue to speak
The hallowed name still to my memory dear;
And the sweet kiss impressed upon my cheek,
To cheer me on and check the rising tear;
Thou who from infancy hath banished fear,
Light of the path through childhood that I trod;
Oh to my heart thy image still is near,
We bow resigned in grief and kiss the rod,
Feeling thy spirit's rest is at the throne of God.

My Mother! my loved Mother! scanning o'er
The varied records of the changeless past,
Oh! from its rich and still most healing store
A dream of bliss around my soul is cast,
Too holy in its loveliness to last;
Like the bright charms weaved from a fairy spell,
The thought of thee hath charms none other hath,
Thoughts that will ever in my bosom dwell,
Though upon earth we've said a last and sad farewell.

My Mother! best director of my way,
Blest be the counsel thou so oft hast given,
Light of my youth, my early manhood's stay;
Sufferer of earth, inheritor of heaven,
The ties that bound thee here are ever riven;
But oh how changeless is thy peace above,
Thou with life's troubles hast with patience striven,
But trusting in thy Maker's changeless love,
No trial now, may near thy holy rest to move.

My Mother! what a pattern did'st thou teach,
Whilst lingering sickness agonized thy frame,
Not by advice alone, examples preach
And press more forcibly their honest claim,
Morality is nothing in the name;
Thy counsel and thy conduct both were one,
Thy gentle spirit never dreamed of fame,
But pure religion hath thy ransom won,
Thy trials now are past, the weary conflict done.

Oh! when my hopes of life were fresh and gay,
Free from the blight of disappointment's sting,
Thy sweet affection lavished o'er my way,
Those joys a mother's love alone can bring,
Rich as the young heart's first imagining;
Thine was a love so pure its light will shine
In the bright glory of unchanging spring,
When those thou loved'st on earth, those only thine,
Sink in the vale of years 'mid life's last slow decline.

How beautiful the relics of the past!
Like music from a heaven-taught lyre they rise,
And round the soul a hallowed mantle cast,
Melodious as an angel's sacrifice,
A purity but borrowed from the skies;
Whilst each sweet murmuring brings a thought of thee,
Oh! none can tell how strong the sacred ties,
By which thy heart in love was bound to me,
And tears will fall e'en now, though thou from care art free.

Oh! I have struggled with this world of care
Since thou hast entered on eternal rest;
And trials that were hard and sore to bear
Have like a tempest gathered round my breast;
The dove of peace hath sought another rest,
And though a father's love hath cheered me on,
And in adversity that love was best,
How bitter was the thought that thou wert gone,
That from the dreamless past alone thy influence shone.

Though sisters, brothers, and the changeless love
Of one *dear being* yet were all my own,
Who with the olive branch hath brought the dove
Once more to make my saddened heart its throne;
Yet will the piercing thought that thou art gone,
E'en like a shadow o'er my soul arise,
Though glittering dreams before in brightness shone,
A cloud floats o'er the azure of hope's skies,
And sadness gathers round the heart's deep sympathies.

Once more I launch my bark upon the tide,
Without a mother's kind protecting care ;
Then let her memory be my sacred guide,
And aid me with its influence to bear
The toils and troubles that I yet may share ;
She looks upon me from a purer sphere,
An angel spirit fondly watches where
From its sealed fountain never strays the tear,
But where all eyes are bright and beautiful and clear.

I saw thee in thy last, last sleep of pain,
I watched the jewel from the casket fly ;
And oh ! I felt *our* loss to thee was gain,
As thy pure spirit mounted to the sky.
Oh ! unto thee a dream of ecstasy
Were the last moments unto us so sad ;
For Him thou lovd'st, thy God, was ever nigh,
With comfort from His heaven to make thee glad,
We felt that thou wast saved, but mourned the joys we had.

I saw the hand of death steal slowly o'er
The face on which an angel seemed to smile ;
For in life's latest moments still it bore
The light of virtue free from every guile,
A purity that nothing could defile ;
No gloom, no shadow there was known to wave,
The pang of parting seemed to rest awhile,
Then all was perfect peace, for mercy gave
A glimpse unto thy soul of joy beyond the grave.

And thou art gone for ever ! never more
Shall we behold thee 'mid the scenes of earth,
Or gather comfort from the varied store
Of thy dear love and unassuming worth ;
No more thy smile shall gild our scenes of mirth,
No more thy looks of tenderness approve,
And point each thought to virtue from its birth,
And wean our spirits to a home above,
Cheered by the holy flame of thy untiring love.

No more shall we behold thee ! 'tis a thought
That bids the fount of feeling gush once more,
With cherished memories of the past o'erfraught,
Regardless of the future yet in store,
Thy bark is landed on a happier shore ;
No storm may come thy glory to alloy,
Thy bliss is now to worship and adore
That God whose love the world could not destroy,
Whilst virtue's smile illumes thy diadem of joy.

Farewell! whilst sweet remembrance of the past,
I still can call from scenes long winged away,
The memory of thy love shall ever last
In hope's bright rainbow, truth's most perfect ray,
Those sweetest feelings ne'er shall know decay,
Till in the shadowy valley thou hast trod,
I feel and see the future's holy sway,
Oh! may it teach me then to kiss the rod,
And lead me on to meet my mother and her God.

Farewell, bright spirit! if to thee is given
To watch the loved ones mourning for thee here,
Look from thy pure inheritance in heaven,
Be yet their guardian angel hovering near;
Yet teach them how their wandering steps to steer,
A fair intelligence! a holy light!
Oh! blèss the first sad penetential tear,
'Tis mercy's holy gift for ever bright,
'Twill prove in death's sad gloom the only star of night.

Farewell, once more, a long and sad farewell!
Heaven hath recalled its own, for thou wast sent
To teach by practice how on earth to dwell,
Then gleam amid thy native firmament;
Thy oil was ready e'er the lamp was spent,
And now in brighter worlds will ever shine,
Where suns ne'er set and all is sweet content,
Thy holy rest shall never know decline,
Oh! when my toils are past, may thy sweet peace be mine.

To the Ladies.

WRITTEN FOR A BAZAAR.

MY conditions of sale are so plain and so terse,
I have little occasion to put them in verse;
Yet, to please is my mission, and asked thus to try,
By a crinolined dear with a soul-speaking eye,
I could not refuse, and I now offer here
My tribute of faith to that crinolined dear.

A nod or a wink will now serve to dispose
Of a doll, or a fan, or a wardrobe of clothes ;
A cradle !—don't blush—in its innocence mild,
There is nought on God's earth like a beautiful child !
You may need it—and when the bright blossom is given,
It will prove to your souls like a foretaste of heaven.

Buy something to make its face radiant with joy,
You once were delighted yourself with a toy ;
Then, oh, with your bounty spread pleasure and glee
On the young happy faces that round us we see ;
And remember by God, as a trust it is given,
As it opens the portals to lead them to heaven.

Oh had I a tongue that could whisper like you,
It should soon find its way to the hearts of the true,
And the purse strings should widen, and scatter the gold,
And the buyer should be, like the article, *sold ;*
For new pleasure to me would each guinea unfurl
As it shone in the lily-white hand of a girl.

But I have not the power, and can only declare
That I cannot describe the gay fashions you wear,
But a mixture I offer that none can refuse,
A medley as curious as this of my muse ;
But I cannot improve them, your gifts are so bright,
They shadow my GIFT in the darkness of night.

When your money is spent, make the gentlemen buy,
You could make them eat paving-stones if you would try ;
There is nothing on earth you cannot make them do,
If your purpose is strong, and your hearts they are true ;
You may lead them and guide them through gladness and strife,
As maiden, or mother, or lover, or wife.

We are raising a temple of peace and of love
To the Earth's Mighty Architect dwelling above,
A temple of honour and praise unto Him
In whose life-giving presence the stars are but dim,
Then lend unto God who His bounty hath given
To each of His children, and called them to heaven ;
It will bring you repose when earth's warfare shall cease,
And e'en on your deathbed will whisper of peace—
A peace that earth's treasures can never afford ;
A peace everlasting—the peace of the Lord.

The Bride.

IT was a happy hour! and yet a cloud
At times would shadow o'er the snow-white brow,
Of her who on that morn had vowed to pledge
The first sweet promise of her own first love.
Scarce nineteen summers o'er her lot had cast
Their varied shadows! and her childhood's home
Still to that tender heart was dear as life;
And she too had to leave a mother's care,
One who had trained her from her earliest years;
A father who had doted on his child,
And all her infancy's bright joyous friends;
To all these loved ones she must bid farewell,
Yes, leave them all, for one, who first had gained
Her happy heart! the offerings of her love
And all her best affections had been pledged
To him and him alone; and he had vowed,
E'en unto death, to cherish and support
The sylph-like form that his protection claimed.
Yes, she was fair! the bridal wreath that graced
Her marble brow seemed to be put to shame
By the sweet cheek on which the rose and lily
Blended their glorious hues. Beautiful,
Though hardly in the summer of their bloom,
At the altar, in virgin white apparel'd,
Spotless and pure as her unsullied mind;
With a trembling voice the vow was given,
Yet artless and confiding as the one
When first in secret she had pledged her troth,
And then her friends all wished her happiness,
With every comfort of connubial joy!
A smile beamed on her countenance, 'twas sweet
But transient as 'twas beautiful. Her thoughts
Were wandering to the loved ones she must leave;
And then the hour of parting! it was come,
The parents to their bosom fondly pressed
The cherished treasure of a thousand hopes;
Whilst the mute prayer ascended to the sky,
An incense from the heart, to Him whose care
Alone could guide her in her path through life:

They knelt to Heaven, and fondly blessed their child,
With hearts o'erflowing, far too full for words.

They all are gone! the loving and the loved
Are left alone. Nature no more could bear
To keep in silence, e'en the struggling thoughts
And feelings in their energy suppressed,
Turning to him she loved, upon his breast
She wept aloud. It was but for a time,
The sun of peace awakened her to joy;
All shadows from her soul, like clouds of night,
Fleeing before the newly awakened morn,
Were from her future prospects all dispersed,
And she was happy!

Lines

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE CELEBRATED PICTURE OF ADAM AND EVE.

GLORIOUS in beauty! with the fair impress
Of the eternal God upon that brow,
With sunny smiles that seem but born to bless,
Changeless and beautiful as they are now,
Too pure for earth is their unsullied beam,
'Tis like a vision of the sculptor's dream.

Oh! if on earth were beauty such as this
To tempt the soul, or win to joys above,
Charms which to gaze on were the souls of bliss,
The enshrined spirit of immortal love,
That form might lead us e'en to weal or woe,
To gild or darken all our path below.

And, oh! no sin is there, but purity
Glances in sunbeams o'er that matchless face;
From every thought of ill, in beauty free,
The spirit form of majesty and grace;
Cloudless, and pure and sinless as the light
Which spreads a halo o'er the Christian's night.

And then that form ! the lusciousness of beauty
Dwells in the careless langour of each limb ;
That look of fond endearment and of duty,
The gaze of adoration upon him,
The idol of her earthly scenes of joy,
Seems like her spirit free from all alloy.

And he, the tempted, by that witching smile,
With sinless manhood stamped upon his brow,
Unknown to sorrow or the thought of guile,
Appealing to his Maker even now ;
The form, the mien, of angels might appear,
Unblighted with the furrow of a tear.

To think that aught so wond'rous beautiful
Could ever tempt to sin or lead to guile ;
How surely might her partner deem to cull
The flowers of virtue from that heavenly smile ;
The poetry of loveliness enshrined
Within the jewelled casket of her mind.

The bosom heaving with the sinless sigh,
Pure as the spirit of an infant's dream ;
The sweet enchantment of the soft blue eye,
Bright as the day star's most refulgent gleam,
Might lure an angel from the realms above
To bow before the shrine of earthly love.

Sweet Eve ! sole cause of all our sorrow here,
For woman's sake by all below—forgiven ;
Thy dear descendants stay the anguished tear,
And in our darkest moments point to heaven ;
We, like thy consort, will from anger wake,
Forgive the mother for the children's sake.

Tempted by woman, man from glory fell,
Directed by her, he his birthright gains ;
May pleasure's sunshine ever near her dwell,
Pure as the snow flakes on the spotless plains,
Hers is the guileless ministry of love,
The meekness of the fawn, the softness of the dove.

How changed the picture ! sin hath found a home
Within the circle known alone to love,
Dark is the prospect of the life to come,
Without the radiant hope-star from above ;
The tempest and the whirlwind now are nigh,
Whispering the fatal word that all must die.

Oh! wond'rous work of art, that ne'er can be,
Even by Nature's self, made dim and dull;
The canvas breathes with life, and radiantly
The spirit of the bright and beautiful
Shines on the sweet illusion of the whole,
And claims the silent wonder of the soul.

The Song of Death.

I COME, I come, and the wintry blast
As a mantle of darkness around me is cast;
Wither ye buds of the early spring,
I come to blight your blossoming.
Die ye flowers! in your richest bloom,
My breath is the pestilence—life my tomb!

I come, I come, and my smile shall chill
The spirit whose fountain knows not ill;
The tide of affection's ardent stream
I will drug with wormwood 'mid fancy's dream.
Die ye beautiful! nought can save,
My mission is death, and your bourne the grave!

Perish ye bright ones! mine is a call
That must be answered by one and all;
The feverish dream of early life
Shall ne'er with the pleasures of earth be rife.
My spoil is beauty: the worm and I
In the clammy charnel sport and lie!

I love the pestilence! oh, it is dear
To watch the orphan's and widow's tear.
When horrors triumph I gaze above,
And laugh at the early blight of love.
I come on the spring's bright balmy breath,
In the midst of gladness I whisper death.

I mock the smiles of the young and bright,
And curtain their joys with the shade of night;
With the morn of beauty I move along,
And mutter death to the gladsome throng:
Then as they shrink from my chilly hand,
I scoff at the young and trembling band.

Decay ! decay ! for your time is nigh,
Wither ye fair ones ! all must die.
My course is given, my work is done,
The power is mine and the victory won.
Shrink not from me—there is nothing now
But the stamp of death for your sunny brow !

I smile on the steel that 'mid passion's strife
Is pressed to the heart's deep well of life ;
The fearful gash I joy to see,
And I answer his groans with mockery ;
Then as the spirit takes its flight,
I herald it on to the home of night.

I come to the babe when sweetly sleeping,
And mark with rapture the mother weeping,
As the face of her child, with convulsions pressed,
Is strained by love on its snowy rest ;
As she watches her infant's failing breath,
I come on the lightning and whisper death.

Oh ! 'tis a glorious sight to me,
Her soul-wrung tears of misery ;
I gather them all in my burnished cup,
And drink with rapture the potion up !
When I hear the lonely widow's sigh,
I laugh and long to see her die.

But my greatest bliss is to silently glide
To the home of the young and lovely bride,
Whose vows of love I have heard to falter
In her lover's ear at the holy altar ;
How gladly I use my fatal sting,
And blast her bright imagining.

But yet must I yield up being and breath,
To Him who hath conquered the sting of death,
When the mantle of life shall altered be
For the garb of immortality !
Then death shall die—for I ne'er may come
To cast a shade o'er the spirit's home.

For there is one Being I yet must own,
And cast my sceptre before His throne !
The God who created earth and all,
Shall spread around me the funeral pall ;
I cannot strike when not His will,
Who saith to the whirlwind—" peace, be still."

Love.

1847.

YOU may scoff as you will at "love's young dream,"
'Tis the sweetest dream of life;
'Tis the sun-lit wave to its billowy stream,
'Tis a calm to the tempest's strife;
It gilds with its softened touch the rose
Plucked in our childhood's hours,
To the new-born spirit it brings repose,
And hallows affection's flowers.

'Tis a part of Nature—the little child
Loves through its mother's eyes;
The silvery tones of its lisping voice
To her surcharged soul replies;
The parent mirror reflects its form,
As it lived in days gone by,
An angel spirit to grace the earth,
When she hath reached the sky.

Oh! life is a desert without its ray
To soothe as we pass along;
But with its power is the gloomiest day
Cheered by the spirit's song.
It enlivens, it gladdens everything,
E'en the humblest flower of the sod,
And never from earth shall it take its wing,
'Tis a part of the Limitless God

The Lady of Bruges.

1840.

A LADY stood on the turret's height
And gazed on the plain below;
Where armed warriors met her sight,
Their helmets sparkling in the light
Of the new-born sunbeam's glow,
And they glistened with a silvery sheen on the pure unsullied snow.

She waved a kerchief from the wall
Of that proud and ancient tower ;
Then a snow white scarf was seen to fall—
She is watched—her lover knew the call—
He had felt love's witching power,
That will draw a sigh from the boldest heart, e'en in the battle hour.

He bowed his plume to the lovely girl,
And the gift placed near his heart ;
But see, the banners of war unfurl,
The trumpets their note of defiance hurl—
'Tis the hour for love to part—
Though that parting often proves too much for the young and trusting heart.

She saw him mount his coal black steed,
And rush to the ranks of war ;
He dashed away with the lightning's speed,
One pure bright tear from its cell was freed,
And shone like a pearly star
On his steel-clad breast that held the gift of her he left afar.

In sooth she was a lovely one
And chaste as she was fair ;
A fitting bride for the warrior gone,
And worthy of all the victories won,
And the trophies he might wear ;
Her guileless heart did all his joys and all his sorrows share.

Long had she loved that gallant knight,
Her heart was his alone,
He had plighted his troth if from that fight
He e'er returned : that with morning's light,
At the altar he would own
The budding beauty that should bloom in sunshine near his throne.

But there was one in that ancient tower
Deep skilled in mystic lore,
She sought that maiden's quiet bower,
And told her to plant a lovely flower
That would bloom to fade no more
If e'er her lover again should reach his dear and native shore.

She planted the flower in her bright parterre,
And watered with her tears
The plant that would droop or flourish there
As a beacon of hope or of despair—
To raise or banish fears ;
Oh ! what a simple dream of bliss the sinking spirit cheers.

But her sweet spirit ne'er might know
The brightening dews of joy—
No feeling tear with hers might flow
And lighten with affection's glow
The thoughts that life destroy;
Alas! the loveliest scenes below are mixed with earth's alloy.

The plant at first looked bright and gay,
Enlivened by her smile;
But its beauty and bloom soon passed away—
Alas! the buds of earth decay
And leave us sad the while,
With nought below the soul to stay, or of its grief beguile.

Her lover perished in the fight;
She watched from out her bower
From morning's dawn till dewy night;
He was her radiant star of light,
For him her tear-drops shower
Upon the plant that brightly bloomed and withered in an hour.

She pined away, as leaf by leaf
The trees in Autumn fade,
The shadow of her soul was grief,
And earth could bring no sure relief
Unto the dying maid;
Her soul had lived for love alone in bloom of life displayed.

She died: her spirit took its flight
Beyond the bounds of time,
She found earth's morning to be night,
Then gently closed her eyes of light,
To open in that clime
Where flowers ne'er fade and suns ne'er set, but all is joy sublime.

To a Dead Canary.

1863.

WHERE is the little warbler
That cheered my silent hours,
As though it dreamed of sunshine,
And lived alone 'midst flowers?
In the golden cage how happy
Its moments passed along,
The little treasured minstrel
That lived and died in song.

Did it ever pine in sadness
For a freedom never known?
Caged in its gilded prison
Did it ever feel alone?
Tended with gentle kindness,
Did it feel the silent power
The soul alone can cherish
In life's most sombre hour?

It loved the hand that fed it,
In its little house of light,
To cheer its dying warble
And make the song more bright.
The song of childhood's gladness
Burst from the gilded cage,
And it tuned the mellow offering
To the plaintive song of age.

Time, in its passage stayless,
Will make faint the sweetest strain;
And we view alone life's gladness,
Through memory's hallowed reign,
Till the song is hushed for ever,
Or only heard above,
Joined with the notes of angels
In the Paradise of Love.

The Song of Life.

1840.

I COME with glories around my way.
And awake to being the blush of day
That tints with beauty the eastern sky
As the clouds in varied beauty vie;
I sink to the dark abyss of night,
And its gloomy shadows take their flight.

I come to rejoice the weary spirit,
And bid it new-born joys inherit;
I point to the future and smile on the past,
And awaken the pleasures that will not last;
I whisper life with the voice of peace,
And bid the soul's deep conflict cease.

Awake! awake! the beautiful world,
With the banner of morning in light unfurled,
Refreshed by the tearful eye of night,
Glows with the day god's dazzling light,
The pure blue sky, the spirit's land
Shadows the earth with its magic wand.

I come! I come! and the voice of song
Is cast in music my path along.
On the ocean's foaming and billowy breast
Fearless of harm on my course I rest;
I come 'mid the elements' darkest strife,
And to the mariners whisper life.

The young and the beautiful all rejoice
At the first faint breath of my cheering voice;
I am with them all in their hours of glee
And add fresh joy to their revelry,
Making every pleasure with rapture rife,
As I spread around them the wing of life.

I come to the lonely, the sick and dying,
When in pain and anguish of spirit lying;
I watch o'er the sorrowing couch of care,
When earth had blighted the young and fair,
And then amid nature's darkest strife,
I glide on a sun-beam and whisper life.

Called into being by whose might
Turned into glory the shades of night—
'Tis Him alone, I own supreme,
As I flit through the change of my earthly dream,

To Him must I give up my failing breath,
For life may not vanquish the power of death.

Yet beyond the world I shall live once more,
And land on a cloudless and brighter shore,
Where death shall no longer find its sting,
Where the stars of morning together sing,
No shadow shall darken the spirit's sky
But endless life be its destiny.

Song—Memory.

1840.

OH! awaken once more to the heart's tender feeling,
The lyre that in happier moments was strung,
For its sweet thrilling notes to the soul is revealing
The garlands of love that around us are flung.

The notes of the past are in sweetness revealing
The fragrance of joys that for ever are fled;
Like the first breath of spring on the balmy air stealing,
Though those scenes with our childhood are withered and dead.

'Tis memory's beacon the thoughts that awaken,
As the lyre sounds with magic the strains of the past;
Though joy is the theme, yet our gladness is shaken
When we feel that the glories of earth will not last.

And yet it is sweet, 'tis the silence of pleasure
Subdued by time's shadows that mellow its thrill;
The passion is past, yet the soul feels a treasure
In knowing that beauty illumines it still.

The fairest and loveliest dreams that we cherish
Like the sunshine of April pass speedily by;
Yet the fragrance of scenes that in happiness perish
With life and life only, is destined to die.

'Tis memory mellows the passion of gladness,
And holy the mantle that round us is spread;
The soul of the past is the star of our sadness,
And whispers of hope when those pleasures are dead.

'Tis holy and pure, and the smiles that are shrouded
Burst forth into beauty with glory and light;
Though the sky of our present with sorrow is clouded
Our day of rejoicing ne'er shadows with night.

Lines to an Australian Child.

BEAUTIFUL child, from a new found land,
Safe on thy mother's native strand,
With flaxen hair and laughing eyes,
And the joy of an angel fresh from the skies ;
Moving in beauty's full excess,
With a soul as rich in loveliness ;
What are thy mother's thoughts to trace
The dimpled smile on thy happy face ?

Are they thoughts of sadness or thoughts of bliss,
In her full charged soul of tenderness ;
Or the chequered gladness that dreams of the past
With its sunny memories overcast ;
Or a mother's prayers to the God above
To shield her child with His priceless love,
As she talks with a parent's accents mild
To her fatherless hope—her Australian child.

She hath suffered much, she hath suffered long,
To guard the joy of thy morning song ;
She hath treasured thee deep in her mother's heart
As her holiest, purest, and better part ;
She hath led thee to truth with her spirit mild
And treasured her soul in her glorious child ;
Let thy evening song in its gladness bless
Thy mother's sacred tenderness.
A bud hath come from our sister land
To expand in a flower on its mother's strand,
And we will with joy its transit bless,
And gently expand its loveliness.

She hath fondly watched on the ocean's wave
On the link that bound to the father's grave,
And thy infant form hath fondly pressed
Like a nestled dove to its cradled nest ;
And hath seen thy father look down with joy
On her smiling girl and her happy boy

Widowed mother, the earth is bright
As when it wakened to God's first light ;
He hath taken the loved and the lost away
To dwell with Him in His cloudless day ;
He bids thee live in this world of love,
Till thou join him blessed, in His world above.

Love yet must live in this world of care,
We would gladly leave, if it were not there
When the loved are dead: it is God's command
That we still must live in His happy land;
We must live and love, and, when time is gone,
It will make us more fervently still love on.

We must not forget, but a chastened sorrow
With yesterday's joy shall gild to-morrow;
And the purest germs that earth can cull
Will make both in their gladness beautiful;
And thou, fair child of yesterday's sadness,
Shall a beacon be of to-morrow's gladness.

Poetry.

THOU beautiful and wond'rous mystery
Unseen! eternal! and all-radiant spirit!
What portion of the vast immensity
Is thy bright dwelling place? dost thou inherit
The vast expanse of ether, and thy track,
Is it 'mid sunbeams? does thy living light
E'en with creation trace its birthright back
When the earth sprung from chaos, day from night?
Wast thou among the bright and morning stars
When at the glorious work, with matchless song
They burst the bonds of silence, and with praise
Made the wide universe their notes prolong?
Wast thou with the Eternal when His word
Bade beauty rise where chaos dwelt alone;
When all created beings from the void
Rose redolent in glory round His throne;
The living and eternal wond'rous power,
God, everlasting, matchless in His might?
Say wast thou present at the glorious hour
When from the womb of darkness sprung forth light
In its own living loveliness; when angels
Joined in the song of praises unto Him
Immortal and Invisible, Infinite!
To whom the pageantry of man is dim?

Say wast thou present when the lustrous ray
  Spread its calm beauty o'er a new-found world;
When shadowed o'er the illimitable void,
  Morn's spangled banner was with joy unfurled,
E'en like the smile that sports on beauty's brow
  When wakening from the influence of a dream,
Whose chains in gloom hath bound the soul but now,
  Till day's bright sunshine sported o'er life's stream!
So light had birth, and moved with glory forth,
  All God-like at the eternal word of God;
The womb of chaos thundered as it passed,
  In terror writhed at the bright path it trod;
But, coming at the dread command of Him,
  Nothing could stay its wild resplendent flight,
Till at the throne, between the cherubim,
  Day stood exulting by its mother—night!
And smiling on the darkness whence it sprung,
  E'en like a ransomed spirit on its way,
Pure as the light of truth, for ever young,
  Shone at its Maker's throne, with changeless ray.
The Godhead's smile had pierced the chaos void,
  That smile diversified had brought forth light,
Exhaustless fountain, ne'er to be destroyed;
  No power of earth thy radiance can blight.
Wast thou then present? was thy glorious form
  Created with the Infinite, Immortal?
The worshipped spirit of the calm and storm,
  Hushed into being, by the Master's call,
Say, when the first great work of love began,
  Say, wast thou 'mid the shadows of the light,
When from the starless dark they first burst forth,
  And heaven's sweet smile, first broke the gloom of night?
Bright spirit! thou wast there, and round the throne
  Of the Invisible! at creation's life
Sported in ether, thy fair form above,
  The only living witness of the strife
Of changing matter, when from gloom and death
  Unushered worlds, in beauty ever bright,
Took their appointed places, at the breath
  Of the Almighty; stars amid the night.
Bright spirit thou wast there, and 'mid the scene
  Sported on shadows borrowed from the morn;
To thee the earth smiled in its vest of green,
  E'en at creation's morning thou wast born.
Childhood unknowing, learns thy magic power,
  The first fond wish is redolent with thee.
In the spring's sunshine, or the summer's shower,

Thou art the charmer of the bright and free,
Though many know thee not, yet, thou art there
With the first hope which cheers the mother's breast,
When for her first-born child she breathes a prayer,
Slumbering in peace upon its snowy rest;
And when the fair young spirit grows in strength,
And lisping to its parent tells of joy,
Thy influence then around the scene is spread,
Age lives in youth, the mother in the boy;
And when the artless prayer of early youth
First on the wing of sunshine takes its way,
The still small voice of innocence and truth,
The young immortal's first desire to pray;
When the fond parent gazing o'er her child
Thinks not of troubles past, but looks before,
And in the future sees her bud of joy
With every blessing she could wish; his store,
The poetry of love around is cast,
And like a mantle shadows o'er the soul,
Thy presence then unseen we truly feel;
Thine are the transports free from all control.
In every stage of life thy presence waits
An exhalation from the realms above;
We feel thy influence, ere thy name is known.
Thou art the soul's first minister of love.

Thy first awakening in the youthful breast
Bids us look forward with the trust of years,
And seeks amid our darkness to create
A bower of gladness in this vale of tears.
Hope springs immortal, phœnix-like to Heaven,
And with thy influence hallows all our way:
Life, free from sadness, like a fairy vision,
Knows not of sorrow, breathes not of decay,
And when maturity hath stamped the brow,
Then is thy holy mantle round us spread,
Whilst gems of joy eternal grace thy brow,
Wakening the hopes that are for ever dead.
Thus when our pilgrimage is nearly run,
And darkness shadows the bright path we trod,
Then linked with mercy does thy presence beam,
The white robed minister of truth and God.

Star of our night! lamp to the close of time!
Religion for thy beacon and thy guide,
Thou point'st the spirit to a purer clime,
And rid'st triumphant o'er the foaming tide;
Spirit of light departed! joy to come!

The present, past, and future, own thy power,
From the Almighty's throne thy sweets are shed,
To the bright petal of the humblest flower.
Oh ! thou hast made our earth to breathe of heaven,
And by the sweet expression of a thought,
To untaught souls the melody hast given,
With love and rapture as with truth o'erfraught ;
Thus many hearts to virtue thou hast weaned
By the soft cadence of thy numbers mild :
E'en iron age hath thy dear power confessed,
And bowed before thee prostrate, as a child.
Thou art the very coronet of power,
And those who *own*, not *feel*, thy magic sway ;
Thy spirit graces every happy hour.
When grey-eyed morn first blushes into day,
And 'mid the solemn watches of the night
Thy fairy visions hover o'er our rest,
Thoughts, bright as sunbeams in our calm repose,
Smile on the unruffled mirror of the breast,
Making all bright and gladness, though the day
May with the voice of truth these dreams dispel.
Still in their very *fulness !* they are bright,
And as thyself most strangely beautiful.
Oh, thou art with us through each hour of life,
And e'en in death thy influence is known,
Thou paint'st the future in a glorious hue,
And leadest the dying spirit to the throne
Of the Immortal, and religion calls
Thee her most cherished sister ; for on high,
When o'er the earth night's changeless mantle falls,
Thou shalt exist in light beyond the sky.
Yes, thou hast taught the infant how to lisp
The first sweet prayer before its God above,
And taught its tender heart, with joy to feel
That His first attribute is shown in love.
And though invisibly thy power may steal
In peaceful visions round the unconscious soul,
Still art thou present when the storms repose,
And peace in sunshine melts around the whole.
I love thee, and have worshipped from afar,
And pour my spirit's offering at thy shrine ;
Light of my gloom, my fair and brightest star,
I feel, I know thee, and will call thee mine ;
Howe'er the world deride, thou ever hadst
A truer and a holier power to bless
Than gifts by others far more highly prized,
For I have found thee rich in tenderness ;

And whilst my broken harp hath one sad string
It shall be tuned thy witchery to tell,
And not till every pleasure taketh wing
Will I e'er speak the saddening word "farewell."

Fragment.

1844.

WHEREFORE wander faint and weary,
Maiden with the beaming eye?
Oh, my path is long and dreary,
None to succour me is nigh,
I have left the kindest mother
Starving in our lonely cot,
With a young and lovely brother
Sharing her most wretched lot.

Is no father's care extended
O'er the sufferers left at home?
All my father's cares are ended
Now his happy days are come.
For in life it was his portion
Hard with penury to strive,
Oh! to aid my dearest mother,
Would to God he *were* alive.

Bread! give bread the sufferers crying,
When I have no bread to give,
Makes me feel I too am dying,
What, am I alone to live?
Can I see them early perish,
Sinking 'neath want's changeless gloom,
And not the holy longing cherish
To rejoin them in the tomb.

Leave me, stranger, to my sorrow,
I have begged from door to door,
But the sun that gilds to morrow
Shall behold me beg no more.

Oh, the world is harsh in feeling,
Plenty scorns the wanderer's moan,
Now my woes are past their healing,
Leave me, let me die alone.

Yet to once behold my mother,
E'er my feeble footsteps fail,
Once more clasp my dying brother,
Once more hear his tender wail—
Would my spirit fully strengthen
On its long and untried flight,
Till renewed with strength it waken
Past the darkness of my night.

I will tend thee, lonely stranger;
Lovely girl thou shalt not die,
Years of bliss thou yet shalt cherish
Ere thou reach thy home on high.
Ah, too late is thy assistance,
See,—she sinks upon the sod,
Death hath found a lovely victim,
And her spirit rests with God.

Stanzas.

1844.

A WANDERING sunbeam from above
Fell on a lily pale,
And with the tender kiss of love
Seemed to whisper a thrilling tale,
For it looked as pure to the raptured sight
As a radiant gem in its vest of light.

A shadowy dewdrop fell like a tear
From an angel's weeping eye,
Like a liquid pearl on the flower it hung,
Then exhumed to its native sky,
It rose on the sunbeam bright with joy,
Having cherished the flower that the winds destroy.

So with life! the dew of faith is near
To soothe the sorrowing spirit,
And mercy smiles through the penitent tear,
And bids us joy inherit.
The sunbeam and dew are ever ours,
To enliven hope's garden with fadeless flowers.

The Bridal Morn.

1844.

I.

"MOTHER."

WHY that shade of gloom, my daughter,
On thy bright and radiant brow?
Knowest thou not it is thy bridal?
Nought should cause a sorrow now.
Hope, with colours of the rainbow,
Smiling o'er thy lot is set,
Hast thou any thought of sadness,
Is there aught thou would'st forget?

II.

'Tis thy choice, my dearly loved one,
E'en from youth you've playmates been,
Oft in childhood I have watched you
Sporting o'er the village green;
You have founded your affection
On the basis of esteem,
Heaven will bless the heart's connection,
And 'tis earth's most happy dream.

III.

Go and braid thy raven tresses,
Place the orange blossom there,
'Tis a day I oft have longed for,
Daughter, beautiful and fair;

Though I love thee, best and dearest,
'Tis for thee and thee alone,
Adding to thy heart a blessing,
Have I thus resigned my own.

IV.

Oh, the spirit of thy father
Smiles from heaven upon the day;
Do not let a single shadow
O'er thy happy spirit sway—
He will watch thee, gentle creature,
From the spotless realms above,
And will bless thy soul's first offering
At the sacred shrine of love.

V.

Haste thee, then, the guests are waiting,
Twine the coronal of flowers,
Every pleasure tends to bless thee—
These are gay and sinless hours.
Joy and peace are o'er thee watching,
Truth and constancy divine
Are the mantle of thy future,
And in summer's fragrance shine.

VI.

"DAUGHTER."

Blame me not most kind of mothers,
If a shade of gloom you trace,
When alone a smile should linger,
And true transport find a place.
Home hath many fond endearments;
Leaving *thee* hath made me sad,
Whilst remembrance of thy kindness
Makes me *feel* the bliss I had.

VII.

Do not deem I e'er think lightly
Of the prize for me in store,
Now, my trusting heart grows fonder,
And his image charms me more;
Every hour of sweet communion
Makes me feel how great his worth,
Till idolatry most holy
E'en from love hath found its birth.

VIII.

He is all I fondly pictured
  Of tenderness and truth,
The guardian of my future,
  The first love of my youth.
My heart's first gush of feeling
  To him was wholly given,
'Twas the spring of young affection.
  And 'tis sanctified by heaven.

IX.

Oh, give me but thy blessing,
  My mother ever dear,
For now the time of parting
  Is swiftly drawing near;
And I will leave our dwelling,
  With him alone to roam,
And part without a murmur
  From my happy childhood's home.

The Complaint.

1844.

YOU ask me why my cheek is pale,
  And why the bitter tear I shed!
Oh, mockery of a woe-wrung heart,
  Where are a parent's feelings fled?
I've loved thee, mother, from a child,
  And yet no blessing can I crave,
My bridal will but serve to make
  For my past love an early grave;
And oh! my heart it shrinks with fear
At parting with a tie so dear.

Oh, mother! mother! love is strong,
  More powerful than the grave or death,
The trusting heart can choose but one,
  Then lives but in that loved one's breath;

If 'tis a choice that brings but woe,
  Who is the sufferer? sure alone
The erring soul that first had raised
  A worthless idol on its throne;
And yet it cannot break the tie,
When love proves false the heart must die.

E'en like the home we loved in youth,
  When time hath stamped its impress there,
When those we cherished all are gone,
  Or bowed beneath the hand of care;
When only walls are left to tell
  The spot our infancy had known,
Where sympathy no more hath power,
  And the sad spirit feels alone;
The past brings never dying flowers
To gild anew our childhood's bowers.

Yes! when a child I breathed the prayer
  That thou mightest ever be my guide,
Then let me still that blessing share,
  Protect and cheer me when a bride.
For thou hast ever kindness shown,
  Through health and sickness still the same,
And now my summer days are come,
  Must I renounce my childhood's claim?
Or must it only be to me
A transient gleam of memory.

We cannot with a breath displace
  The ivy's tendrils from the oak,
Or burst the trellised vine's embrace
  Waiting for autumn's fatal stroke;
So my fond heart around him clings,
  Love strong as mine, knows no decay,
His absence makes me feel a void,
  But in his presence all is gay,
Whilst angel spirits hover near
To check the sad unbidden tear.

And though thy voice will not approve,
  And this affliction makes me sad,
I feel how dear a mother's love,
  Yet in my choice I still am glad.
I know my earthly hopes of joy
  Are fixed and centred all in him,
And nought can e'er this dream destroy,
  Or make the radiant prospect dim,

Or should stern truth its light dispel,
The *ruin* would be beautiful.

Then listen to a daughter's prayer,
Let not harsh feeling quite suppress
The love which shone around my youth,
In all its holy tenderness.
I yet am thine! thy only child,
But once I've crossed thy honoured will,
Then bless, oh bless, this sacred hour,
Be unto me a mother still,
Then shall the pledge of truth arise
A hallowed gift of sacrifice.

Night and Morning.

BRIGHTLY the summer sun shines on the river,
But for a moment, then leaves it for ever,
Yet in that burst of light, glory and gladness
Mirror their beauties as truth gleams on sadness;
Earth, like an infant, seems smiling above,
Whilst the lake is its bosom of joy and of love.

When the spirit is lonely,
And languisheth only
For sympathy's spell,
How dear is this sweet repose,
When the night shuts the rose,
And bids day farewell.

It was the last sunbeam that shone on the river,
Then rose to its Maker's throne radiant for ever;
Like the sweet smile of mercy from regions of light,
To glisten a moment the gem of the night,
Till the pure star of evening arose o'er the wave,
And illumined the portals of day's hallowed grave.

How sweet 'tis to ponder,
As listless we wander,
O'er dreams of the past;
They are fled like a vision,
How fleet the transition,
Too beauteous to last!

Then I long for the hours that are past and gone—
My heart in its dreams hath a holy spell—
But day, like a tyrant, is gliding on;
The visions pass with a sad farewell,
Like a strain of song from a distant shore
They fade, in the light that their presence wore.

I long for the friends of my early years:
They were truer than those of my manhood's prime.
They are dead! they are past from this vale of tears,
They have grasped eternity for time.
In the dreams of the night I yet may see,
The beings of immortality.

How I love to dive in the hallowed womb
Of the dreamless, changeless, but glorious past,
To twine the garland round memory's tomb,
And the tears of affection around it cast.
My soul in the silent mirror see,
And respire its deep tranquility.

For then holy thoughts come gliding o'er,
Like a spirit's sigh from a land of roses,
And the balmy breeze that its presence bore,
Like a star on the lake, in my soul reposes;
And a bright green spot to my heart is given
By the tear of earth, and the smile of heaven.

The joys that are past, have exhumed the tear,
'Tis softened by time, and a dream of love,
And the smile of the future is hovering near,
From the face of an angel bright above.
Though our joys may fade, there is transport still
In this world of pain, and deceit, and ill.

Yet I yearn o'er the past, like a living flower
Which blooms in the charnel where rot the dead,
I love to look back on the radiant hour,
I too truly feel is for ever dead;
For oh! the future can never bring
Such guileless moments without a sting.

The spray from the fountain,
Now hangs on the mountain
A mantle of silvery light,
Whilst the moon, like a bride,
With a star at her side,
Wets her hair with the dews of the night.

Night offers the cup
For its mistress to sup
As she braids her glorious hair,
And the gems of the night,
In her lustre bright,
Are with melting beauty fair.

She walks through the azure vault of heaven,
With the banner of peace around her thrown;
The dew, and the stars, and the light are given
To encompass her breast with a fairy zone,
And the tear of evening is but a gem
To burn with light in her diadem.

How I long to burst the chain which binds,
To roam 'mid the stars, and to play with the winds;
To go where no mortal eye can see,
Past the bounds of mutability,
And there, like the morning star, to come,
Having followed the night to its darkened home.

Morning breaks in the eastern sky,
Shadows and mists are alike unrolled,
And issuing forth from eternity
Night's bridegroom moves in his car of gold;
With a mantle of light around him cast,
He moves on the breath of song,
And the stars look dim as they gaze on him,
And in shadows flit along;
Till quite dismayed with the radiant gleam,
They pass like the light of a troubled dream.

And the angry cloud,
But now his shroud,
In torture seems to roll,
As the vision of death,
Near the parting breath,
Of a dark and guilty soul,
When the eye is glazed, but the mind can see
The hallowed rays of eternity.

He comes to cherish
The flowers that perish,
And the tears of night distil ;
He gathers them up,
In his burnished cup,
And of beauty drinks his fill.

And the flowers once dying,
The hearts once sighing,
Awake to joy once more ;
The dew from the rose
A pearl now glows,
In the diadem he wore.

And beauty's tear
A star is near,
To gem his train of light ;
His car is driven,
Through the paths of heaven,
By coursers of changeless might.

Aurora dips
Her fragrant lips
In the silvery dews of morn,
And seems to rejoice
With her holy voice,
That another flower is born ;
For the flowers are her world, and her bosom glows
With the hue of the lily, and the blush of the rose.

She moves in light,
For beauty bright
Refreshed from sleep is hers,
Whilst night's dim stars
In their silent cars
Are her sleeping ministers.
God's morning smiles on the wakening earth,
And it seems a heaven in its new found birth.

Stanzas.

1844.

MY youth was past in happy dreams,
How has the future proved their truth?
Life is not, as full oft it seems
'Mid the bright fancies of our youth,
When love meets love without alloy,
And truth's sweet spirit smiles on joy.

When glorious as the heart's first prayer,
Wafted from earth at sunlit even,
Each bud of promise seemed to bear
A radiance from its own dear heaven;
When our young loves were ever true,
And spirits from the azure sky
Spread o'er us from the spotless blue
Rays of their own eternity.

When silvery stars were counted gems,
And flowerets were our stars of earth,
To make the rustic diadems.
At laughing May's refulgent birth,
When balmy breezes murmured nigh,
Sweet as the breath of love's first sigh.

Then beauty gilded all our hours,
And o'er our path bright eyes of light,
O'er the soul's paradise of flowers,
Shed hope's refreshing dews of night,
Awakening joy too bright to last,
Tinging the mantle of the morrow
With radiance from the day but past,
Free from the blight of sin and sorrow.
Where are the joys that sweetly shone
O'er youth's gay morning?—all are gone.

Song.

1844.

I.

WHEN the soul is light with pleasure,
And sweet as angel's song
Is the gay and happy measure
Its tender notes prolong.
When the moon is brightly shining,
With a pure and tranquil light,
Our love so long declining,
Shall say its last good night.

II.

Good night! we part for ever,
Our love is changed by gold,
Our tenderest feelings sever
Ere yet our hearts are cold.
And as each fond endearment
Arises to the sight,
Before the God of nature,
We'll say our last good night.

III.

That God the vow hath registered,
Shall hear the parting spoken,
The eye which never slumbers
Shall see the compact broken.
Whilst angels weep as watching
Truth's sad and silent flight,
As love's sweet dream is ended,
We'll breathe our last good night.

The Magic Lyre.

"A lad, a violin player, unable to conquer the instrument, and elicit from it what he had on his heart, held its apertures to the mouth of his dying mother, and since then people, when he played, stood spell-bound, listening with heart and soul to tones not of this world."

I.

"BREATHE on it mother! thy dying breath
Will be purely sweet in the hour of death,
It will add fresh strength to the wavering string,
As though it were swept by an angel's wing;
The angel who leads thee to worlds above,
To the spirits that bow to the God of love.

II.

"Breathe on it mother! thy child will bless
The waning light of its loveliness,
The spell-bound truth of the parting soul
Shall add to its fervour a new control,
And a light on my path shall by love be given,
And the earthly strain be as born of heaven.

III.

"Breathe on it mother! the listening throng
Will dwell on the notes as they die in song;
Like the voice of a bird as it flutters free,
And melts in the gushing melody,
To the hearts of the listeners standing by,
Sweet as the beauty of love's first sigh.

IV.

"Breathe on it mother! a mother's love
Is dearly prized by the God above,
It will sweeten the chord of my lyre's sad string,
As the first fresh breath of the infant spring,
It will beckon thee on to the home of light,
Where night never darkens a scene so bright."

V.

He stood in the midst of a crowded hall,
'Mid the silence that told of a footstep's fall,
The lyre he loved he then strung with joy,
The lyre he had loved as a little boy;
And the listeners bound by the earnest spell
Were entranced with the bright and the beautiful.

VI.

'Twas not of earth, and 'twas not of heaven,
In a strain of both 'twas wildly given,
It spake of the flowers which on earth must die,
Of the fadeless light of a purer sky;
'Twas the mother's love which had passed away,
Lingering on earth in its sweet decay.

VII.

She had sighed on the lute with her latest breath,
And smiled as she sank in the arms of death,
For the son she loved she breathed a prayer,
Which was wafted to heaven and rested there;
Thus the lyre was blessed with a power unknown,
Save to her son and his God alone.

The Last Letter.

"The last tie is broken."

I.

'TIS over now! the past may claim
Nought but a sigh and tear,
And my lone heart, thy once dear name,
No more with joy may cheer.
A name that once would thrill my soul
With feelings of delight,
Must pass my lips alone in prayer;
We've said our last good night.

II.

Yet memory lingers o'er the past,
And from her hallowed strain
There is a joy too bright to last,
A joy deep wreathed with pain.
Oh, lingering thoughts of hours gone by
Return with wizard might,
But truth dispels the holy dream,
We've said a last good night.

III.

How withered, yet how beautiful,
Those hours of peaceful love,
Like smiles from heaven they shone in light,
Refulgent from above.
And still from out the dreamless past,
A spell of happier hours
Will o'er life's fevered desert cast
The fragrance of its flowers.

IV.

'Tis over! for the last farewell
By both hath now been spoken,
Scandal hath trumpeted love's knell,
And every fond pledge broken.
I might have known thou could'st not bear
The false reports of those,
Friends only of the sunny hour,
In winter, deadliest foes.

V.

I gaze upon the last few lines
Thy hand hath traced for me,
Thrice broken is the holy pledge
I have returned to thee.
Truth is a dream, and constancy
Is known alone above,
No dart of envy there may blight
The opening bud of love.

Slavery.

I.

MAN was born free! the fiat of his God
Pronounced the birth-right of His image here
Free as the flowers which smile upon the sod
Free as the winds of heaven! and ever dear
To souls whilst struggling through life's varied way
Is the bright dawn of light from freedom's glorious day.

II.

Man was born free! yet man makes man a slave,
The oppressor's chain his limbs with shackles bind;
But though they bow the body to the grave,
Nothing can bend the imperishable mind,
It still is free, and bursts the tyrant's thrall,
Showing its matchless might and majesty to all.

III.

Man makes his brother man a bondage bear,
And nought but death can free him from the chain;
Fetters God's image! and a smile will wear
In fiend-like mockery at his soul's deep pain,
Debasing to the beast upon the sod
The noblest image of the Eternal God.

IV.

He doth not feel the spirit's anguished sigh
As the poor wretch leaves all he loved the most,
The tear that glistens in the speaking eye,
When all in utter hopelessness is lost,
Speaks not to him, his heart is marble grown;
His brother asketh bread, he giveth him a stone.

V.

On Afric's burning shore the tyrant stands,
And, fearless of his Maker, makes a gain
Of the best blood of her ill-fated lands,
Smiling in scorn at misery and pain;
His every human feeling basely sold,
His spirit cringing low before the shrine of Gold.

VI.

Oh, mark the mute despair of him who stands
With misery imprinted in his face,
See the dark fetters festering on his hands,
Oh, in his silent look the terror trace,
As torn from nature, and her tenderest ties,
His soul is struggling hard with its deep agonies.

VII.

Look at his earnest gaze upon the sky,
As if to question that a God is there,
Mark the deep meaning of his flashing eye,
As though his aching soul had burst in prayer
Before the throne of mercy ; in his shame
Feeling no longer man but in the idle name.

VIII.

Oh, mute is his despair, no words can tell
The writhing torments of his bruised heart,
When the last look of agonised farewell,
Tells 'tis the moment for the loved to part,
With all his treasured hopes for ever gone,
He bows to court the chain his brother man puts on.

IX.

He leaves the loved and cherished of his youth,
His land of birth and every tender tie,
Fled are his dreams of innocence and truth,
Doomed like a beast to sweat, and toil, and die ;
The iron on his hands that mocks control,
Not half so dark as that which enters in his soul.

X.

Perpetual bondage ! freedom but a name,
A thing to mock his sufferings and his care,
Oppressed and broken-hearted with his shame,
When man no longer will believe his prayer ;
Thou God Almighty wilt protect and bless
The image of Thyself, the lone and fatherless.

XI.

Watch the fond mother parting from the child,
Whose sweet endearments cling around her heart,
Her look of silent woe, her terror wild,
Tells the sad tale ; how hard it is to part
With those bright things nature hath made her own,
And leave her pain to love, yet die alone.

XII.

Oh, her sad feelings no expression find,
The lash alone her piercing cries provoke,
Her soul's deep moanings fleet upon the wind,
As the blood gushes from each dreaded stroke,
Whilst the man-fiend exulting in her pain,
Barters his little soul for hopes of earthly gain.

XIII.

Watch the sweet child she nurtured with that love
Only a mother's heart can ever know,
Torn from her bleeding bosom ; whilst above
The torturing thong, unerring in its blow,
Rivals her spirit's throbs ; but oh, the smart
Is nothing to the pain which wrings her aching heart.

XIV.

Eternal justice ! God of earth and heaven,
Who watches e'en the sparrow's silent fall,
Guard her in mercy ! now each tie is riven,
Thy never slumbering eye beholdeth all ;
Before thy righteous throne must each appear,
The tyrant's deadliest curse may be that mother's tear.

XV.

Tremble ye tyrants ! God is judge of earth,
Justice is still the emblem of His throne,
Mercy and love have found their glorious birth,
Tempered with justice, and with this alone
Must all before His Majesty appear,
And give a strict account of every action here.

XVI.

Oh, in that hour of retribution, slaves
Shall find their freedom, and in witness rise
From the cold earth of their dishonoured graves,
Avenging the avengers in the skies,
And the black skin which stooped at man's control,
Shall to the crowd disclose a pure and spotless soul.

XVII.

Those souls shall rise in judgment ! and the man,
Who kept his fellow man in fetters here,
Shall sink before the witness ; judged by Him,
To whose blest spirit all He made is dear,
Bowing in awe to kiss the uplifted rod,
Before the Omniscient eye of an offended God.

XVIII.

The same Eternal Word created all,
The colour of the skin taints not the soul,
All are His workmanship, and each must fall
Before that Being who hath formed the whole;
The heart, and not the skin, He yet will prove,
Whose power made heaven and earth, and whose blest
name is Love.

XIX.

Britannia! island of the true and brave,
The bright-eyed daughters of thy favoured land
Are free as they are beautiful, no slave,
All in the majesty of freedom stand,
If you have hearts, oh, feel for Afric's cause,
For woman best can judge of nature's sacred laws.

XX.

The time will yet arrive when not a slave
Will live to mourn the hour which gave him birth,
Mercy shall place its standard on the grave,
And heaven-born freedom smile on all in earth;
Hasten that time, oh, God! we pray to Thee,
Oh, break the oppressor's chain, and let the captives free.

XXI.

Bring those who dwell in darkness to Thy light,
Speak in Thy thunders to the tyrant's soul,
Let love smile sweetly on the breast of night,
Till truth in beauty melts around the whole,
And heaven looks down on earth in glory mild,
E'en as a parent watches o'er his child.

XXII.

But brighter days shall come! the light of heaven
Shall burst upon the tyrant's hardened soul,
The captive's chains and fetters shall be riven,
The glorious smile of freedom bless the whole;
Amid its rays shall all on earth rejoice,
And gladness take the place of lamentation's voice.

XXIII.

My own! my much loved country, aid the cause;
Freedom hath ever been thy glorious sun,
Assert for others nature's holiest laws;
Be steadfast till the victory is won,
Rest not whilst earth contains a single slave,
Then plant the flag of peace on proud oppression's grave.

Love.

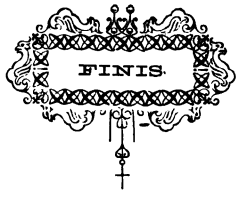
WHAT is it to love? go ask the changing moon
Whether she loves the sun—what answer? Yes!
For why? his glory round herself is cast.
And why does woman love? What is her love?
Is it alone in scenes of sunshine shown,
When dreams of gladness round our path are cast?
And doth it leave us in the hours of woe?
Does she love man because he cherish her?
And when that power hath ceased its influence,
Are her bright smiles for ever past away?
Forbid it heaven! more holy, more pure is woman's love.

Go ask the eternal stars, burning with beauty
In the arch of heaven, with radiance perfect,
Needing no borrowed lustre—matchless all
In their own glory—beautiful emblems
Of the trusting love of trusting woman,
Asking for nothing, yet bestowing all.

What is it to love? It is to bring, when young,
Before the woes of earth are ever known,
E'er care hath cast its impress on the brow,
And the bright spirit, earnest in its strength,
Longs for the sympathy of kindred souls,
To bring the hopes of first affection's dream,
And on one lone and isolated shrine
Offer them all.

'Tis strong as death, and lasting as the grave,
Free from the earth's pollution, and 'tis holy
As the sweet incense of the evening prayer
That rises unto Him whose throne is love.

Solace of care! sweet harbinger of joy,
Thou sunlit essence of that glorious world,
Where care and sadness are alike unknown;
The full fruition of thy perfect power
Shall ne'er be known in time, but blossom where
Its waves are garnered in that changeless sea,
The depthless gulf that laves a happier shore.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